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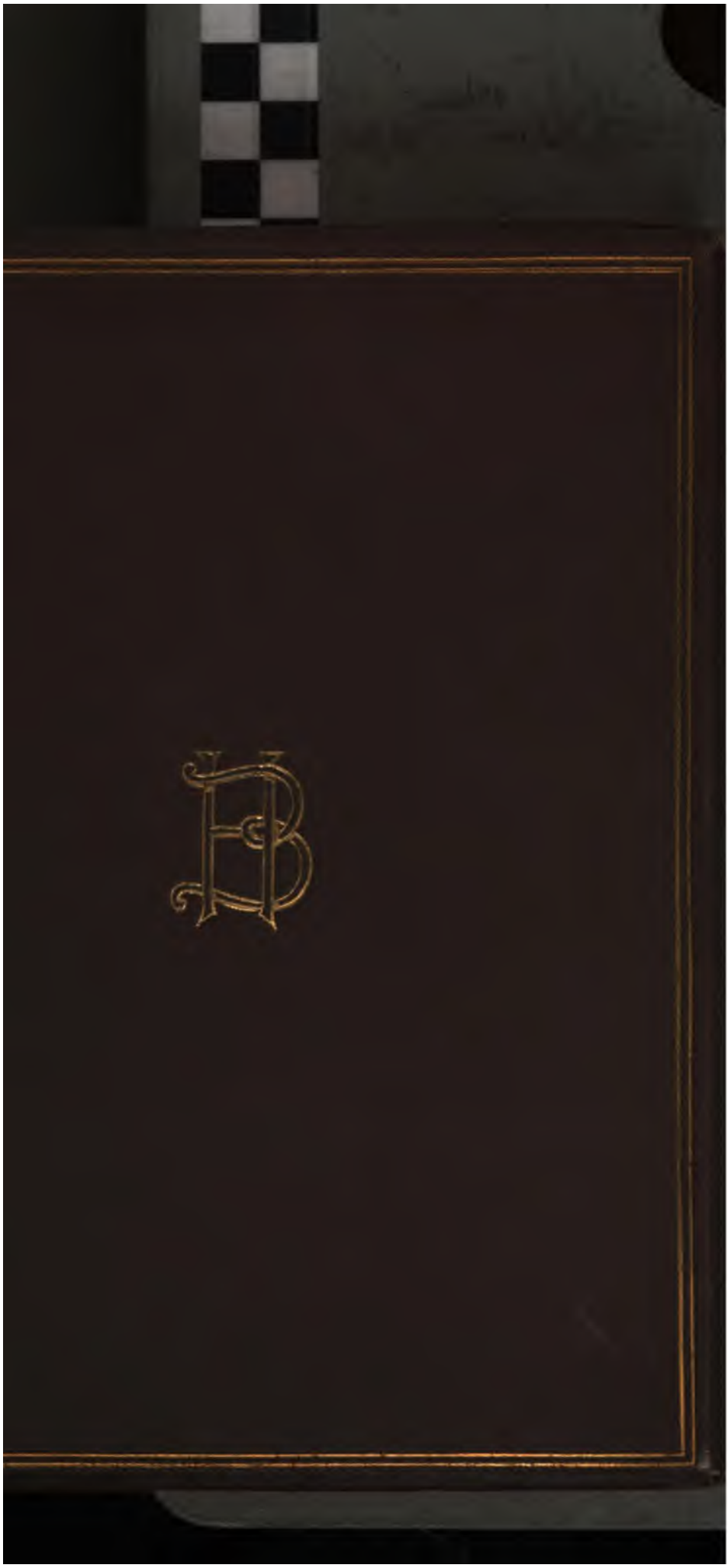

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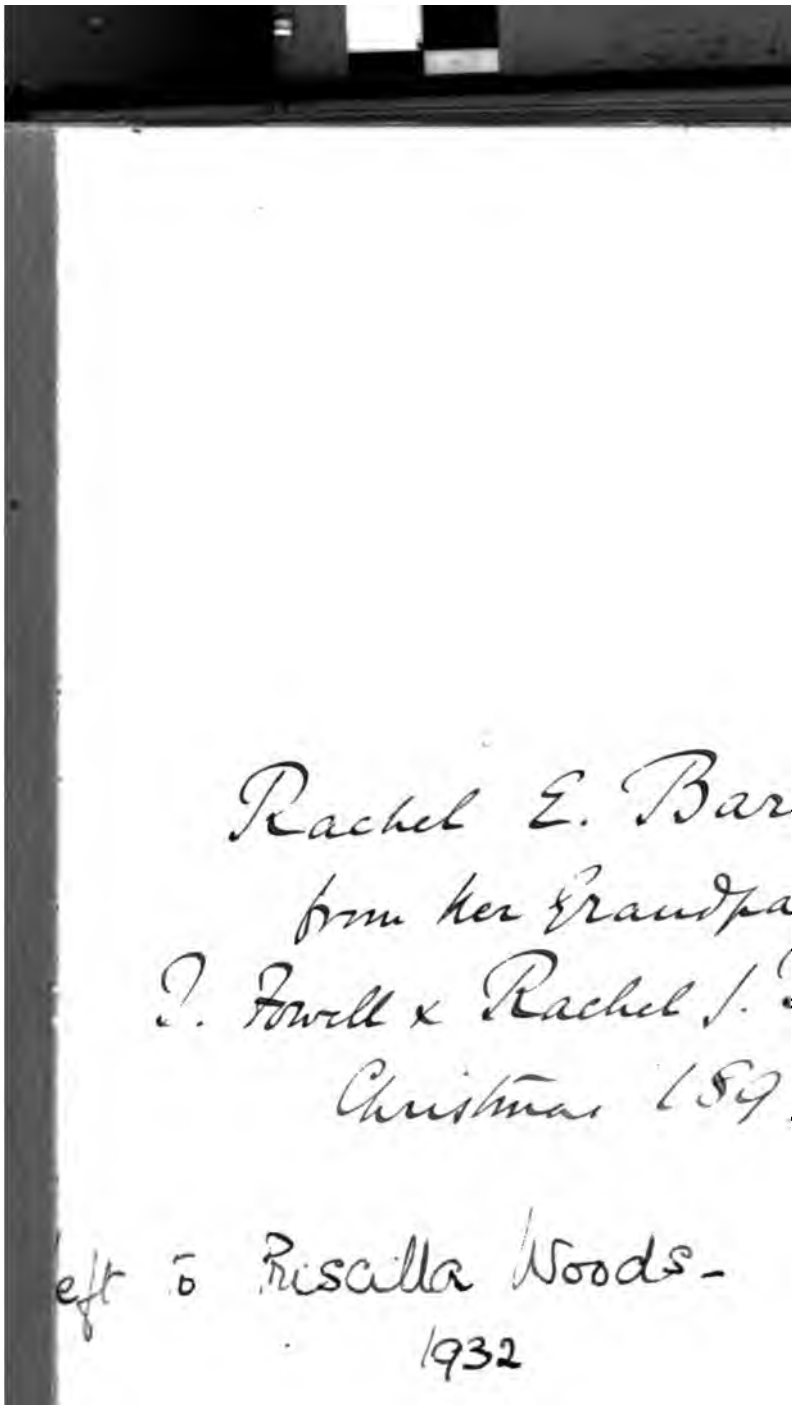

Rachel E. Barclay
from her Grandparents
J. Powell & Rachel S. Bayliss
Christmas 1899

left to Priscilla Woods -
1932

MEMORIALS

OF

HANNAH LADY BUXTON.

FROM PAPERS COLLECTED BY HER GRANDDAUGHTERS.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

LONDON:
BICKERS AND SON, 1, LEICESTER SQUARE.

1883.

girl, and became the most attractive of any of the sisters. Her voice and singing had a compass and expression of the first order, and she had a strong taste for music, which she had no opportunity of cultivating; she warbled on in native simplicity, and I have often thought I have never since heard such touching sounds as her and Betsy singing together, for Betsy also had an exquisite voice, with all the expression that the heart can give. The remembrance of their old songs is one of the pleasantest that I retain. Rachel was a most industrious girl, energetic and persevering in all she undertook, full of object, and liking to take a part in everything that passed. She was a sweet and lovely creature from beginning to end, and very original in her character; her natural qualities of head and heart, when matured and refined by religion, as they were afterwards, formed a rare combination of enlarged judgment and expanse of heart, and eminent sweetness of disposition and manners.

Betsy was rather more than a year younger, and was a very uncommon child. She certainly had genius more than was understood in her early youth. She was of a retiring disposition and reckoned shy, but she was extremely affectionate and tender in her feelings, especially towards her parents, to whom she was the most loving and obedient of any of the children; devotedly fond of her mother, delighting in her shelter and protection; very gentle in her look and manner; very sweet and pleasing in her person and countenance, but not so glowing and handsome as Rachel.

Next to these sisters came our eldest brother, John, who had been sent to school at Wandsworth a few months before my mother's

death, being about twelve years old, a most beautiful boy, of good talents and affectionate nature.

Then "the four girls," as we used to call them, Richenda, Hannah, Louisa, and Priscilla. At the time of my mother's death they were charming, promising children, gifted by nature in various ways, with much diversity of character. Richenda was always the most easy, good-tempered, active, happy child imaginable; with as fine a voice as her two elder sisters, her singing was beautiful. My father used to call her his favourite, because she was reckoned the most like my mother. She was the leader amongst the four sisters in all their out of door exercises and amusements, of which they had a great variety.

Hannah was a girl of peculiar charm from a certain naïveté and playfulness of character, combined with sweetness and sense, which made her very attractive. She had also a lovely expression of countenance and real beauty of feature and complexion, and was generally reckoned the handsomest of the four, though they were all very pleasing in person and manner.

Louisa was a noble girl and the most talented of any of them. She had a fine understanding, great energy, and a turn for excellence which produced a high stimulus in her pursuits; and success, for the most part, in all she undertook.

Priscilla was extremely sweet and pleasing, very clever, complete, and accurate in all she did, of an exquisite tact and taste and fine sense, as her character became developed and sanctified by religion, which was so eminently the case in her subsequent history.

The three boys, Samuel, Joseph, and Daniel, were all very young when my mother died. Samuel was a fine boy of great independence of character, given to out-of-door, active objects, and resisting the school-room and learning. He was sent to school at Wandsworth when he was eight years old, and I remember his going off by himself in the mail in the midst of a thunderstorm. He was a child of resolute spirit, and uncommon strength and steadiness of character.

Joseph was of a very different turn, and my mother, on her death-bed, called him her morning star, as if presaging the remarkable person he would become with his various gifts and graces; he was a delightful brother to his sisters, fond of their society, and uniting in their pursuits, full of energy and taste for acquirement, and always reckoned the first boy at school wherever he was placed. .... He was sent to Mr. Rogers, who lived at Oxford, and took a few pupils, quite independently of the Univerity, though within reach of some of its advantages. Here Joseph made great acquirements; he always filled up his holidays with some study he could not pursue at school, and had at all times the finest stimulus for improvement and susceptibility of good, whether religious, moral, or intellectual; his was indeed the good ground calculated to bring forth fruit abundantly. Daniel was only a year and a half old when he lost his mother, and was the great object of motherly care and affection to his attached and excellent nurse,* who had his early training chiefly in her hands.

* Nurse Williman.

The following memoranda were taken down from Lady Buxton's verbal account of incidents of her early life. She gave the notice of the birth of her youngest brother, Daniel Gurney, at his own request, on his eightieth birthday, 1871 :—

We, the younger girls, were spending the morning at the further end of the kitchen garden, old Nurse with us. Becky came to say a boy was born, and I remember the party of children allowed to go in to see the baby, holding on to each others' frocks in an orderly line. A year and three-quarters after I remember them again in a similar line walking past their dying mother. I have a vivid recollection of Dan going into short clothes and being vexed with Rachel for having found it out before, and being favoured by Nurse to help to dress him.

Our grandmother, Elizabeth Kett, used to come to Earlham with Molly Neil, and bring us finger-cakes and sugar-plums. She was a stout old woman in a Friend's dress. She gave her grandchildren a half-crown each engraved with their initials and the date, October 12, 1786. I have four of them now.

Cousin Henrietta Gurney used to come in a very stiff, stately dress, and sit in great formality on the sofa. She always brought her little box of sugar-plums.

We were all at Terry's lodgings (at Cromer) the year after our mother's death. The Barclays * were at Northrepps Hall, and the twenty-two children of the two families all stood in a row together on the shore. They came afterwards to Earlham, and I remember

* Of Bury Hill, Surrey.

my father's care over Aunt Barclay. She died the following winter, leaving twelve children; the baby died a year after.

August, 1797.

From Priscilla Gurney, aged eleven, to Miss Enfield.—"Thee can't think how well we go on in lessons now; *dear* Kitty is always with us and teaches us more than she did. We are always dressed by six, get as many lessons done before breakfast as we can, after breakfast we finish all that we have to do, then all us seven girls get our work and one reads history to us for two hours. We are now reading Livius' Roman History, which is very interesting; it is so clear, and he writes in such a manner that it brings one entirely to the place. I fully advise thee to read it, I like our reading the same books and having the same pursuits so much, but is it not a nice plan? How I wish thee could be of our party, but it is in vain to wish for pleasures that we cannot get, but we should be contented with what we have. But I will go on with our day. We are hard at lessons and our own employments the whole afternoon, and after tea we walk, if it is fine, for more than an hour with Kitty or all together; we then come in and write our journals till supper; Kitty, Rachel, and all. This is how we generally spend our day unless company or going out interrupts us, which seldom does us four. We four are always together, we are much more intimate with one another than we were, and love one another *even* more than we did; three are nothing without the other, we are entirely like one, and nothing, I hope, will ever break the *strong* chains which unite us, but still *we* are nothing without Kitty—everything we know, and all the little good we can boast of, we almost entirely owe to her. How odd it would be if she was not *everything* to us, and we did not love her with our whole hearts! I love her as much as I can love anybody, and there is nothing I would not do to serve her. Betsy and Rachel too, I love them more than I can say; what should we do without them? so we are all united; we four are nothing without them three, and they three are not much without us four."

In 1801 Elizabeth Gurney married Joseph Fry. In the beginning of the following year Mr. Gurney and his six unmarried daughters took a journey through the Lake District. Hannah writes: "Our party consisted of my father, us six, Sam, Fowell Buxton, Mr.

Crome,* Nurse, William and Peter,† in two chariots and a post-chaise."

Ambleside, 1802.

To Elizabeth Fry.—"Dearest Betsy,—I feel inclined to tell thee how we are all going on here; where, except the weather, which is so often wet and unfavourable, we have nothing to alloy our pleasure.

"To-day we could not get out till rather late on account of the weather, which we none minded, as we were all busily employed in drawing; Kitty reading to us. Chenda, Cilla, and Mr. Crome were comfortably seated in a romantic little summer-house, painting a beautiful waterfall. Priscilla Lloyd ‡ was with us, as she has frequently been since we came here. Fowell and Sam have been shooting, and have been very successful. We generally get up early and draw for the first two or three hours in the morning, before we set off on our excursions, which are mostly walking ones, as we like it far better than riding in this delightful country. Nothing, I think, we have been so delighted with as Grasmere. We three, Fowell and Sam, had a very pleasant and droll ride home in a countryman's cart, which passed us on our return to Ambleside, after we had been climbing up a hill at Grasmere, and walking a long way when there. We are all, even Kitty, capital walkers. Plans are rather a stumbling block to the family's good minds, but after a rough hour or two, a calm ensues and good minds reappear.

"We are very comfortable in this inn, which we feel quite like our home. We have a very large parlour, one end of which is devoted to the artists, and is strewn with drawings and litters of all kinds; on one side a pianoforte, which we have hired, and which is a pleasant addition to our party. The rest of the room is kept tolerably neat, except long rows of shoes and heaps of books on the sideboard.

"Farewell, dear Betsy,

"Thine, HANNAH GURNEY."

* John Crome, their drawing master, at that time little known, afterwards distinguished as the landscape painter "Old Crome."

† Peter Witten, the coachman.

‡ Married Mr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College.

Cromer, Sept. 9, 1803.

To Elizabeth Fry.—" Dearest Betsy,—It is quite a new thing being here, and we already very much enjoy ourselves. Ours is an uncommonly pleasant establishment, we have such complete independence and liberty. Lucy,* Louisa, and I are to sleep in a very nice house next to the corner house in Baldwin's street, where besides our room and the maids' we have a complete parlour, and in short the *whole* house to ourselves, which is a very pleasant resource when this house is overflowing. When I had written so far yesterday something interrupted me, and I have not had a minute to go on till this morning, when I industriously got up at six, and thought this time would be the only one I should have, the whole day, for finishing my letter, as we are constantly doing something and engaged with the rest of the party.

" Last night came my father, Kitty, Chenda, and Louisa, and threw a damp over us, by coming in uncommonly dull minds, and dear Louisa so poorly that she was quite overcome by seeing us all; but if she does but get better I think the clouds they brought with them will soon vanish, and we shall all enjoy ourselves, for we have passed two very pleasant days, the Barclays are so agreeable, and we mix with them in so independent and pleasant a manner, part of both mornings we employed in reading, &c., and yesterday we were very quiet. We have ridden on the sands, bathed, &c. I hardly ever saw a more beautiful sight on the sea than yesterday afternoon, for there were supposed to be 400 vessels in sight, and the sea was such a colour! The afternoon was delightful, and the sociables, horses, and walkers on the sands formed quite a beautiful scene. Elizabeth† intends to come if possible, and I really think she will add to the pleasure of the party. I am going to take one turn on the cliff, so farewell, my very dear Betsy, thy most truly affectionate

" HANNAH."

" Cromer, Sept. 20, 1803.

From Richenda Gurney to the Same.—" My dear Betsy,—Our party is now complete, as John continues with us, and the Buxtons arrived yesterday; it was extremely pleasant to us, seeing them both again, particularly Fowell; their being here will add very much to our pleasure, as there is a suitability between

* Lucy Barclay married George Croker Fox.

† Elizabeth, daughter of ~~Joseph~~ Richard Gurney of ~~the Grove~~ Keswick, afterwards married John Gurney.

us and the Buxtons, which always makes it pleasant being together. Our time is spent here in a way that exactly suits the place and the party. Each is left in perfect liberty to do as they like all day, to form any engagement, &c. &c. Yet the party is so connected that hardly a day passes but some plan is fixed for all to meet. When they are all met it is an uncommonly pretty sight, such a number of young women, and so many, if not pretty, very nice-looking. I wish thee could have seen us the other afternoon; Sally gave a grand entertainment at the hall, where everybody met—the ladies were almost all dressed in white gowns, blue sashes, and nothing on the head; after dinner we all stood on a wall, eighteen of us, and it really was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. To give thee an idea how we are going on, I will tell thee how we generally pass the day. The weather since we came has on the whole been very fine, so imagine us before breakfast with our troutbecks (hats) on and coloured gowns, running in all directions on the sands, jetty, &c. After breakfast we receive callers from the other houses, and fix with them the plans for the day: after this we now and then get an hour's quiet for reading, writing, &c., though my mind has been so much taken up with other things that I have found it almost impossible to apply to anything seriously. At eleven we go down in numbers to bathe, and enjoy the sands, which about that time look beautiful; most of our party and the rest of Cromer company come down, and bring a number of different carriages which have a very pretty effect. After bathing, we either ride on horseback or take some pleasant excursion or other; I never remember enjoying the sea so much, and never liked Cromer a quarter so well. We continually dine out, and others stay and receive company at home; we always dine in the kitchen; nurse is our cook, and makes a very good one. Molly * is here besides, and seems thoroughly to enjoy herself. We have short afternoons and spend the evening with music, or something of that sort; with all these most pleasant amusements, and this pleasant party, it would be very odd if we did not enjoy ourselves.

"John has been a great addition to our party. I hope he has enjoyed himself; we have had two or three most merry days since he came. The day before yesterday we spent at Sherringham,† wandering about the woods all the morning, sketching, &c.; everybody met at a beautiful spot to dinner—three knives and folks between twenty-six people and two or three plates. All manner

* Molly Witten, wife of the coachman Peter.

† Before it was bought by Mr. Upcher.

of games took place after dinner, which John completely entered into and seemed to enjoy as much as any of the party. We completed our day by a delightful musical evening; Miss Gurdon, our old Cromer friend, came to tea—we had met several times before, and had quite renewed our old acquaintance. She played and sang to us all the evening in a wonderful style; we have not heard such music since Mr. Morgan was with us; it was the greatest treat to us all. John goes away on Sunday; he stays over to-night to be at a dance which some very agreeable people who are at Cromer, Mr. and Mrs. Windham, are going to give jointly, and which I think must be very pleasant. I don't know whether I have not enjoyed being here more than any of us, for in such a party as this, strong health and spirits are really necessary to be able to enjoy it.

"It seems a long time since we heard anything of thee. I have often and often thought of thee and thy darlings, and longed to hear more of thy proceedings. I have imagined thee very much taken up with nursing my aunt; we shall all be rejoiced to hear a better account of her, and do feel very much for all the family. I hope thee will write as soon as thee possibly can.

"Thy affectionate sister,

"Richenda Gurney."

Earlham, October, 1803.

To her brother Joseph at Oxford.—"My dear Joseph,—We have passed this week comfortably and pleasantly, and have been very industrious, reading, drawing, &c. We have been up every morning before six, except Saturday, which I call very good; I hope the plan will continue, it is so comfortable having plenty of time to yourself before breakfast, and I think it also gives you a kind of stimulus to be industrious the rest of the day. We have a fire in the nursery before breakfast, and we four, and sometimes Anna Buxton, assemble round it, wrapped up in great coats and red cloaks and make quite a picturesque group."

Fowell Buxton's intimacy with the Gurney family since 1801 had ripened into a warm affection for Hannah, and they were engaged to be married in 1805.

Earlham, April, 1805.

Catherine Gurney to her brother Joseph.—" * * * Hannah is in excellent spirits, much happier than before Fowell's visit; they correspond constantly, and he writes charming letters. How very pleasant it will be to have thee at home with us! One brother adds a cheerfulness and a sort of stimulus to a family. * * * I often think how blessed we are in our external circumstances, so much leisure and liberty, and various other things that greatly contribute to the enjoyment of life. Almost the first blessing is the pleasure we have in each other's society. Rachel and I find all the girls, according to their different characters, such delightful companions. Chenda soothing and engaging, and more pleasing than ever; Hannah full of life and spirit and acuteness; Louisa noble and strong, and full of generous sympathy; and Priscilla, most amiable, with all that feminine sweetness which adorns a woman's character. Does not thee think, this is very much what they all are, only that in so small a compass one cannot half do them justice?"

College, Dublin, May 3, 1805.

Fowell Buxton to Hannah Gurney.—" My dear Hannah,—The Examinations are over, but, alas! I cannot describe the disasters that have befallen me.

" Think how disagreeable a circumstance it must be to me, to have all my hopes disappointed, to lose the certificate, to have my gold medal stopped, and what is worse, to know that my Earlham visit, as it was the cause of my idleness, was the cause of my disgrace.

" Think of all this, and fetch a very, very deep sigh and look very grave, and then think how happy I must be, to have to tell you, that my utmost examinationary hopes are realized, that I have the certificate, and *valde in omnibus*, and what is better, that I can ascribe my success to nothing but my Earlham visit. I must thank you, or rather congratulate you (for if I could be of service to you I should think it the best of all subjects for congratulation) on the effects of your influence. I am sure that if I had not thought that I was partly working for you, I never should have been able to read so much during this month. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear, that I never was better prepared. * * *

" And indeed it was well for me that I was, for the 'opposition gang' answered a great deal better than I could have expected. The Examiner told five of them that he was sorry he had not a premium for each, and that he would give them *valde in omnibus*. As far as I can hear, there never were six *V in O's* given

in one division before. Now I have told you all about the Examination, and if I have been the trumpeter of my own praise a little too much, you must remember that one word of approbation from you and my sisters would be more grateful to me than the applause of the whole world.

"Yours affectionately,

"T. Fowell Buxton."

Earlham, Dec. 15, 1805.

From Catherine Gurney to Fowell Buxton.—"My dear Fowell,—* * * I must tell thee, what will perhaps amuse thee, that I have just left a pleasant party in the ante-room, consisting of Rachel, Chenda, Hannah, and Dan, employed in music, drawing, &c., to come and sit in the dressing-room, with Joseph, who is studying by the sofa, while I am writing to thee.

"Now I daresay thee wishes me to tell thee about Hannah. She is, in the first place, quite well, and in very good spirits. It seems to me that her attachment to thee is of the strongest, and consequently most durable nature. One of the strongest proofs of this is its effect on her character, which has, in my opinion, been highly beneficial, so that if thee has derived advantages from her influence thee may also have the satisfaction of knowing that thy influence over her has had a similar tendency * * *

"Thee knows without my repeating it here the great satisfaction and pleasure thee has hitherto afforded us all, and how much thee art, dear Fowell, after our own *heart*, and exactly what pleases both our judgment and taste. I like and love everything thee says and does; however, I do not like to give way to this kind of partiality, for, after all, how imperfect the best of us are, and how frail are all our virtues, unless they are derived from the *only* source of true strength, a *principle* of *religion* in the conscience. I have no faith in any virtue which arises merely from natural impulse, because though frequently amiable and excellent in appearance, we are sure to find that it partakes of the variability of our present weak and corrupt nature, and on this account can never stand the test of trials, as *that* virtue will which has its basis on Christian faith. Now I have sometimes thought from thy natural impulses being remarkably good, there is some danger of thy depending too much on thyself and not sufficiently seeking for assistance and direction in thy conduct from that Source of light and strength which can alone insure thy continuance and progress in the best things. I know Hannah's happiness is completely dependent on thee, I know too how strongly

and increasingly she feels the importance of *religious* principle; therefore, for her sake as well as thy own, I am most anxious that thy mind should be equally impressed by the importance and the necessity of seeking to possess it, as the foundation of all your future comforts. I am quite sure that Hannah, with her feelings on the subject, never would be completely happy, unless it were the constantly regulating principle of action in thy mind, in preference to any particular affection.

"Do not suppose, dear Fowell, I mean to *lecture* thee. I only mean to advise thee not to depend too much on the gifts of nature, but to look to a Power, from Whom those gifts are derived, and by so doing learn the true means of turning both the one and the other, to thy own and dear Hannah's ultimate advantage.

"Our dear friend and favourite, Mr. Wordsworth, has been paying us a visit of two days; we have enjoyed his company exceedingly; how beautifully the influence of religious principle, united with deep learning, appears in his character! Such examples ought to be encouraging, and stimulate us to act according to the talents bestowed on us.

"This morning we had some delightful hours, sitting with him all together in the dressing-room, talking on different subjects, and then he read to us in Taylor's 'Life of Christ.' What wilt thee say to this long letter? * * * Thee must for once excuse it, and believe me, dearest Fowell,

"Thy truly affectionate

"Catherine Gurney."

In the summer of 1806, Mr. Gurney and his daughters travelled in Scotland. Fowell Buxton and others were also of the party. The following is from Cambridge on their journey northwards:—

July 16, 1806.

To Elizabeth Fry.—"My dearest Betsy,—Surrounded by almost our whole party, I sit down to write thee a few lines. We have had a most comfortable and pleasant day's journey, and we have all much enjoyed ourselves, none more, I think, than my Father, who was quite delighted with the remarkably sweet party, which I must say we are. We went off in three chariots, and Sam * and Louisa in

* Samuel Hoare, Junr., engaged to Louisa.

a whiskey behind us; we looked most completely equipped for travelling in every respect. Elizabeth Gurney enjoys our cheerful party. We arrived here to dinner about six, where we met John, who appears determined to be as agreeable an addition to our party as he can. We are sorry to part from Sam to-night, and wish he was to be our companion all the way; his visit has been most satisfactory and highly interesting; to have him and Fowell with us together has been more so to me than I can well say. . . . Fowell and I had a most comfortable ride in one chariot the first stage, and I have much enjoyed the quietness of travelling with him to-day. We are all very well and comfortable, and if our good minds do but last, we shall have a very uncommon journey, but in travelling with so numerous a party, there is much to try the patience, and great forbearance is necessary. To-morrow we see Burleigh House and sleep at Grantham.

Dublin, Sept. 19, 1806.

Fowell Buxton to Hannah Gurney.—"I must tell thee, dearest, that I have read in our Bible * with the greatest interest and I think I may tell *thee*, I hope with some benefit; I have devoted a place near my bedside to hold it, and have generally, morning and night, opened and closed the day with reading something in it. I believe I never felt so earnest a desire to correct my faults, and to devote myself heartily to endeavouring to improve myself in those things which alone will contribute to our mutual happiness."

"Dublin, Nov. 2, 1806.

"I am sure that the desire I feel of pleasing Earlham has done me more good than the approbation or censure of all the world beside would have been able to effect. The dreadful accounts from the Continent have led me to reflect a good deal. How has thee felt them? The Packet which arrived this evening was chased, it is said, by a French privateer. This is a most unpleasant thing.

"I am very much delighted with Cowper. I have read nearly all the 'Task,' and marked passages that struck me. I expect that we shall often have recourse to him during our winter evenings.

"I often anticipate with the greatest pleasure our evenings—thee sitting industriously making clothes for the poor people, I sprawling over the chairs (if

* The Bible mentioned here was bought at Perth, that they might read it together on their journey. It was a large quarto in a brown cover, and was latterly in constant use in the Northrepps' drawing-room.

thee will permit) with 'a book well chosen, and not sullenly perused in selfish silence.' I wish I knew what part of the Bible thee will read to-night, that I might be thy companion, however, I shall not go to bed without reading some part.

"*Thursday.*—I am just returned from chapel and from receiving the sacrament. I hope thee were with me, for thee were very much in my thoughts. I was not quite determined last night whether I would take it, for I did not think I was sufficiently prepared, but after I went to bed I lay awake for at least an hour and felt in such a happy and comfortable mind that I determined on taking it. My heart rather failed me again in chapel this morning, but I was at length satisfied by a sentence in the service which thoroughly agreed with my feelings. It was, 'We come not into Thy presence trusting in our own righteousness, but in Thy manifold and great mercies.' I am glad that my determination was as it was, for the ceremony is to me beyond anything, striking and affecting."

"Dublin, Nov. 18, 1806.

"I have got over all my troubles and business very well. Thee hast made a woeful mistake about the history medal, owing to the inaccurate manner in which I expressed myself, I suppose. It is not given to the best answer on any one night, but to the person who answers best the greatest number of nights from one examination to another. As yet I have gained it every night, but I may lose the medal still; neither it nor the speaking medal will be determined till near the time in which I shall set off for England.

"I perfectly agree with thee, love, on the satisfactory effect of thinking on the transactions of the day before we go to sleep, I hope that I have lately confirmed myself in this habit. I forgot to tell thee that I have taken the greatest liking to Barrow's Sermons. I was so pleased with some passages that I read by chance, that I bought them, and have marked the parts which I have read. I intend to pursue a new plan in reading, which is to copy into a book for the purpose, all the passages which strike me in any book. I shall begin this plan to-morrow, and hope I shall be industrious enough to persevere in it. Thee *must* be pleased with this intention of mine, for I feel great earnestness to mark, and I hope I shall to write down, because I expect that it will be a pleasure to us both in future.

"By the time that this arrives at Earlham, not much more than seven weeks of the time for which we parted will remain. I cannot tell thee with what pleasure I look forward to my next visit."

Earlham, December 13, 1806.

From Rachel Gurney to T. F. B.—"Once more prepare thyself for a long and intimate epistle from thy old and grave correspondent. Louisa, no doubt, told thee what pleasure we derived from thy interesting and welcome letter. It would have pleased thee to see the party over it, all huddling together round the dressing-room fireside. Hannah the reader, the sisters and Joseph all attention, and enjoying quite a lively participation in the many thoughts and feelings that it describes. Nurse, too, in passing through the room was so delighted, and her sympathy so strongly excited by thy descriptions of the various scenes on the journey, that she was fastened to the back of our chairs till the letter was ended.

"Thy habit of constantly reading some parts of the Scripture is a most excellent one, and of marking the parts that strike thee. I have different marks for those texts that particularly apply to the regulation of the heart and conduct, and for those that confirm the truth of any particular doctrine. Writing notes upon these may sometimes, perhaps, be useful, and it is a good thing in the morning to take some excellent text, and to digest it, that it may be a watch-word for the day and a remembrancer of the good desires formed in the beginning of it. I have frequently thought that no religious exercise is so indispensable as that of prayer before the business of the day commences. Too many pass through life without these acknowledgments of the Lord they profess to serve. Does not life become doubly sweet to those whose hearts are in possession of that *peace* which passeth all understanding? and does not this humble and faithful dependence upon our Creator surely yield this peace?

"May I now fill another sheet on light subjects? for I should enjoy to talk with thee. I may begin my amusing history with an account of our gaiety last night. We had a most pleasant little dance. It was contrived chiefly for the purpose of bringing Mr. Pitchford here,* whose visits are particularly valuable to us. I agree with thee about the girls, for I think it would not be easy to find four such as they are, both for natural and acquired qualities: they are delightfully natural characters, with minds and feelings most agreeably cultivated. Is not this the account of a partial sister? I am happy to think that one of them is thine, and I wish thee all the comfort, in the possession of her, that life can give!

* Mr. Pitchford, though a Roman Catholic, exerted a strong influence for good over the Earlham family, especially in training them to the study of the Bible, and to prayer.

We have enjoyed reading 'Sir Charles Grandison' together of an evening. I should much like to read that book with thee and Hannah, over your fireside, to make thee admire it. Sam Hoare leaves Louisa to-day for the last time before he becomes her husband! This, and dear Betsey's arrival amongst us, quite engrossed us. We all feel the great comfort of thy uniting with us so entirely. How delightful to gain the love of a whole family, by your conduct to every branch of it! This has been most truly thy case. How I do desire that our whole large family may be increasingly united by that bond which is superior to all the petty interests that sometimes divide those who ought to love each other as themselves! To-morrow, Hannah and I intend to go to Northrepps for two or three nights to see our sister-in-law * elect. John's last visit to her seems to have been a very happy one. Farewell, my beloved brother.

"From thy very affectionate sister,

"RACHEL GURNEY."

Trinity College, Dublin, March 27, 1807.

T. F. B. to H. G.—"My dearest Hannah, * * * In spite of the derangement of our plans in regard to Brick Lane, in spite of thy absence and the near approach of marriage, I feel in the most unromantic, boisterous, high spirits that can be * * * for I always feel something light in my heart that has a right to make me happy. I have continued 'Newton's Letters,' and am more and more pleased with them; I hardly think I ever read a book that I liked so well. I perceive a great many sentiments so like thine that I suppose that it may be possible that I have formed not a very impartial estimate of the book. I hope we shall some time or other read it together. The day after to-morrow—I suppose thee will not forget—is my birthday. I mean to work very hard to-morrow that I may be able to devote some time to thee and to myself. I have been looking with great pleasure at thy profile. What pleasure it does give me to think that in five weeks and two days the original will be exclusively mine, and that she will have promised in the most solemn manner before God to be to me a faithful and affectionate wife! I hope there is no need of expressing to thee how dear this thought makes thee to me. It is also no common pleasure to me to think that in less than a month I shall be not far from thee.

"Believe me, my love, thy most affectionate,

"T. F. BUXTON."

* Elizabeth Gurney.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY MARRIED LIFE.

Fowell Buxton and Hannah Gurney were married at Tasborough meeting, near Norwich, May 7, 1807. The account of the day is from Rachel's journal:—

Earlham, May 1807.

We all rose in good time, the weather mild and summerlike; our bride composed and cheerful. Many collected to read, as usual, before breakfast, and after it we dispersed till it was time to equip ourselves in bridal array. The house was overrun with bridesmaids in muslin cloaks and chip hats. We led our sweet bride to the stairs, when our men joined us, and we had all a pleasant drive to Tasborough. The meeting was to me solemn in its beginning, and striking from such a circle of brothers and sisters, so united in affection, it might well recall a verse in the Psalms: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Our dear couple spoke with much feeling, and Fowell with his usual dignity. Preparing for dinner took up the rest of the morning, and nothing could be prettier than the train of bridesmaids dressed alike in white, with small nosegays; except the bride, who looked lovely, she was still more white, and was distinguished by one beautiful rose. She had a sweet colour, was very cheerful, and quite herself. The dining-room was full, but nothing could be

more orderly than the dinner, or more beautiful than the circle of young people; there were my father's fifteen children, and four grandchildren. We did not go into the drawing-room till late, and then the whole party dispersed in different parts of the house. Hannah sat with dear Elizabeth in her room. Everybody had a cheerful face, and it was pleasant to reassemble to tea. The company cleared off in good time, but not till we had spent a short but delightful evening in full assembly. Our dearest Fowell was most affectionate and sweet to us all; I think there scarcely ever was such a brother admitted into a family. The next morning we met to a most interesting and even happy breakfast, consisting of our whole family and the Barclays and Buxtons. The love and harmony that prevailed throughout the circle made everything pass off most agreeably.

May 19, 1807.—I accompanied my father to Northrepps to visit our three dear pairs. The sight of them all so happily married—John and Elizabeth, Sam and Louisa, Fowell and Hannah—was delightful, particularly to see the sweet and happy looks of my dearest Fowell and Hannah.

For the first few months of their married life, Mr. and Mrs. Buxton lived in a small cottage in Wyke, near Weymouth, and close to Belfield, the residence of his uncle Mr. Charles Buxton. But they were much at Earlham, where Priscilla, their eldest child, was born February 25, 1808. During that year Mr. Buxton became connected with Messrs. Truman and Hanbury's Brewery, and they went to live in Brick Lane.

In May the family circle was broken by the death of Elizabeth, wife of her brother John, who died May 12, 1808. This circumstance is referred to by Katherine Fry, eldest daughter of Elizabeth Fry—"She was cut off at a period in which the large circle of brothers and sisters and cousins were very remarkably in the enjoyment of this world's brightest prosperity. A circle brought up in intimate connection with each other, many just married, or about to be so, and little acquainted with the trials of life. It suddenly arrested the stream of prosperity and earthly happiness of the circle, of which such was the union that if one of the members suffered, all the members suffered with it."

From Hannah Buxton's Journal—August, 1808.—A letter from Catherine impressed my mind and made me consider the necessity there is that I should encourage a cheerful and easy state of mind and not give way to anxiety. To believe that I, and all I love, are under the immediate and most merciful providence of God, and that His allotments for us are all wise and good, must, if it become a principle in my heart, be a sure foundation for contentment and cheerfulness. I have often strongly felt how wrong it is to allow the least murmuring and discontent; and to give way to a gloomy and careful state, is watchfully to be guarded against. "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks."

November, 1808.—We passed the whole of this day happily. My mind was seriously impressed with the duties of religion, and I felt a sweet encouragement that through all my weakness and deadness I shall in time attain a better state, if I persevere with diligence

to seek it by prayer. My dearest husband was in the vigour of a fresh stimulus for all that is good and sweet, which was truly encouraging and delightful to me. I have been deeply interested in the life of Colonel Gardiner; it has been very instructive and comforting. "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, *as unto the Lord.*" This has struck me much, how the performance of all our duties should be in reference to, and from love to Him. I feel a very earnest desire and fresh stimulus to make my beloved husband happy, to be cheerful, obliging, tender, affectionate, and attentive to him. Oh! that my God may mercifully bestow His grace upon me that I may succeed, but I humbly desire that the principle which may lead to this conduct, be love to my Saviour and gratitude for the inestimable blessings bestowed by Him.

December 31, 1808.—The clock is now striking to conclude 1808. Oh that we may all be led more devoutly to seek the glory of God, and that above everything. I feel an inexpressible love for my dearest father and all my most beloved brothers and sisters, for each I am almost overwhelmed with deep affection this evening. Oh! that our union may be in Christ, that it may be sweet and everlasting! I feel my separation from them, and the loss to us all which this year has brought with it, and I have not often been more feelingly sensible of it than to-night, but my desires for the good of none have been equal to what I have felt for my own dearest husband. His welfare is indeed near to my heart. How earnestly do I desire that our union may, during the new year, become strengthened by an increase of grace in us both.

Her father died October 28, 1809. Hannah Buxton thus mentions him:—

November 12, Brick Lane.—We arrived at home last night, having been at Earlham since the last day of August. The death of my most beloved father, October 28, is the most afflicting stroke we ever met with. The loss is indescribably great, and the desolation to his children has been indeed most affecting, but he was mercifully enabled to give us such a testimony of his preparation to enter into the kingdom of his Saviour, that we can assuredly feel that he is now enjoying a state of rest and joy. Wherefore I desire only to feel thankful for all that is past. He was in tender mercy made willing to resign life, and in joyfulness to throw himself wholly upon the satisfaction and righteousness of Christ, renouncing all self-righteousness and looking only to mercy in God through Christ. During the last hours in which he possessed his reason he appeared in a state of great joyfulness and inexpressible hope, and truly had a foretaste of the happiness in store for him. I am thankful to have had such parents, and to have so long possessed such a father, who has been made the instrument of so great a share of the blessings and happiness which I have always enjoyed. He was unequalled in his behaviour to his children. His affection and great sympathy with them was rare indeed. His tenderness, mildness, justness, and impartiality, I desire that we, as parents, may be enabled to imitate.

November 18.—Nothing can be more striking than to recur to the days of our childhood, which I have done this afternoon. Now to have father, mother, and nurse all taken from us, to be ourselves

occupying the situations they then held, and to have children coming on, who are in the same way to succeed us. How I desire that we may follow their footsteps. My most beloved and honoured father, how inexpressibly dear is thy memory to me! My mother, too, what tenderness, indulgence, and care I received from her. How sweet it is to consider that they are again united. It is indeed delightful to have had such parents, and what a stimulus I feel it to become like them. May I be unceasingly watchful that these strong impressions do not exhaust themselves in feeling only, but be brought into daily and hourly practice; this desire must lead to prayer without ceasing, and the most humble dependence upon my Lord, looking to Him only as my strength and my salvation, and giving *all diligence* to make my calling and election sure.

The death of our most dear friend and nurse was an acute sorrow, taken so suddenly from amongst us; her heart was overflowing with affectionate zeal for us and our children, and her whole life devoted to the promotion of our immediate comfort. We knew not how to part with her. Great was the consolation which her sweet, useful, innocent, and religious life gave us. She was a shining example to all about her.

Christmas Day, 1810.—I earnestly long for us to be more regular in our religious exercises. I sometimes feel that I have let slip opportunities which will not soon occur again. Make me faithful in Thy service, O God! and I shall, I believe, advance from strength to strength. I have nothing to look to but Thee as my refuge and strength! May I entreat Thee that those dear to me may not suffer from my deficiencies. This I chiefly feel for my beloved children.

February 3, 1811.—Let me endeavour in each step to see the hand of God over me for good, and trust wholly in His mercy, that in his good pleasure He can remove from me the chains which tie me down to this world and often cloud my heart towards Him. * * * To go to the subject of passive submission, how immediately I find it connected with active obedience. How can I perform my duties to my husband, and indeed to myself or anyone, without the exertion of this principle?

In August news came that Edward North, a younger brother of Fowell Buxton, was lying dangerously ill in Haslar Hospital. He had gone to sea when a lad, but for some years his family had had no tidings of him, and had given up all hopes of seeing him again. They all gathered round him and remained with him until his death.

Hannah Buxton writes:—

August 25, 1811.—In lodgings at Stoke, near Gosport. My dear mother, Anna, Sarah, and Charles * are attending at the hospital, the death-bed of dearest Edward. What an awful and affecting period is this! In the hour of death and day of judgment, good Lord, deliver him. May Thy rod and Thy staff comfort him, and support him through the valley of the shadow of death. Lift up the light of Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace. In such a season as this we have reason experimentally to feel gratitude to God, above all, for His inestimable benefit in the redemption of the world by Christ Jesus. Without this we must sorrow as those who have no hope, but we may rejoice with joy unspeakable in the

* Her husband's mother, brother, and sisters.

full confidence that through Him we are delivered from the bondage of corruption, and made heirs of His glorious kingdom. I trust that through the mercy of God our beloved wanderer has, by repentance and obedience, been purified and sanctified and made fit to be a partaker of the joys in the kingdom of his Redeemer. The evidence of the providence, tender mercy, and loving-kindness of God towards this dear brother is most striking, and calls for a renewed and more complete dedication to Him from all who have witnessed it. It is my prayer that we may all answer this call, and show forth our love and gratitude, not only with our lips, but by our lives. For my dear mother I desire that it may soothe her; for my beloved Fowell and Charles that they may more assuredly and constantly profess, Whose servants they are, and may indeed strive "to be ready" when their Lord calls; that my dear Sarah may from thus witnessing the power and reality of religion, increasingly feel it the only source of all help and consolation. For myself, oh my God, if I had faith I should from this time make a covenant with Thee, that through light and darkness, in blindness and weakness, in health and sickness, in life and in death, I would give up my heart to Thy service, to promote Thy honour and glory. I pray that Thou wilt enable me to *endeavour* thus to serve Thee. I have felt great comfort and encouragement in attending this scene. I have found that to be in peace, I must commit myself as well as others into the hands of God; He knows what poverty of spirit is needful for me as well as what outward chastisements.

August 26.—Our sweet brother was mercifully released last night

at eleven o'clock. He was taken in the most tender and meek state of mind, which is a fresh evidence that the hand of God was with him in that awful hour, and we may depend did not then forsake him, but has brought him into a state of blessedness. I went this morning to the hospital, where I had a deeply affecting meeting with my dear mother, Anna, Charles, and Sarah, in the room of our departed brother. It was most touching to see his peaceful but most emaciated corpse, and his mother greatly affected over him. Oh my God! be with us, and suffer us not from our great frailties to lose the effect of this impressive proof of Thy infinite power and love. Enable us to serve Thee with all our hearts, and to dedicate our lives to the promotion of Thy glory.

Earlham, September 30, 1811.—I wish to remember the last day or two. All eleven of us brothers and sisters, have been favoured to assemble and spend them together. I esteem it a great mercy that we should have been allowed once more to meet, and I earnestly desire that it may stimulate each individual so to live that we may together inherit the promises, and be one in Christ, in whom our union with each other may be perfected. There does indeed subsist the utmost outward harmony. We had a very delightful hour yesterday evening, John reading to his thirteen brothers and sisters an excellent sermon of Cecil's upon Patience, and also in the Bible, 2 Cor. iv. 5; it came with peculiar force, circumstanced as we were, just met, and just going to part. I believe every heart was called forth to the Giver of all our comforts, the Author of all our pleasures; and this was delightfully expressed by Betsy, who

knelt down at the conclusion of our reading, and prayed that the mercies which had so abundantly overshadowed us might be continued to us and to our children's children.

In November, 1811, she had the great trial of losing her baby Susannah, whom she had described to her sister-in-law Elizabeth* a short time before :—

"Weymouth, June 13.

"I have so enjoyed my baby, and have set my mind on showing thee my darling. Thee cannot think how sweet and dear she is to me. I never felt so proud of a baby before, or so delighted with one. She is so flourishing and good, and I scarcely have a care about her. She takes so much notice that I almost fancy she knows me, and is so bright and lovely that she is much admired. She has a sweet colour in her cheeks, and is in my eyes very pretty. Thee will be amused by such a partial account."

She writes in her journal:—Brick Lane, Nov. 17.—This has indeed been a week of deep trial. The hand of the Lord has been raised to afflict me, and He has taken to Himself my beloved baby. I have found it hard to resign her, but I pray that I may be delivered from a spirit of murmuring. It is the Lord, therefore let me not dare to have a wish for a different dispensation arise in my heart. My dearest child has been dealt with in great and tender mercy; she has been gently removed from a peaceful life to a glorious inheritance through her merciful Lord and Saviour. Oh, that I could utter a song of thanksgiving and praise to Him whose love so tenderly covers us!

She writes three years later:—Scarcely a day ever passes that I do not feel the vacancy in my little flock, and picture Susannah

* Her brother Samuel's wife.

filling her right place. I fear I have not come to full resignation to the will of God, when He took that sweet child from me. I constantly think of her, and fancy her amongst us, and never dwell on her without much feeling. Still it is a trial that no longer interferes with my happiness. May I one day be united to this sweet treasure, which was with me but for a short time! I cannot but frequently feel, oh, may I never be tried in this way again; but I desire to have my will more subjected than it is.

Letters to her sisters on joining the Church :—

July 11, 1812.

To Richenda Gurney.—"My dearest Chenda, thy affectionate letter has been truly acceptable. It is sweet indeed to live in love, and I unite truly in the desire that this love may be strengthened and confirmed among us, and that each individually may do their part, that there may be progress in the whole united body. I do wish to obtain a spirit of true charity and forbearance towards each in the various paths in which we walk, and not to limit the proceedings of any one to my own standard. I know well how much I need a portion of this enlarged spirit, especially as I require it, in my turn, of others.

"I have felt it best of late to be much more decided in my own path, and have found help and strength from it. I have believed it right for me very much to give up attending meeting at present. The time seemed come to make a full trial of attending Church and the effect of the service on my mind. I believed also that it was most for my good to continue without a break to hear Mr. Pratt till I go into Norfolk. It appears to me that I am drawing more and more towards a union with the Church. I do not feel that it is in my own hands, but it is my daily prayer that He who knows what is right for me will lead me to a conclusion, and will bless it to me, whatever it may be.

"Thy truly affectionate

"H. Buxton."

July, 1812.

To Catherine Gurney.—"My dearest Catherine,—I should be very glad to consult thee on my proceedings with regard to the Church. I have of late felt

bound to submit to baptism, as the means offered me of making an avowed declaration of my *earnest desire* to be the servant of Christ, and through His grace to endeavour to renounce and oppose all sin to my life's end: and I believe that in His hands it would be a means of confirming my faith and strengthening my reliance upon Him. It has been a subject of serious meditation and consideration. What I have most acted upon was the simple recommendation of our Saviour and the plain practice of the Apostles in regard to baptism. This has of late had *great weight* in my mind. I have felt it a comfort that such an ordinance was instituted as a seal to His spiritual work. Unless the work was begun in my heart, which I trust it is, I could not enter into this ordinance; but I think it is right for me to take advantage of it as a seal to a covenant with Him, and in it to avow my intentions and desires to serve God."

In her journal she says:—July 31.—Oh, my God, I thank Thee that Thou hast brought me this day to the point of openly dedicating myself to Thy service in baptism. Though unworthy and defiled, accept my dedication as the best offering Thy poor child can make Thee. Make it, oh Lord, an inward spiritual dedication, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Suffer me not to rest in the outward work, but look to it solely, as an act of obedience to Thee, which Thou mayest please to employ as a means to further the spiritual work which I desire may go forward in my heart.

Sunday, Aug. 9, 1812.—I have to acknowledge comfort from Church this morning, which has been cheering to me. I was prepared in mind for it beforehand. What I want to attain respecting a place of worship, is not to look too much for comfort, or immediate profit, but to go in simple desire to do God service.

How much I have dwelt upon that prayer in the baptismal

service, "*Lord, increase this knowledge and confirm this faith in us evermore.*" Oh! that my faith may be strengthened to become a living principle in my heart, that I may trust all my dearest concerns to Him, *nothing doubting* His goodness and mercy!

Her son, Edward North, was born at Earlham, September 16, 1812. On her return to London she writes:—

Brick Lane, Nov. 8.—It has been sweet indeed to meet my dearest Fowell here again. * * *

The return to this time of year has been solemn to me, and just now to be settled again in my nursery with another babe, instead of my beloved Susannah, is most touching, and could be particularly painful, but I must not meet the sorrow. I believe it is better for me to dwell in the present, to be truly thankful for what has been given, and to rejoice that our beloved child is removed to a state of glory.

About myself, and my two eldest children, Priscilla and Fowell,* I have been *careful*—tried by my own insufficiency in their education, and grieved to see them with evil passions and inclinations.

Christmas Day, 1812.—My heart, I trust, is more susceptible towards God. I at times am made to feel that He is my dearest treasure. I feel afraid of believing that some progress has been made this year, but yet I cannot but hope with true thankfulness that I may take the great encouragement which such a belief gives me.

Her husband had a very serious illness in 1813, of which she writes:—

* Her eldest son, born 1809.

Fowell was taken ill on the 5th of January, 1813. A few days after he told me that he had been passing a very comfortable time, thinking of one of the verses I had read to him, 1 John v. 12, and praying that he might "have Christ." . . . He then expressed that he desired to profess Christ, inferring that, perhaps, he should not recover, adding, "*I care not*, if Christ is mine."

His prevailing feeling seemed to be the prayer that he might, if he lived, lead a life devoted to God, and a fear lest he should relapse. At one time he broke out with tears and earnestness, —"*Merciful Father*, if I do get well, suffer me not to return to my former ways, but guide and guard me, I beseech Thee."

He said he experienced a *joyfulness at heart* "that could enable him to go through any pain." I asked "From faith in Christ?" "Yes, from faith in Christ." (The small degree of doubt on the Divinity of Christ was *entirely* removed. It was taken from him, in answer to his earnest prayer.)

"What had he done all his life long?" "Nothing, *nothing* that did God service, and for him, a sinner, to have such mercy shown him." He appeared continually to be returning thanks. I said it indeed proved that "*God is love!*"

January 14.—We had a sweet conversation this evening. He said he was thinking that he should not again pass over the words, "We thank Thee above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ." He then broke out into thanksgiving for the mercy shown him in having had

the Christian doctrine brought as a light to his mind, as a certain undoubted refuge of which he *knew* the truth.

He believed and hoped he should recover, but added, "God's will be done." I asked him if he felt resigned to whatever way it may terminate. "*Perfectly* so, if it is to die to-night."

Dear Betsy knelt down by his bedside, returning thanks for the unspeakable mercy shown, and desiring for us all, that we might be kept from evil, and enabled to serve God. That we might see God, and be brought to Him, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

January 18.—He reverted to his former life,—how he had often done one thing when he knew that another was the right. I said that that appeared to me to have been his temptation. He was, he said, convinced in judgment, but his heart had not been sufficiently touched to influence his conduct throughout. He added, he hoped this blessed illness had awakened his heart. I asked him if he began to feel any anxiety to be well again. "Not any; He Who mercifully sent the illness, can determine the length of it."

January 23.—He appeared this evening full of a deep sense of the mercy shown to him during this illness. "I have been treated with such remarkable mercy—how different from many others! Great is the mercy of the Lord." He said it was a pleasant thing to have viewed death without terror. It was to me remarkable that his mind should so much have changed, for a short time before his illness he had told me he should not feel at all easy if he thought he were going to die. "But," he said, "I did not then know that

there is One who will bear my sins, and the sting of death is sin. How thee did comfort me by reminding me of that text, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' It was a cordial to me."

On Sunday, at Upton, we had some time together in the evening. He entered with some detail into the course of his mind. That he had for some years felt a sort of lurking doubt which had been as a thorn in his side respecting the truth of the Christian doctrine (on the Divinity of Christ), that he had thought and prayed much about it in his illness, and that it was shown to him *to be truth* in the clearest manner, that it was *undoubtedly* demonstrated to him. In reviewing his past life he had not felt satisfied with one action, he found nothing in himself on which to depend, no hope for justification but through Christ. He feared for himself lest he should lose the effect of his illness, but he had a *strong Friend*. He could do nothing in himself; all power must be and would be bestowed from above.

April 18, Brick Lane.—We returned yesterday from Norfolk, where we have been spending a month for the benefit of my dearest, who has not yet recovered the effects of his illness, but I trust is now likely to do so. My heart has this day been filled with thankfulness towards the Author of every good thing for the manifold mercies He has been pleased to bestow upon us: we merit not one of the least of His favours. How then are we called upon to live in a humble, thankful spirit! "O, Lord, I beseech Thee for me and my beloved Fowell, as we are now again to fulfil our home

duties, make us in them all to be governed by a simple desire to serve Thee, that we may show our love and gratitude in our daily walk before Thee."

Sunday, April 24, 1814.—This day has been a very happy one from the sweet communication I have had with my husband. We read together in the morning, and this evening, while Catherine, Charles, and Martha * went to church, we had much very interesting conversation. He expressed to me how particularly thankful he had been to-day and yesterday for my recovery.† He said that, in his secret meditations, when considering all the blessings he enjoyed, he often prayed that any one dear possession might be taken from him, if it would lead to his hurt in a spiritual sense, but that he could never apply that to his wife, he could only say, "touch her not."

July 13, 1814, Brick Lane.—My husband had been speaking in the slave-trade meeting. He told me that he had wished to get his mind composed before he stood up, and he had, therefore, come to the *only source* of composure, and had earnestly prayed that if it was best for him, he might make a bad speech, that he, as the *instrument*, might be overlooked so long as the cause was served.

Hampstead, August 2.—We have been here for more than a fortnight. The children have been my first object. My lovely baby one day was poorly. I could not but dread painfully the loss of him, and the uncertainty of their lives was brought very present

* Mrs. Charles Buxton.

† Her son, John Henry, was born April 12, 1814.

to me, accompanied by a strong feeling that I could hardly bear the trial were one to be taken from me. I desire that my will about them may be brought into *habitual submission* to the Divine Will, that at any time I might be found ready to yield them if required. How does it sweeten all our enjoyments and enhance the value of all our possessions to hold them, not as our own, but as the gift of God!

In the autumn of this year her eldest brother, John, died after a lingering illness. While at Earlham she wrote an account of the last few days of his life.

Earlham, September, 1814.—In the afternoon Chenda sang to him the cradle hymn, and afterwards, when he again grew rather restless, the evening hymn. It was *precious* to hear him joining her, and once or twice he repeated with her nearly a line. Her singing was most completely in harmony with the scene. I never felt anything so accord with the circumstances; serene, joyful, beautiful, and yet touching beyond expression. That cradle hymn was as if designed for our heavenly, childlike brother. What a mercy for him was his release! How did his spirit, we doubt not, triumph in its departure from its confinement here! Yet what a blank is left for us!

October 3, 1814.—My beloved came to me this morning full of the spirit of prayer; his heart abounding with love towards his Master and desire to serve Him, and with urgent requests for us both. To have his strong will, self-love, and vain-glory subdued, was his petition: and he hoped he might say without presumption,

that he did desire to serve the Lord and Him only. O Lord, I earnestly entreat thee to help and bless my beloved husband. Enable me so to walk that I may encourage and strengthen him, and that we may increasingly find ourselves bound in that love which is stronger than death.

My little flock have been a source of great delight to me. Priscilla's mind opens wonderfully, and she has, for her age, a surprising intellect for the Bible and our religious duties. My three lovely boys (Fowell, Edward, and Harry) are all I can wish. O Lord, make me willing to part from any of these precious treasures, if it be thy pleasure to deprive me of them. I feel too great a dread of such a trial.

October 13.—I may with gratitude acknowledge that a lively sense has this morning been given me of the consolation in Christ; that I have an Advocate in heaven, Who so loved me that He died for me; and having reconciled me to the Father by His death on the Cross, may I not humbly trust that He will now save me by His life, and by His Holy Spirit will enable me to withstand temptation, and will not suffer me to be wholly choked with the cares of this world, but will lift up my soul from the dust to which it cleaves?

Sunday, October 23, Earlham.—I think I may call this a delightful day. I have felt that influence by which alone I can acknowledge Jesus to be the Lord. I have found Him food for my soul through communion with Him. Catherine, Sarah, and I went to Barford Church, where Mr. Mitchell preached from "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." O Lord, may I plead the merits of Christ by

which to obtain Thy Holy Spirit, through Whom only I can keep Thy commandments and bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Please to make me henceforward the temple of the Holy Ghost, that I may be kept in Thy path and be enabled to enter in at the strait gate.

Brick Lane, November 13, 1814.—On 23rd October we came away from Earlham. Our parting with our beloved brothers and sisters was a trial to me, but it was made easy by a sweet savour of the best love. O how tenderly are we united, and the loss of one dear member has to my mind added a fresh portion of love to all that remain. We went round by Lynn. It was pleasant to me to be with dearest Dan, but the place was deeply tinctured with melancholy, the vestiges of our tenderly beloved departed brother and sister were so affecting. On the first of this month we came home. I have enjoyed returning to my objects here, and feel now a strong wish to be settled here for long. What was my trial three years ago, I have almost dreaded to recall it. To-morrow three years I lost my precious babe. There is a pang to me in that that nothing else gives.

Sunday, September 3, 1815.—Dearest Martha and Amelia Henning * went to church with me in the morning. The service, sermon, and sacrament were comforting and strengthening to me, but I let go my hold too soon, and therefore lost in some measure what I had obtained there.

Earlham, September 10.—We reached here on Friday afternoon.

* Sister to Mrs. Charles Buxton.

I came with Rachel and Mr. Tacy.* We had a very pleasant journey together.

I have much felt the benefit of the living, quickening Spirit that reigns in the place. How I do long to become more *one* with them in their religious life.

Sunday, October 29.—I have had my beloved children with me this morning, and feel comforted in the hope that with the blessing of God upon my endeavours their hearts may be softened and their affections led towards God, and that they may be found obedient children to Him. Oh that I may be enabled to influence and instruct them aright; and do Thou, my Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, Who died for them, give them of Thy Holy Spirit that they may know and love Thee, and may walk in the ways of Thy commandments. Preserve my beloved Fowell from every evil way. I beseech Thee to keep him from evil. Show him as he advances in life the enormity of sin, and strengthen him to withstand all temptation. I have felt more anxious about this darling child than any of my flock, seeing that he is much more open to temptation than my dear Prissy, and finding it more difficult to reach his mind or lead it as I can do her's. However, I must commit him to his Heavenly Father, earnestly desiring to be enabled to plant according to His will, and trusting to Him alone to give the increase.

November, 1815.—To-morrow I expect to leave this sweet place.

* Rev. Henry Tacy, an intimate and valued friend of the family.

I am thankful for the mercies received here. My baby* is all that I can wish. Oh that I may in some measure show the fruit of it in my life.

Brick Lane.—I have not for a long time valued Mr. Pratt's ministry so much as since my return from Norfolk. It appears to have been the means of quickening me, and to have given me some portion of spiritual food. How am I favoured outwardly in my worldly and in my spiritual concerns! I have had constantly to experience that I here receive my good things. O Lord! admit me also to be a partaker of those joys which Thou hast prepared for them that love Thee. I believe I do love Thee in some degree, but increase this love in my heart, I pray Thee. Let me not love husband, children, brothers, and sisters in comparison of Thee. Oh! I fear they come first in my heart, but if I do love them as I ought not, or rather if I do not love Thee as I ought, warm and enliven my affections towards Thee!

December 31, Sunday, 1815. The termination of this year is at hand. It has been fraught with mercy towards us, and we have been spared any home-felt affliction. Be pleased, O Lord, to continue to bless us. May the angel of Thy presence encamp round about us, and if in Thy infinite mercy Thou hast afflictions in store for us, oh help us to meet them in a spirit of true humility, casting all our care upon Thee, and walking in continual dependence for every good thing before Thee. Strengthen those that stand, and

* Rachel Gurney.

comfort and keep the weak in faith. May we each find at the end of another year that we have walked closer with Thee, that Thou art more and more the dearest treasure of our hearts. O Lord! let us beseech Thee to continue our temporal blessings to us. If it is according to Thy holy will, preserve our beloved children in health. Give us each, if it is the food convenient for us, a year of health and temporal enjoyment. How I thank Thee for the gift Thou hast this year bestowed upon me; let me not set my affections upon her so as to forget her Creator. Oh bless our dearest Chenda; prosper her wherever she goes. May she have to acknowledge that in all the changes and chances of life Thou hast followed her with Thy choicest blessings.

Brick Lane, January 27, 1816.

To Richenda Gurney before her marriage with Francis Cunningham.—"My dearest Chenda,—It would be particularly delightful to me to be with thee. I have wished to go through this interesting time with thee, my dearest Chenda. Such times are uniting and beneficial. It has come over me as the time approached, but my sweet baby has not been well, and I have suffered Fowell to set out without me.

You may suppose how our hearts are engaged in you. Each individual excites the nearest sympathy. I do not doubt that thee will feel composed and comfortable, but at times thy mind and time will be almost too full. What a pause thee will come to at first, after you get to Pakefield. I hope thee will not too soon engage in much business—a few weeks real quiet would have such a happy effect. How I do desire that a real blessing may attend thee, my dearest Chenda; that thee may experimentally feel the Lord a *present* help at this juncture. I remember feeling the comfort and pleasure of Christ's attendance at a wedding when I married; it gives a cheering encouragement to the whole day. I am glad to have Fowell with you on Sunday, it will be an interesting day to all.

"Well, I here take my leave of thee, dear Chenda, as a single sister. I do believe that as a married one our hearts will be as nearly united. I do not feel that we could be separated, so thoroughly true and deeply grounded is the affection we have for one another.

"Thy tenderly attached sister,
"H. Buxton."

Spitalfields, November 28, 1816.

T. F. B. to H. B.—"My dearest,—I am utterly astonished at the impression which my poor speech* has produced; all quarters send me congratulations. The committee voted that it was worth £2,000 already. One tells me that it produced a kilderkin of tears—good measure; another that he saw the whole bench of turtle-fed aldermen whimpering. In short, I am utterly surprised at the general notice it has obtained."

January 1, 1817, early in the morning.—With a feeling of fear I enter this new year. Oh, Lord, we, I doubt not, unitedly beseech Thee that Thy wings may overshadow us all. However scattered, however engaged, we can unite in spirit before Thee to entreat Thy blessings upon us individually, and as a body, that through the year which has just begun we may grow in grace, be brought into subjection to Thy spirit, and increase in the knowledge and love of our Lord, Master, and merciful Redeemer.

February 9.—My beloved husband at Weymouth, I fear in a vortex of contending electioneering interests. He is under the guidance and keeping of Providence, and does earnestly seek to follow the will of God, and, therefore, why should I doubt that he will be led into the right path?

Thomas Fowell Buxton writes:—

While I was at Weymouth I received the intelligence of the

* On the distress in Spitalfields.

birth of Louisa, and the safety of my wife. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies to me?" of which (next to His "inestimable love in the redemption of the world") she is far the greatest. She is everything that I can desire—loving, gentle, sympathizing, cheerful; winning me to the paths of righteousness by her chaste conversation. I often wonder at the goodness of God in giving to one so unworthy so rich a treasure.

In the beginning of November, 1817, Joseph and his wife, Francis and Chenda, Sam, my wife, and I went to Paris, and thence to Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent. I rejoice that we went, and it has been the means of stimulating me in the object of prison discipline, which since my return has much engaged my attention.*

From Hannah Buxton's Journal:—

Christmas Day, 1817.—My dearest and our six lovely children, Martha† and her three, with Amelia and Charles Henning, compose our party to-day. Truly blessed are we in every outward blessing, and not outwardly only, for I trust we are favoured with some knowledge of God.

New Year's Day, 1818.—For Jesus' sake, Who came into the world to redeem *me* from all iniquity, I entreat Thee to help me to yield myself to Thee. I see with my dearest Fowell a greater

* This journey was undertaken with the object of establishing a branch of the Bible Society in Paris, and of investigating the successful mode of prison discipline at Antwerp and Ghent.

† Fowell Buxton's brother Charles had died this year.

degree of pleasure in serving his Master. He continually has expressed to me his thankfulness that he is *permitted* to be employed in His service, and his willingness to do anything that may be allotted to him, whether to work as a leader, or in a subordinate sphere. This he said specially in reference to his Weymouth election, whether he obtained it or not, showing complete submission of will and inclination to his heavenly Father. He is now engaged in writing for the improvement of the prisons. He told me last night that he always began his writing with prayer, that he might be guided aright, and that self might be kept out of sight.

These letters from T. F. B. announce his election as M.P. for Weymouth:—

"Weymouth, June 29, 1818.

"My dearest,—The election is over. I am now going to the hall to return thanks to my constituents. And so I am a Member of Parliament! Well, I have not wished to decide the matter myself. My only feeling has been—If it is right, I trust it will take place, and if not, I equally trust it may be prevented. I wish thee were here to see me chaired; the town is in an uproar of delight. The bugle-horn is at this moment playing, and some hundreds of persons are collected on the esplanade. The animation of everybody, and the shouts and acclamations, are really entertaining. Everybody has blue ribbons. I hope the children at Hampstead will wear them."

"June 30.

"Directly after I wrote yesterday, I went to the Town Hall. We were declared elected, and had to make speeches; then commenced the chairing, which was to me one of the most lively, entertaining spectacles I ever saw. The whole population of Weymouth, or as near as possible the whole, were collected. We were mounted in chairs, decorated with flowers and blue ribbons, a band of music preceded us. I performed to admiration. Instead of getting out of the

chair, I stood up in it, and addressed them in a speech for their amusement. You will be curious to know what I speak about, at this rate of three orations per day, which is the average. I am sure I cannot tell you. Cowper somewhere uses the expression 'nimble nonsense,' which is a faithful description of my harangues."

Hannah Buxton's Journal:—

Earlham Parsonage,* Sunday, Sept. 20, 1818.—We had a most delightful prayer from Fowell after reading, returning thanks with a full flow of feeling for four especial mercies—the scriptures, the sabbath, prayer, and, above all, the gift of God's beloved Son. I cannot say how dear it was to my feelings. He has said to me that he wanted to be living in a higher key as to the state of his mind. Last night he said he wished to do some good before he died, and if he brought a good chaplain into the London Hospital he should feel he had done something. He said he considered prayer to be the throwing up the heart continually to God. This he had done before the reading, that it might be of some use to some one; that God would give him this assistance. He read at the Hall the Epistle to the Ephesians, and pointed out the tenour of the whole. The sovereignty of God, the divinity of Christ, the redemption of man, his state by nature, and then by grace, the exhortation to all; he then pointed out the manner in which the duty of prayer was enlarged upon, and ended himself by a beautiful prayer that the love of God might be in all our hearts, by the spirit which was in

* Where they had come to reside.

Christ, and might be the rule of our conduct one towards another.

Sunday, October 25.—My beloved went to London on hospital business on Monday, and came home last night. I have had delightful communication with him. To Earlham Church in the morning, afterwards a sweet walk with Louisa, Martha, and our boys; he, Martha, and I, then settled to read Scott's "Force of Truth." He appeared delighted with this text, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart," &c., and said he should take it for his text for some time. When by ourselves, with Prissy on the sofa, we had a very interesting conversation after reading quotations of Hooker, upon faith and works. He thought the whole of gospel truth was contained in Rom. viii. 1, both faith and works. He wondered how they could be separated, one was so closely connected with the other. He entirely entered into the doctrine of imputed righteousness. If anyone has faith, or is converted, it is not that he must perform good works, but that he necessarily does perform them. He thought little of the value of works, they meant nothing; but *must* flow from faith wherever it exists. These subjects led us to communicate on salvation by Christ, and he afterwards went to the sofa and prayed with Prissy and me that we might know and understand salvation through Christ, and that the effects of it might abound. I afterwards walked with him towards Hewitt's barn with Priscilla, Edward, and Harry. How did my heart burn with desires for us all that we might be brought to cleave to the Lord!

On a passage in the "Force of Truth" showing Scott's mind upon the reception of truth, he said: "Nothing is of more importance to impress upon thy children than a frame of mind habitually to receive the truth, for it must be not a resolution only to receive the truth."

He began to pray for me that every blessing might attend me, that I might especially be guided in all things; then for Fowell, then for all the children; and lastly, for the whole church and the extension of Christ's church. For Fowell he felt willing that he should be either clever or not, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, so that he was but a follower of Christ. Most pleasant was our intercourse.

Sunday, November 28.—After meeting we took a pleasant walk, and found Joseph at our house on our return. We had a little conversation together upon the state of our family. Joseph had felt the comfort of it at meeting. Fowell broke out in his praise when he was gone. He did not think there was his equal anywhere. His natural weaknesses were through grace become such charms.

I have latterly much felt the power of the conflict with sin. How grievous it is, and what will be the joy and the rest of that state where there is no more sin, no more sorrow! I do not know how it is, but I almost always feel a very confident hope of partaking of this blessed home. I think my hope is founded upon the promises of scripture and the declarations of the love of God to man, that "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that

they which believe in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." "That He will in no wise cast out those who come to Him."

December 13.—My beloved Fowell returned to me on Friday from London, full of lively affection. I have felt very thankful to be united in such tender bonds. I asked him, after church, how he liked our new clergyman. "The time will be better employed in praying that he may be useful, than in finding fault with him." After tea I went down after him into the study; he said he had taken a curious text to meeting, a word out of Hume, "carnal, self-pleasing." This was the point on which he was most jealous of himself in entering Parliament, lest his motives should be vanity, but he said it was his constant prayer that he might enter the House with simplicity in views and motives. He told me he had felt one thing in church, in going over the creed; the mercy it was that he could fully acknowledge his assent to every part of it, that he always ended it with, "Thank God I believe all this."

Christmas Day, 1818.—A walk to Norwich with Fowell and Joseph. The service and sacrament comfortable and helpful. Home to play with my sweet flock, then to dinner with my dearest at the Hall. All my younger ones very lovely.

January 10, 1819.—In endeavouring to look back on the past year, I do not know if I have stepped forward in my heavenly course. I am ready to think that I know the Way better, that I understand more what it is to look solely to Jesus for every needful grace. In entering this year I feel very thankful that I can do so without much anxiety on account of my dearest husband. I feel

his commencement in the parliamentary career, but one thing I am determined—to make no complaint, but to submit cheerfully to the inconveniences of it. I pray that the Divine blessing may rest upon him, deliver him from temptation, and enable him to be simple in his motives, to serve his Master which is in heaven and His holy cause.

Our seven darling children are a continual source of pleasure, the elder ones especially; my dearest Fowell most sweet and lovely in his conduct, though sadly idle, and painfully backward in his lessons. Priscilla is most promising. My darling Edward and Harry are much pleasure to me, Edward some care, for I feel that I am deficient in my pains with him. He is very good, and at times sweetly simple in his religion. Harry remarkably generous and noble, truly promising. My two little girls, Rachel and Louisa, are, I fear, too much a source of pride, as well as of particular enjoyment. They are a beautiful, black-eyed pair, fat and healthy, and universally admired. My precious baby, Hannah, a source of tender interest and pleasure, full of smiles and activity, but not very handsome. I do not find my heart so much wrapped up in my babies as it used to be, and yet, when fears arise for any of my tenderly loved treasures, how soon do I become sensible that they are entwined very tight about my heart.

Sunday, August 15, 1819.—I am now alone at home, my dearest is at Weymouth. I am left in charge of the family, and a serious one I feel it, chiefly on account of our religious duties towards them all. In the prospect of thus being left, I felt deeply upon the sub-

ject of family prayer, and what it was my duty to do. Having this so much on my mind, and having determined to perform the duty, I woke one morning with a clear and forcible view that I must not only have it on Sunday but every day; and so decidedly did I feel it, that I proposed to my dearest that I should immediately begin daily family prayer, and have the burden of it myself, looking for assistance from him only when he was disposed. No one could receive my proposal with more generosity and humility. He was at once convinced, entered into it with all his heart, and undertook the burden. He began the next morning, and I have since had the duty of being minister, four times. I do desire to render thanks to Him who has thus brought us to practise an evident duty, and I do especially thank Thee, O Christ, that in Thy great and tender mercy Thou hast helped and strengthened me in what has been a great difficulty to me. The effect has in mercy been quickening and enlivening to myself, and I trust in a measure to those under me. O that it may be attended with a lasting blessing to each of us! May it spread the influence of peace and love over my sweet flock. May we grow in love, and may all be found members of one body, holding one Head, and having one hope.

August 18, 1819.—A particularly peaceful feeling has attended me this day, though left alone here. I have had my sweet baby poorly, but through everything I have felt as if the Divine blessing rested upon my house and family. All in such lovely minds to-day, partly because I was rather poorly, which drew forth their tenderness towards me, and also on account of the baby. Prissy has exerted

herself delightfully to please and help me. My tenderly beloved Fowell is just now an object of inexpressible interest, from the prospect of his going off to school in a fortnight. He has been most lovely to-day in person and conduct, full of tenderness to me and all the children. He was employed this evening in driving Edward and Harry, who were harnessed to a basket, in which either my little Rachel or Louisa rode, and Priscilla played about with the other. The baby on my lap in the dining-room window. These are the children which the Lord hath given me, and I earnestly pray for His blessing upon them, that sin may have no dominion over them, but that through His grace preventing them, they may own but one Master, one Redeemer, Christ Jesus the Lord, and that through Him they may all obtain eternal glory after leading a life here devoted to His service. Fowell is most endearing to me; could not I sacrifice anything for his good and pleasure, sweet fellow? I cannot describe how much at times I feel the prospect of parting with this beloved object of my care, but it is with hope and confidence in the mercy and goodness of God that I give him up, and only with a view to promote his good. It is my most earnest prayer that the Lord in the richness of His mercy will strengthen him in his soul to resist temptation and to love the will and service of God above all. O Lord, guide us in all our arrangements for him. Give us that wisdom that cometh from above to direct us, and keep us from doing harm to our beloved children.

September 7.—It has been deeply affecting to me to yield up my precious child into other hands; it is, I know, unreasonable, but it

has taken a peculiar hold on my mind. O that the Lord would, in great and tender mercy, keep him for His own, lift up the light of His countenance upon him, and pour into his heart a true love of his Saviour, which may enable him, for His sake, to take up his cross and deny himself, that he may be found a child of God, and preserved from the evil which is in the world.

CHAPTER III.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.

At the end of 1819, Mr. and Mrs. Buxton settled at North End, Hampstead, in a small house near their brother and sister, Samuel and Louisa Hoare.

The year 1820 opened in great prosperity, increased by the birth of their ninth child, Richenda, on January 6; but the bright home life so often described was now to be darkened by severe bereavement, four children being taken from them in the short space of five weeks—Thomas Fowell, on March 28; Hannah, April 17; Rachel Gurney, April 27; Louisa, May 1.

The story of this sorrowful time is best told by extracts from their parents' journals and letters.

Thomas Fowell Buxton writes in his journal:—On Monday, March 20, Mr. Ward sent our dear Fowell home. He looked poorly, but no suspicion of danger crossed our minds. On Wednesday he rode with me; on Saturday he was very unwell; on Sunday grew worse and worse, and breathed his last on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. Thus has left us our eldest son, the peculiar object of our anxious care—a boy of great life and animation, and of a most beautiful countenance. During the whole illness he was perfectly patient and sweet. The last night he gave me the most endearing kiss, and acceded to my intimation that God was taking care of him. Mr. Ward gives a delightful character of him, mentions his honesty

and truth, kindness and generosity. My darling wife having suffered severely from anxiety, has conducted herself with a serenity and cheerfulness which could only come from the Author of every blessing. May God grant her the choicest of blessings. May Christ Himself in the fulness of His mercy be the consolation of her heart.

March 28, 1820.

Thomas Fowell Buxton to Joseph John Gurney:—"My beloved Brother,—The event has taken place: the dear boy grew gradually worse, and this morning about ten o'clock he was taken from us.

"Great peace prevails amongst us, in the assurance that he is taken from the temptations and evils of this world to the presence of his Maker and Redeemer, to infinite and eternal joy. How large a community is there of those very dear to our hearts in a happier world! That he is gone to join that fraternity, is a conviction that wipes away much of the bitterness of this dispensation.

"Hannah is well, feeling deeply with the tenderness of a mother, and deeply with the confidence and resignation of a Christian.

"Betsey and Chenda are with us.

"We feel that mercy, great and evident, has encompassed us.

"Yours very affectionately,

"T. F. Buxton."

From Hannah Buxton's journal, March 30, 1820.—I am now sitting by the corpse of my precious boy, whom the Lord has in tender mercy towards him taken to Himself. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." He was an inexpressibly dear child to me; he loved me with a peculiar love, but God has seen, in His wisdom, that it was better for this sweet fellow to be removed from the cares, and pains, and fears of this world, to join the great company of His saints in heaven, to sing the praises of the Redeemer, and to render Him everlasting thanksgiving. Excessively as I loved him, I do not mourn excessively. I feel assured

that he was a child of God, and that the Lord so loved him that He died for him, and that he is entered into the heavenly mansions prepared for him by Christ his Saviour. Dwelling upon this, the sting of death is taken away. Prayer has been answered for him. How did I crave that he might be kept from evil, and I particularly observed during the holidays his sweet and amiable behaviour, his great strictness with regard to truth, and quiet, serious behaviour at church. I do not wish to forget his behaviour at Joseph's meeting with us when we left Earlham. When he prayed for us and our elder children, Fowell did not conceal his feelings, and rose from his knees with tearful eyes. He is taken away "before wickedness should alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul." Did I not truly pray that the Lord would keep him for His own, and has not the Saviour kept him for Himself, redeemed him from sin, washed him in His own blood, gently carried him through the valley of the shadow of death, and led him into the mansions prepared for him in heaven? I think what it is to have him appear before God guiltless, his sins blotted out, no condemnation to him, through Christ Jesus, to stand at the last day among those who shall enter into fulness of joy, to be presented, holy, and unblamable, and unreprovable, in His sight, found faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Is not this to partake of joy unspeakable and full of glory? "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," by whom he was redeemed to God, "to receive blessing, and honour, and glory, and power."

Monday, April 3rd.—My two little ones were in black frocks,

Hannah with a black sash. They made no remarks, nor did I, though I felt it deeply affecting to have them mourning for my precious eldest boy. His funeral entirely engaged my mind. Bitterly sorrowing, we sate in the dining-room round his coffin, but comforted by Betsey's ministry, though more occupied by natural than spiritual feelings. Fowell, Martha, and I rode to Hendon together. How did the tolling bell strike my heart! The service was a *strength* to me while I was in the church, and my faith and hope were strong as I stood over his grave "in full and certain hope of his resurrection." *Yet did I feel as much as I could feel, resigning him up.*

Fowell died at the house of his aunt, Mrs. Charles Buxton, not being allowed to come home from the children being ill in measles, which quickly assumed a serious character.

April 13.—We have been passing a time of constant anxiety, first with one beloved child, then with another. Many a heartache have I had watching my darling Harry, Louisa, Hannah at the same time; and since, my dearest Rachel has pained me by continued high fever. What a gift it would now be to me *to feel* as well as know that my most beloved boy has entered into everlasting joy. I thank God I am not left without faith and hope.

Friday, April 14.—Stillness and illness affectingly prevail over our nursery. Edmund, Anna,* and all our own are ill. It was an awful afternoon. Deep, deep trial, yet brought through without that acute sense of it that would have unfitted for exertion.

Tuesday, April 18.—I am at this time sitting by the body of my

* Children of Charles Buxton.

sweet little Hannah, who was taken from me about one o'clock yesterday morning, and entered into fulness of joy through the mercy and merits of our ever-blessed Redeemer. * * * Though very poorly, she appeared to be recovering the measles, and my mind being chiefly occupied by Rachel's serious state, I did not watch this little darling as I would have done, could I have foreseen which was to be removed hence. I was not particularly anxious till Saturday, when I took her into my arms to nurse her about twelve, and I immediately apprehended inflammation in the windpipe. We applied remedies, but no abatement appeared in the symptoms. Very overwhelming was it to me to be thus brought to watch a fatal illness. I suffered inexpressible conflict through that night, from a sense that I had not had care enough over my sweet girl, and also from a hiding of the face of God from me. Dearest Chenda watched by her, she on Susan's* lap, and on the foot of the nursery bed. She took much notice, her blue eyes following us about, putting out her hand for milk, or else pushing it away, and shaking her head, if she did not like it. We were comforted towards morning, thinking her rather relieved. Oh, what a relief it was! But it was not to last, and the oppressed breathing became greater. Sweet lamb, truly affecting was it; but mercy compassed her about, smoothing the valley of the shadow of death to this little innocent baby. We were for some hours more hopeful, but when I came up from supper I found her much sunk. I took her on to my lap, and felt no hope. When death was

* Susan Atterton, their faithful attendant from the beginning of their married life, afterwards Susan King.

approaching, I waited in the day nursery till all was over, and then went into the room where my beloved child was sleeping in the Lord. Betsey knelt down; her prayer ended in thanksgiving that another of our sweet flock was taken to rest. I felt overwhelmed with grief, dwelling much on the sorrow of that time three weeks.

Wonderful trial seemed laid upon me. I found my dearest Rachel decidedly more ill, and had a day of deep sorrow. Fowell gone. Hannah taken, and Rachel so very ill that I had much to look to her death; but yet I *did* feel the Lord to be near and with me.

I could feel for this darling child (Hannah) that to be absent from the body and present with the Lord was far better, and that to die was gain, and yet I have not had very strongly, the sense of deliverance from the evils of the world, with this little happy cheerful child.

Wednesday.—Sitting by my precious Hannah this morning—it is like having her with me, so completely herself is her sweet little body.

I earnestly long to be carried more into the things of eternity with this precious lamb.

The day she was taken was one of deep affliction, from the losses of my darling children, and the acute apprehensions for Rachel's life too, so that yesterday I was comforted by the mercy of having her better.

Friday, April 21.—Very hard indeed I find it to obtain resignation. The voids left in my family distressed me. My darling Hannah's absence in the nursery is grievous to me. For this my best remedy is a view of the *love of God*, in these heavy afflictions

towards me and my beloved husband, as well as His love towards the children. His Almighty power, which ordereth all things after His own will, is mighty and entire. He could preserve, as He could create.

Rachel was moved to the Hill, Hampstead, the residence of her uncle Samuel Hoare, where her mother continues.

Thursday, April 27.—Again has the Lord sent death amongst us, and taken from us our lovely Rachel, in whom no flaw could be found,—so complete, so delicious, mind and body, so to be loved—but the Lord delighted in her and loved her more than we did, and has dealt tenderly by her in carrying her through the valley of the shadow of illness and death in great mercy; making her bed in sickness, and sweetening the bitter, with the most innocent and constant enjoyments.

My darling Louisa is now extremely ill. My heart sickens when I turn to her. Her breath panting—hot—and greatly reduced. I hardly hope for her recovery, and indeed feel just now, nearly indifferent to it, so marred is my flock—that another gone I see without astonishment.

She was moved to Plashet, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fry, as a last hope.

May 1.—I have been strengthened and comforted by Heb. xii. 1-11 under the *tremendous* and awful trial of seeing our precious Louisa hasting to follow our darlings into the grave, not to rest there, but to behold the face of God, and to enjoy full communion with Him, and with those who have just gone before.

May 2.—Sitting by all that remains of my darling Louisa, who

was seized with convulsions about six, and was translated into everlasting glory at nine last night.

This day five weeks—March 28—my most tenderly beloved Fowell put off this mortal and put on immortality. Yesterday fortnight, April 17, my sweet Hannah entered into peace. Last Thursday, April 27, my lovely Rachel, of blessed memory, followed; and last night my tender Louey was delivered from all her conflicts, and rejoined her companions, to be to me, I trust, a crown of joy and rejoicing hereafter, and for evermore.

Oh Lord! under Thy wings will I trust, Thy grace is sufficient for us. Keep us Lord, stayed upon Thee, and we shall be at peace. May we know Thee to be the Rock upon which we are built, so that our footsteps slip not, but though the floods have come, and the waves have beat against our house, let it not fall, but let us be kept from murmuring and disobedience; give us meek submission to Thee. Help us, Lord.

After Louisa's death she was carried back to the Hill, Hampstead, where her mother writes:—

May 7.—Last evening my two darling and beautiful girls, Rachel and Louisa, after lying one night together in the dining-room here, were carried to Hendon, and both put into one grave at the feet of my most sweet and dear Fowell and Hannah.

Deeply do I feel the wonderful truth that they are more than in peace; most thankfully do I confess my strong assurance that they do all partake of unspeakable pleasures, in the presence of the Almighty Father and of the Lamb for ever.

T. F. B. writes:—Oh when one affliction flows in upon another, may they burst the bonds by which we are tied to the earth, and direct us heavenward; may we, having our treasures in heaven, have our hearts there also. Oh, my God, be Thou the strong consolation of my beloved, my meek, my patient wife; break not the bruised reed, pour Thy balm into her wounds, and teach her that He Who sends this affliction, sends it as a blessing, and that she is under the hands of a most gracious and most tender Saviour.

Of Rachel he says:—Oh how various have been our hopes, and our fears, for this most endearing child. I cannot express the sweetness, the composure, and the subjection of mind which she constantly exhibited.

Norwich, 1820.

From Joseph John Gurney.—"My Dearest Fowell and Hannah,—That I can mourn and lament with you is most true; that I can nevertheless rejoice on your account is not less so. I rejoice in your submission and dedication to the Lord, and that you have to such a degree received ability to say in your hearts, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Though Thou slay me, *yet* will I trust in Thee." It is a cordial to my spirit, wounded as it is by your afflictions, that dear Fowell could be brought to use such expressions as soon as the darling child had been taken from you. Yes, though He slay you, though He be pleased not yet to make a full end of your afflictions, I am persuaded that you will trust in Him even to the end.

"The memory of dear Rachel, who has now left you, and is entered into joy unspeakable, and full of glory, is indeed 'blessed.' She was truly a gracious child, evidently under the regulating influence of the Divine Spirit. Surely then, for her, we may rejoice and give thanks, for she has exchanged a world which her parents knew to be a *world of sorrow*, for one which is eternal, and into which neither sorrow, nor sighing, nor sin, can find any entrance. I am glad to hear that dearest little Louisa is about to be removed to Plashet. I trust that the Lord's blessing may rest upon the change, but I can scarcely venture to

desire anything, *but* that we may be willing to give up *all*, that our faith, love, and confidence in the Lord may not fail, and that through mercy we may all meet at last, where sickness shall no more grieve us, nor death divide us.

"I am, with near sympathy and affection, yours,

"J. J. G."

"Norwich, 30th March, 1820.

From Mrs. Opie, on Fowell's death.—"I did not know till this afternoon what had happened. I can say nothing, would I could! to give you comfort, but I write because I know from experience any expression of true sympathy is welcome. What a prize have you been called on to resign! He was a creature whom no one that had eyes, or heart, could help loving and admiring. It were absurd to talk of my grief to *you*, but I really feel grieved myself to think I shall not see that beaming face again. But my regrets are indeed weak, and when we consider his gain, and his escape from all peril here, even your regrets, though unavoidable, are weak also. But these are early times yet, and grief must have its way. God bless you! and may He Who can alone comfort and support you, be ever near you, in this time of suffering.

"Your affectionate and sympathizing friend,

"A. Opie."

Immediately after the funeral of Rachel and Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Buxton went to Tunbridge Wells for a few weeks.

May, 1820.

H. B. writes:—On Wednesday we left Hampstead. Our dispersion after all our sorrows together was exceedingly painful. Dearest Francis and Chenda set out that day for France. Fowell and I, Rachel, Christiana Glover, and our *only* three children (except the baby, who was left at Hampstead), came to Tunbridge. Louisa to be left alone with Elizabeth Wilkinson. We assembled with dearest Betsey, and in the unity of the Spirit commended one another to our God, our Head, our Creator, our Preserver.

Tunbridge, May, 1820.

T. F. B. says:—We came here with the fragments of our family, in hopes that it may recruit the strength of my dear wife. She has during the whole time evinced a holy fortitude and a degree of resigned cheerfulness beyond my hopes, knowing how tenderly her heart felt for her children. May God give her every blessing!

Hampstead, Friday, May 12, 1820.

From Louisa Hoare.—"I am continually present with thee in mind, and as far as my heart is capable of sympathy and entire affection and interest, you have them from me, my dearest Fowell and Hannah. Since you went, I have dwelt much on the past, earnestly desiring that the pangs I have gone through with you, the marvellous dispensations of the last few weeks, may sink deep in my heart, and may lead to more humiliation of spirit, correction of sin, and to a stronger hold of spiritual and eternal things. I could not escape from a very low evening after you had all left me. There was a pause, a stillness, a vacancy in the house which strongly brought home to me the various scenes we have passed through together, and the magnitude of the loss that as a family, we, and that you so peculiarly have sustained. The charms, the loveliness, the character, of each of these precious children have been present with me, and how closely do I sympathize with you in such bereavements! Bereavements which must in the present be "grievous, and not joyous." But I would encourage myself on your account. I would not for a moment mistrust the fulness and all-sufficiency of that mercy which has been manifested towards you and yours. May our faith and hope be strengthened from above, habitually to view those dear children who have been taken from us, not as *lost*, but as treasures in heaven, with whom we may, even now, dwell in spirit."

Rachel Gurney writes in her journal:—

May 17.—I talked with Hannah for an hour. Her state of mind is beautiful; such genuine nature in her feelings, yet such triumphant grace! such a salutary and benign endurance from a

living faith in her Redeemer; so much practical submission, obedience, patience, and humility, with little word or profession; and all this with so much simplicity and ease, that it almost seems as if the work of grace in her were only elevating, beautifying, and sanctifying a nature already lovely and fraught with every feminine charm and sweetness.

While at Tunbridge Wells Mrs. Buxton wrote the following particulars of the late conflict:—

On Monday, May 1st, at nine o'clock in the evening, closed our course of painful anxiety. Our nursing was over. We had entered the cloud with eight lovely children; we left it with half the number! In *five* weeks four of our flock were removed from us and translated into that world, the hope of which is sure and steadfast, founded on the immutable promise of God. We are not our own; our bodies as well as our souls are members of the Lord Jesus. Oh then let Him do with us whatsoever He pleases. And as it has been His appointment speedily to gather our little ones into His fold, may we be enabled (through His Spirit) cheerfully to resign His Lambs to the Good Shepherd. He does satisfy their souls, and they can want for no good thing. Do then, blessed Lord, extend Thy tender mercy to us and to our children that are left. Oh! keep, guide, and feed us while we remain in the wilderness, and give us all, an inheritance in the Promised Land, whither we may enter with joy when Thou seest meet to take us hence. * * *

During the time of my darling Hannah's sudden accession of

illness ending in her death, our beloved Rachel was in mercy to us apparently relieved. While we put our darling into the tub of warm water, Rachel would see and seemed interested. Hannah lay at the foot of the bed near the fire, looking most lovely, rosy, her eyes bright and her lips full. * * *

Through Sunday we were in deep anxiety, and yet had some hope. I nursed my tender Hannah while the men moved the bed into the day nursery. Dearest Louisa was put on Rachel's bed, and I undressed her myself. Sweet Rachel was moved into the day nursery, and my two girls parted, to be no more together, till in their coffins. Death was amongst us, but the Lord was with us, helping, shielding, and carrying us through. Hannah was a little convulsed, and after coughing, her sweet spirit *sprung* to God. * * * Well! to get on from one death-bed to another, for I must not pause—I had no pause then allowed me. My Louisa was in bed by Susan when Hannah died in her arms, little conscious of what was passing, and little conscious were we that that day fortnight she too was to escape from us, and we were to be left without one of our three most darling and delightful girls.

It seemed to me then too much to have in three weeks two children taken. The possibility that Rachel too might be taken which prevailed in my mind the next day was a pain hardly to be *met*. * * * That morning I was long before I went to her. * * * She was surrounded by playthings, but there was a distressed and *ill look* in her countenance that assured me she was worse. We moved her into my room, but from this time there was a change in

this sweet lovely child. She had been free from all irritability, satisfied, cheerful, and often full of conversation; but from this time she was distressed, often wanting what she had not, less able to play, yet wishing for it. She was extremely pleased with flowers, which she had placed on the drawers where she could see them, and had a doll her papa brought her always on her arm. Her conduct throughout was beautiful, and surprising self-subjection she displayed, especially in taking her medicine. Sam Hoare used to bring strawberries and cherries for my darlings, Joseph and all sent presents of different things. Louisa neither wanted nor wished for them much, though through this week she used to play a little on the bed. * * * She seemed better, and when the weather was fine *delighted* in being carried into the garden. I put on her coat and hat, and Fowell carried her out. On Thursday morning he took Rachel out too. I hope not to forget her in his arms in the garden, silent but comfortable, pale, and eyes large. Sweet Louisa's voice I heard continually, as if in high enjoyment. Thank God she had pleasures by the way! Mercy did encompass them and does encompass us, even in the recollection of these exquisite pains.

Thursday evening was appointed for our darling Hannah's funeral. * * * As I was going to prepare for it I went to Rachel, and found her in a very anxious state. Truly distressed was I, but Mr. Haines was encouraging, and we again turned our minds to our sweet lamb Hannah. Through what remarkable crises have we been carried. *Miserable* one was this to me! to have the hours

devoted to the last view of my little one thus disturbed. I believed it best not to go to Hendon, or expose myself to the pain of standing so soon over my dearest Fowell's grave. After seeing Rachel and Louisa, I went down to the three boys from the Hill,* Edward and Prissy. My dearest sister Rachel and I had a very comforting and elevating time with the children. I was enabled to feel the consolations which abound in Christ. I felt meeting again these beloved boys without *mine* amongst them. I was cheered and able to meet the party from Hendon with what I felt *allowable* cheerfulness. It arose from a sense of the love of God in the redemption of my children and in His love towards us, that He does keep and help us.

On Friday I was struck while writing that I did not hear my Rachel's voice, who was moved into my room. I found her quite quiet, but pale and low. Mr. Haines stayed long and alarmed Fowell, who went to town and came back *excessively* low. * * * I was part of this afternoon with my dearest Louey: the nursery *tainted* with grief. We thought it right to try the effect of moving Rachel to the Hill. We did pray for a blessing on this measure. Rachel objected to going up to the Hill, but liked to take a ride with papa and mamma. I felt the weight of returning no more with her, yet hoped. We put on her flannel gown and stockings and night cap, and Fowell carried her into Betsy's carriage, leaving our dear tender Louey on the bed in the night nursery.

Our ride was sweet. Our darling just put her head on her papa's

* Sam, Gurney, and Edward Hoare.

shoulder, but when we got to the village held it up and looked with apparent *great peace* and pleasure at the children, the flowers, &c.

Her soft, beautifully refined countenance, pale cheeks, and bright dark eyes were inexpressibly interesting and lovely. She was put to bed, and at once said, "I want to see dear Aunt Hoare." * * * Her hoarseness was evident, and I became overwhelmed with our past, and the prospect of further trial. * * * After breakfast (the next day) I went down to see my beloved Louisa; she was on the bed in her pink frock; I was struck with increased illness. After being with her for a time I went to the Hill, and found, from the great hoarseness, they *believed* Rachel had the croup; the symptoms rather increased, and she was very much oppressed towards night, sitting up and always whispering, "Put me up higher," "I want to be higher." Our darling Louisa was brought up to the Hill. I did not go to her when she arrived. Edward says she was quite pleased to see him, and made him stay by her, showing him her flowers and wanting him to get her barley-sugar from Rachel. * * * Rachel's manners to Edward were lovely, the only child she saw for many days: when he came up to her she would always take his hand that he might not go, look round for what she might give him, either a flower or barley-sugar, to entice him to stay by her; a bright glow on her countenance when he appeared. One morning she said to me before we left our house, "Mamma, I want Teddy; I am *sure* he said he would come to me after breakfast."

Our pretty little Louey, after she had been with her father in the

garden one day, having an apple given her, wrapped it up carefully in a parcel and sent it to papa.

On Monday my darling Rachel passed a morning of great conflict from the croupish symptoms, but a fit of coughing relieved her, and she revived in the afternoon. My poor dearest Louisa was panting all day upon the bed in the night nursery, very ill she looked, yet I did not open to her dangerous state. Surely it was in mercy that one child at a time was thus made the almost sole occupation of my anxieties and devotion, for my precious Louisa did not want me or any one but Susan, who was devoted to her.

On Tuesday night I was comforted by her falling asleep and sleeping most of the night quietly, but her breath was still much the same, yet we were hopeful.

On Wednesday afternoon I was deeply affected about both my girls, for I found my precious Louey ill indeed. I went and stood over her for some time, weeping from the ground of my heart, for then I first saw her great danger, and first then did a view open to me that they would both be taken. I found as the evening came on that the close of Rachel's life was drawing near. She had some sleep; passed a sweet and almost easy night with dear Elizabeth Wilkinson, to whom she was delightfully affectionate. Dearest Chenda came in about half-past seven, and said that there was a change, and we must come quickly. When we entered the room she was *just gone*. Her head bowed on to her neck, supported by Elizabeth's arm, death had set her lovely spirit free. We knelt down, my dearest crying unto the Lord, "Though Thou slay me,

yet will I trust Thee," earnestly beseeching God to bless these deep griefs to himself and us all. . . . A day of mourning and bitter lamentation was April 27. My beloved Fowell was more affected than I was. To turn to my Louisa, to leave my Rachel lying in perfect peace, her hair parted over her forehead, her long black eyelashes over her peaceful white cheeks, her nose and mouth with a cast of melancholy, and yet holiness; to leave her thus, and to turn to another lamb yet suffering in the body, going through her short tribulation before she too entered the kingdom! The doctors recommended change of air. Most painful it was to be parted from my beloved Rachel, with a conviction on my mind that at Plashet too a child should die. * * * I went before I was dressed to sit with my Rachel. O, what joy there is in thinking that even their *bodies*, those temples of their spirits that my affections have *fed* upon, that they are not lost, but will be raised, glorified, celestial bodies.

On Friday at one o'clock, without much emotion, I went into the coach: Susan then brought our poor little remaining darling, wrapped in my shawl, into the carriage; she looked dreadfully ill, so altered, she could not sit up in the least. My precious girl was distressed by the ride, often asking, "Take me out." She took a little milk frequently. We went very fast. Fowell on horseback by our side. I felt very anxious, but patient, still believing we had done right. Through the next day we were in so low a state we could hardly get lower. So deeply sorrowing was I in heart already, that I did not experience that earnest desire for this darling

child's life that I had felt for the others. Dearest Chenda's arrival on Friday was cheering.

Sunday morning, and indeed every morning, we had most strengthening communion together. Dearest Betsy's ministry was balm on the wound. Fowell and I had a comforting and elevating time together; we read Romans viii., he prayed, and we read some of the "Saints' Rest;" wonderful hope and peace were afforded. The most lively desires prevailed in my mind this day that this one might be spared to us.

On Monday evening at six o'clock strong convulsions came on; three hours of bitterness did I spend passing through the deep valley of death with this child. I was not in the room; my love and I were together. He was engaged in deep and earnest prayer for himself and me. I could dwell only upon my Louisa, seeking her deliverance and entrance into joy. I went once into the room—she was sitting up—but I returned no more till her little spirit was released from its afflicted body. When we went up to our darling then in peace, inexpressible was my feeling; a full sense of our wonderful and affecting circumstances. Fowell and Hannah in the grave, Rachel at Hampstead, Louisa at Plashet, most bitter sorrow, but yet thankfulness that she was delivered. With none of my precious girls had I had that *strong* feeling that she did *instantly* drink deep of the Fountain of Life, as I had about my dearest Louisa. Numbers assembled round our departed babe's bed. I sat holding my little one's hand while Betsy once more returned thanks for another child being taken to rest.

Wednesday was a day of sorrow such as I had never known before, except, perhaps, the Monday my Hannah died. . . . I sate with my little Louisa for an hour or two, and most touching was the sight of her. Her face small and thin, but a very cheerful expression in her forehead and eyes, and in the lines of the face was no mark of suffering.

On Friday, May 5, I took leave of the last of my little girls, with a broken spirit, and went off to Hampstead with Chenda. Sorrowful was the re-entrance into that house (Sam's and Louisa's). Low indeed did I feel. In the afternoon Susan and Esther came back with our darling Louisa, in her coffin. Rachel was before removed into the dining-room, and the other was placed beside her. How sweet and pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death not divided! The evening was fixed for the funeral of my two girls. I felt disposed not to go to Hendon. When, therefore, the coffins of my darlings were carried away to be seen no more of me, I went upstairs calm, exhausted, affected, but not comfortless. I threw myself down upon the sofa, and lay in entire quietness. Oh! how often could I have hid myself in the *caves* of the earth, to be unseen, unknown, to be in deathlike stillness and darkness. My dearest Priscilla and I read the funeral service together, in which I found the blessed truths of the Gospel which came with power into my heart, reconciling me to my distresses, comforting me under them, and encouraging me to give up all for Christ. I sate with dearest Chenda in the evening, and we talked intimately. Conformity to Christ was a subject much on my mind. *We are to suffer* with

Him, look at Him as our Pattern. In what spirit did He suffer, what was the nature of His sufferings? He knew beforehand His sufferings, which was an astonishing aggravation. He had to bear the wrath and indignation of God against sin. To suffer the *shame* before men, to be despised, buffeted, rejected, reviled, at last endured separation from God and bodily torments in their most exquisite form. In what spirit were these sufferings borne? In deep humility. He did despise the shame, bore the reproach. He humbled Himself in *complete obedience, doing* the will of His Father. O blessed Lord God, my Saviour, Who endured this body of suffering for me, Thou Who art raised that I might be benefited by Thy suffering, give me, Lord, grace, that I may follow Thy steps and receive my bitter cup of suffering in deep humility. Willing to bear the chastisements of the Lord, to be bowed down before God and my fellow-creatures. Lead me in Thy truth, and *teach* me that I may obediently follow Thee into whatsoever cross or difficulty or suffering Thou mayest lead me.

To reconcile myself to our inexpressible losses, I turn to my five precious lovely children in their heavenly state. My Fowell, my darling Fowell, whom I should now be *labouring* to instruct in the fear and service of God, over whom I should be watching with jealous care, whose enjoyment I should be endeavouring to promote were he with me upon earth, is now made *perfect,* serving the Lord with joy and gladness; no more in danger of sin, no more liable to sorrow or suffering, but in unspeakable safety and bliss. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within

me? Is not this a mercy, for my darling child, to be thus taken from a mother's to a Saviour's arms? For my four most dear little girls, Rachel, who left me at four years old, Louisa at three, Hannah at twenty months, and my little Susannah at seven months; cannot I also enjoy their glorified state, and be willing to miss their most endearing and cheering company to have them with God?

Tunbridge, June 9.

Joseph and Jane came to us on Tuesday, it was *heart-rending* to me to meet them again. A strong view of all my losses, a sense of my pains was overpowering. It is curious to observe the manner in which my feelings vary, sometimes so under cover, and at others so laid bare; sometimes I am so utterly without enjoyment or relish, even for Heavenly things, at other times I can run into my high tower, shelter myself under the Almighty, and hardly dare *look* at things temporal.

I pray that I may magnify the Lord, and show the mighty power of His grace in reconciling me to *bear the cross*, in cheerful acquiescence to His will, in courageously meeting anguish of heart. I would set my face as a flint and not turn away. This I feel in reference to our return home. Give me, Lord, abundant grace, that I fail not in these things.

June 11, Sunday.—I have to-day felt that I love the Lord better than husband or children. I used to feel and think that I delighted in and loved my little girls more than God. I *hoped* not, but I could not say then as I believe I can now, He is all my desire and all my expectation. He, I find, can *alone* satisfy my soul—give

me Himself, keep me for Himself, take me to Himself. This is my heart's desire in sincerity. Most near communion have I had with my tenderly beloved Fowell to-day; he is in heaven, and I upon earth, and yet in different measures cannot we unite in the same song of thanksgiving for His redemption? Can we not rejoice in spirit, that he is my child in the Lord, that I am his mother in both senses, having borne him, and trained him for the Lord, Who has graciously owned and finished the work? On Sunday I always dwell chiefly with this precious spirit made perfect.

June 13.—My darling Edward has been poorly to-day, which has made me feel sick at heart lest I should have sorrow still upon sorrow; it has also made me live again some hours of grief, especially those with my sweet Fowell, but I have been enabled to feel that he is the Lord's, and that I am willing to commit him into His hands, to take or to leave him as is consistent with His wisdom.

My darling Harry has been beaming in sweetness to Edward, sitting on the sofa by him, taking hold of his hand, and making toast for him. This is a most promising and delightful boy, I feel very thankful that he was spared to us; his life is so great a blessing to ourselves and to our dearest Edward.

Priscilla is a most invaluable daughter and companion to me: she is closely attached to me, and renders me every possible mark of it: I must say that her sweetness, and constant affectionate attentions are unremitted. I wish to cultivate very affectionate and tender manners to her. She is a highly interesting girl, full of mind and feeling, with great simplicity.

June 19.—I have been very low, the remembrances of my children deeply touching. I think they dwell with me, as objects of deep interest, according to their age. Fowell as an individual, with a near sympathy in his past and present state beyond any; Rachel as an *unmixed* cup of blessing and delight; my dearest Louisa and Hannah as my sweetest refreshments and most animating enjoyments: but again and again have I to seek comfort and composure by this, "The Lord has done it."

Mr. and Mrs. Buxton returned to their sorrowful home at Hampstead, and there Mrs. Buxton writes in her journal:—

North End, June 30.—At home, and death in the nursery. It is always to my mind a room where death resides, and I feel it consecrated to my three, once lovely and lively girls. Submission of spirit was wonderfully displayed in all our children, especially in Fowell and Rachel. Louisa's will at last was wholly broken, my dearest Hannah was too much of a babe to perceive it, and there was resistance in her to the remedies, though none to the suffering of illness, this was borne in meekness. It is delightful to remember that the *more mind* and knowledge, the more submission was there of their own will. Fowell received his illness without *one murmur.* * * * The Spirit of God truly dwelt in him, he had no will but God's will; this was sweetly displayed in his countenance, though distressed.

Rachel displayed the same resignation and holy submission of her will. * * * Their obedience also was most instructive. Fowell's obedience was complete. Their love and gratitude and kindness

were beaming: we never did or gave our dear boy anything without his feelingly saying, "Thank you." Rachel would often say, "How kind of him, how kind it was of him," when she had had anything given her. Thus I may say I saw the work of grace displayed in these dearest and most lovely children. I can now understand what our blessed Lord meant when He said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." God's Holy Spirit dwelt richly in them, and because these things were in them and did abound, therefore did they partake of this blessed peace which passeth understanding.

July 7.—I have had the most affecting business of clearing out my nursery of every remaining vestige of its late lovely inhabitants. To see their hats in a row bespeaking the departure of such numbers at a stroke was hard. I found my faith tried by it.

July 20.—Mr. Simeon came yesterday to see us, and he has encouraged me by his view of the fruits of sorrow:—

A meek resignation of ourselves into the hands of God, trusting Him though He slay us, is to have our trial of faith found unto His praise and honour and glory. We are placed in this world to educate for glory, to honour God here. We may be called upon to be an example to others; let us magnify the Lord by our deportment.

July 22.—I sometimes feel the most craving desire to meet with something *speaking* of my children, recalling in lively colours the past, or satisfying an appetite I have unsatisfied. I look in one place, then in another, to meet with memorials, but even the things I have disappoint me.

From Priscilla Gurney.—"My dearest Hannah,—Thy letters have been most valuable to me, nothing can be nearer than the sympathy I feel with you. I seem to go *with you* in every step of the present wilderness state, and yet I am most thankful in having a *quiet* mind about you. These afflictions may well be felt as the 'baptisms of *fire*,' they are so consuming to that part which would delight itself and take up its rest in *any* possession here. I believe you will be sustained and carried through every stage of this affliction, and that this deep trial of your faith, 'though it be tried as with fire,' will be found unto praise, glory, and honour. I have felt peculiar comfort and encouragement during this illness about your whole Hampstead community. Such a strong sense of the Divine blessing having been and *being* with you. I feel this for each dear individual in your different stations and estates. I feel as if there were *no* distinctions or barriers of any kind amongst us; they exist less, I think, than ever in my mind.

"Priscilla Gurney."

King's College, Cambridge, April 20, 1820.

To Catherine Gurney from Charles Simeon.—"My very dear Friend, * * * It is very painful to me to hear such unfavourable accounts of Mr. Buxton's family. The dispensation has brought strongly to my mind that passage, "Every branch that beareth fruit" (not the barren) "he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." More of heaven I never saw than in those two families at Hampstead.

"Believe me, most affectionately yours,
"C. Simeon."

May 31.

From Catherine Gurney to Louisa Hoare.—"I will write to thee to forward to Tunbridge. It is a great encouragement thus to witness the immediate fruits of affliction in so marked an increase of spirituality. I never met with Christian progress that appeared so rapid and decided, 'growing up into Christ in all things into the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' This is the way in which Hannah's letter strikes me, though at the same time naturally most mournful. I do indeed most deeply and affectionately sympathize in the loss and privation, and the description of her feelings meets my own sense of the subject.

I often feel personally and individually the loss of that dearest boy, who was such an object of interest to me last summer. He dwells the most on my mind, but those darling little girls are also a loss of the greatest pleasure, which occasions a sad vacuum in life."

Another, to her Brothers and Sisters;—"I have been thinking very seriously of the importance of holding all the other dear children in rather a different place in your minds. I do earnestly wish you could be henceforth, not less attached to your children, but less set upon their continuance here, less afraid to part with them, less dreading a call from God, that they should live with Christ above instead of abiding longer in this house of our pilgrimage. I want you all to cultivate most earnestly a more disinterested love for your children, that this most heavy trial should be the means of teaching you to look upon them, not so much as objects of earthly satisfaction and rest, as of heavenly love."

Mrs. Cunningham writes in her journal:—

Mulhausen, on the borders of France and Germany,
Sunday, June 11th, 1820.

Thus far have I advanced in this eventful year without writing a word in my private journal. How little did I think when I last wrote where I should be when I opened this book again! Surely we can *experimentally* acknowledge that life is indeed as a "tale that is told;" from the events of this year, and from my present circumstances, I do feel more of a stranger and pilgrim in this world. More shaken from our home, more damped as to the enjoyments of earthly treasure. My heart has been wounded, and I have drunk of the cup of affliction in the loss of Fowell's and Hannah's precious children, dear little *Fowell, Rachel, Louisa,* and *Hannah*. My "nature" mourns for them, and I continually

find myself weeping, because "they are not;" their illness and deaths are inexpressibly affecting to me, their lovely images are by night and by day presenting themselves before my eyes. What is the effect of this sorrow upon my own soul?

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE AT CROMER HALL.

In the summer of 1820 Mr. and Mrs. Buxton left Hampstead and removed with their four remaining children to Cromer Hall, Norfolk, an old and picturesque building (since rebuilt), surrounded with woods. They immediately received Mrs. Buxton's sister, Priscilla Gurney, who was in failing health, and she remained with them till her death, March 25, 1821. In her journal Mrs. Buxton says:—

North End, Hampstead, Aug. 19.—I powerfully feel the weight of ending my life here; we leave it to return no more. Oh, may I have given me a sense of the loving-kindness of God towards me and mine during this period of our lives. My beloved Prissy is at Earlham, my lovely baby alone in the nursery, yet a comfort and refreshment to me; but I do not feel my heart entangled by her.

Aug. 21.—My last whole day at North End. I was wakeful in the night, and read my journal written since we entered this house. I am encouraged to believe that I have during this period been drawn nearer to God, and am less entangled by the world. I would therefore thank God and take courage. The way through this wilderness I must expect to find strewed with sorrows, but if they do tend to crucify the world to me and me to the world, may I receive them as mercies from Him Who would accomplish the whole work of redemption. I know a communion with Christ as my friend and my Saviour that I did not formerly.

Cromer Hall, August 27.—We left North End last Tuesday, August 22, with not quite so heavy a heart as I expected, and our journey here was far from very painful, though I was so inclined to live over again past pleasures. Truly weighty and affecting was it arriving here, and meeting dearest Catherine. The next day I had some conversation with her, but not entirely opening my wounds. I walked with my dearest. How to the root, are all things in this world embittered! My dear baby arrived, and took possession of her nursery alone. It is affecting to me to see my old things, but I love to look at them and picture the beloved ones who used them and played with them. On Friday I was employed in setting things into order, and had some very interesting conversation with Catherine. Friday, August 25, our beloved sister Priscilla arrived while we were at dinner. Fowell went out to carry her upstairs; I soon followed. She was not in appearance greatly altered; more the old self than I expected, but her breath laboured and her cough very hard. It was most interesting, affecting, satisfying, and comforting to meet her. I felt it like eating of the food I needed.

Cromer Hall, Saturday, September 9.—Was a low, rather comfortless day, though it was sweet, to be six sisters assembled. My darling boy's absence deeply affecting to me. How did my heart yearn towards him this time last year, and watch the hours as they passed that I might live with him in his occupations at school. I was with Priscilla, and expressed my sense of the power and presence of the Lord in her chamber. "It is true, and it is a comfort," she said. I said, even in the conflict yesterday I could not but feel He was near,

sustaining and helping her. "I felt it most sensibly," she answered. After she was up, I read the third chapter of Ephesians. Her countenance was animated by the description of the love of Christ, and she expressed her admiration of it, as if entering into and comprehending it. We talked yesterday morning of the high spiritual attainments of some Friends beyond that of other sects. William Forster and Stephen Grellet she mentioned, as instances where everything was brought into subjection to the power of the Spirit. She told me she had lived much with William Forster, and that she had never heard one unguarded expression escape him. She thought that Francis was one of those most constantly on the watch of anyone she knew.

Saturday, September 16.—I have found good this morning in coming to Christ for the right dispositions, for a willingness to be afflicted and chastized, and deprived of my possessions, for a heart filled with love towards others, and ability to receive my losses in faith, immediately from the Lord's hands. Nature makes me sigh to live over again the time when I had the children in possession, but grace forbids it. "Fear not, I am with thee, and My grace shall be sufficient to deliver thee from thy temptations." This comforts me.

Wednesday, September 20th.—This day year Catherine and I went to Iver, to see my darling boy at school. How lively were my feelings towards him! how tender his love to me! The remembrance of him is most lively, the loss most painful.

September 22.—This day year I was travelling with my three lovely girls inside the carriage with me. Faith is ready to *stagger* at

the dispensation that not one is left, but I have found help in the close exercise of my resignation. I have a Deliverer, and one Whose hand is full of gifts, and He has bestowed upon me that of faith in Him. It is a *mercy* for me that He has taught me there is in all this a purpose; that He gave me my children for a good and wise end, and has taken them to accomplish His own end in their creation. Therefore bless Him, oh my soul, and give up, *without any reserve*, thy whole will. How miserably prone we are, or I am, to feel pain in others possessing what we have lost or never had! The last day or two, after severe conflict with myself, I am thankful to say, I have found a deliverance from this bondage which I have not before experienced since the delights of my eyes have been swept off; and I can visit others whose little ones are as olive-plants round about their table with a degree of thankfulness for them. I have felt that it is the Lord Who meteth out our exact portions, and Who has allotted us our post to fill faithfully here, and our place in the temple hereafter, in which we can alone fulfil His pleasure, and live to His glory and praise for ever and ever. O Lord, Thy will be done. True and righteous are all Thy ways. This I would feel a consolation with regard to my children; they are where He would have them to be; they are perfectly fulfilling His will, and exist entirely to His glory and their own perfect enjoyment. For myself, Thou hast seen meet to change my post, to alter my calling, to shake me from every hold, that I may be proved and tried, whether under those dispensations I shall be found more faithful to Thee than in that situation and amidst those duties which

had no mixture of cross in them. On Saturday, October 7th, dearest Priscilla was chiefly in my room; we were both low at heart. In the evening she thought a chapter would comfort us, and proposed the fifty-third of Isaiah. "He was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted," she said, with energy. What then ought we to expect!

October 19.—I had yesterday a very interesting drive with Henry Tacy. What he seemed to think I most wanted, was *cheerful* acquiescence. That I look too much off the Fountain of Grace, and do not come simply enough to that for help, strength, and comfort. I have felt his influence as *embodying* religion, it is brought home to the very senses by him, made his meat and drink, visible things are not more tangible with him than invisible. In prayer he talks to God, and tells Him intimately all that concerns him, makes Him his *friend*, confides all to Him as well as in Him, makes full use of the liberty and invitation given us, to draw near to God, and to cast all our burdens upon Him. Yesterday dearest Sam and Louisa, and their children, departed. A wonderful vacancy is left, yet I am inclined to *nestle down* in our retreat. My dearest love also went off to London for a week with our friend Henry Tacy. All this has made me sensible to the large gaps in my broken flock, but sweetness has prevailed. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

October, 1820, Cromer Hall.

To Richenda Cunningham.—"Thee has been brought much amongst us this evening. We four, Catherine, Rachel, Priscilla, and myself, and dear

Prissy, a party of one mind and heart, have been more drawn out towards thee than anyone. We have been reading thy interesting letter, and Rachel singing hymns; oh! with what unspeakably tender remembrances is thy image connected! Days and hours never to be forgotten. I have been much more able than I was, to have the current of my thoughts and feelings for a time diverted; and I trust humbly and most sincerely that my faith is strengthened, and my hold on God is stronger; the ability is given at times to yield up all, past, present, and future, into the hands of my faithful Redeemer. No systems are of avail. We must in spirit and in truth, in the depths of the heart, apply and realize the blessed truths of the Gospel. In proportion as I am enabled to do this unreservedly, so far I find rich consolation. They reconcile me to what is laid upon me, they even raise my heart in thankfulness for the redemption, and safety, the happy security of my children. They fill me with gratitude for the benefits which are bountifully dispensed to me, and encourage me to trust and hope that all these things are fitting me for an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God. My dearest Prissy has been all I can wish, my two dearest boys very happy and well, and my lovely babe tenderly dear and sweet. She is beautiful, bright, and lovely. I have felt to-day bowed in thankfulness that she and Harry were saved from the awful wreck. We are nestling down in this interesting place, and find it a refuge and a sweet retreat. * * *—H. B.

Sunday, November 5.—I have been on the beautiful shore with my love, Prissy, and the boys; deeply crossed in heart because my will does not conform to the will of my God.

The seclusion of our present circumstances is gratifying to me, we are living in profound retirement. My baby is beautiful, like my darling Louey, when I returned from France. How beautiful were my girls then!

Our most precious sister has drawn forth my tenderest feelings of solicitude. The slow but sure *march* towards the end is deeply affecting. It is a season of much tribulation, but yet how is mercy and comfort mixed with the cup of suffering! She is at peace, and

though she says she does not partake of lively joys, she lives near to God, and yields herself up to Him without a fear. Oh may we all be fed with the bread which cometh down from Heaven, and have our souls nourished unto life eternal. She is kept under the Almighty Wing, and nothing can harm her. She is secure within the ark, and though the floods may descend, and the waves beat, she will triumph over them because she is in Christ, Who is all her salvation and all her desire!

December 31, 1820.—Here ends this year! What an awful one for me! What an unaccountable season of my life! The Lord has been manifestly dealing with me by His mysterious dispensations, and does try my faith as in the furnace heated seven times! But may I not, and ought I not to encourage myself in the Lord, Who is found to *walk* with us in the furnace, to sustain and help us, to shelter and comfort us?

To-day Fowell and I read together "Hopkins on Providence," which was good for me. He entered much into his own view of the perfect power, wisdom, and goodness of God. He was assured that behind was a Hand which conducted all things: that he never had a shadow of a doubt on these things:—That the day will come when we shall understand the mysteries of God and His works. He said how little were his own views and intentions known to others—how unaccountable often was his conduct; and are we formed with powers to comprehend the vast purposes of God? We afterwards walked under the wood in the field, our two boys playing at the pond.

They are in fine health and spirits little affected by the loss of their companions, very free from evil, though through exuberant spirits, at times, mischievous. Dearest Edmund C. Buxton, their companion in all things, and almost like my own child, very flourishing in all respects. My *one lamb* left in the nursery is creeping about full of play and enjoyment, little knowing who she has lost in life.

Saturday, January 6, 1821.—My baby, my darling Chenda, is a year old to-day. A birthday kept with a weeping spirit by her mother. I should like to spend it quite alone and devoted to past remembrances, but I must cheer up. Dearest Priscilla and I read part of Hebrews xi. with Henry Tacy, who came yesterday. In talking he was led to enlarge upon our meeting together in heaven, as if she had some doubt of it. She said, "On that point I have not a doubt," and spoke with certainty of the knowledge we should there have of each other, and our earthly ties being perfected. What a blessed prospect is this!

Thomas Fowell Buxton writes in his journal:—

Four o'clock, February 22, 1821, Cromer.—About an hour ago, dear Priscilla desired that my wife and I should come and sit by her side, and she then whispered as follows:—"I need not tell you, dearest Fowell and Hannah, that no words can express what I have felt for you; words cannot convey my love to you, and I commend you and yours to the Lord, and entreat you to commit your ways *fully* to the Lord. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths. I feel assured that He will direct your paths, *only* acknowledge Him *fully*. I desire for dearest Fowell that he may be encouraged in

every good word and work; and the more he does so, the more his light will shine before men, and many will be turned unto righteousness. Only persevere, be steadfast, immovable, knowing that no labour is in vain in the Lord. For dearest Hannah, she must not be faint-hearted, but of good courage."

March, 1821.

Thomas Fowell Buxton to Hannah Buxton.—"My beloved Wife,—With what extreme affection have I visited you all at Cromer since I left you. As for dearest Pris, I feel her given to the Lord. I am *sure* that He is about her bed, that He loves her, and that whatever shall happen to her, will be sent in peculiar tenderness; and in these certain truths I commit her to Him without fear or repining. She is inexpressibly dear to my inmost soul, but I look upon her as a saint already in the hands of the Lord, and as He is managing for her, I cannot venture a wish for anything except the thing, whatever it may be, which He may ordain. I have tried to pray for her, but I cannot; my prayers turn into praises, and my mourning into joy. And after all, if we lose her, what is it? Let our thoughts range through eternity, dropping only the trifle of the next fifty years, and what can we desire beyond her present state? We are sure that her God, Whom she served in her strength; protects, cherishes, and will guard her from evil in her sickness, and she is destined to dwell in His presence for evermore. Will not this satisfy those who love her dearly?

"And for thee, my dear wife, though I now see thee in the valley of affliction, yet I rejoice to think that some years hence thee will be in that abode where no sorrow enters and no tear is shed. How surprised you will be to find that your late bitter grief was, in fact, the very best and happiest circumstance that could possibly have occurred; so it undoubtedly is. Love to both Prissies, the boys, and their excellent mistress, sister and all.

"Yours affectionately,
"T. F. Buxton."

Sarah Maria Buxton writes, after a visit to Cromer Hall:—

"March 23, 1821.—It is altogether a spectacle most uncommon. Betsy's and Joseph's ministry comes down upon us like manna from heaven, the shower

so easy and refreshing. Yesterday evening Priscilla wished to be read to, in the Bible, Joseph her minister. The sisters and Fowell clustered round her. Joseph read select verses, "We are come to Mount Zion," &c. He prayed for her. Priscilla was evidently conscious. Betsey prayed for her and all. Dearest Fowell is so extremely tender to her and all her suffering sisters. She strikes me as falling gently asleep in Christ, with a latent sense of glory inexpressible being near at hand, her work finished, her spirit quiescent, and the peace of God, which passeth knowledge, having full possession.

Hannah Buxton's journal:—

April, 1821.—Our dearest sister, our sweet inmate, was removed from us to-day at eight o'clock. Deeply mournful to have the scene here closed.

Sunday, April 8.—Much has passed this week; pained but not overwhelmed by my visit to Earlham, where my most precious husband met me abounding in love. It is not words that can convey the loveliness of the conduct of all my brothers and sisters to me. I am most sensible of it. I do not know that ever any death brought with it, in my apprehension, so dear a blessing. Priscilla has been a true blessing in life, but I feel something has attended her death to us all, beyond even what we received from her in life.

April 17.—We entered into very interesting conversation with our dear friend Henry Tacy on our past lives, the dangers and evils we had been in, the wonderful deliverances from them through the rich mercy, long-suffering, and loving-kindness of God, and His remarkable providence in preserving us, and working in our hearts, to draw us towards Himself. The review was very affecting and impressive to me. He was afterwards much impressed

himself with the mercy and love of God in pardoning, redeeming, and guiding us; read the third chapter of Colossians to the seventeenth verse, applying it with its deep spirituality to ourselves, and after a solemn pause, prayed indeed in the power of the Spirit. I have seldom been permitted to partake of so much *real* communion of saints—those who were departed as well as those who were here. It was as if we were *one* Church, one dispensation, one God over all, Who ruled all things here but to bring us to the spiritual part of His dominion. That love governed all, and such a view of His government of love over us as a family I never had. I felt an ability to rejoice for those members who, as Henry Tacy said, had departed this life in the faith of Jesus, and could reconcile the departure of my beloved ones into the Church triumphant, under a sense of its blessedness and nearness to us.

Good Friday, Saturday, and Easter Sunday.—I have been much comforted by a near view of Christ's sufferings and His willingness to endure; and we are to follow His steps, we are to walk through tribulation; but this Redeemer to Whom we look as going before, will hold our right hand, that the waves and billows shall not swallow us up. He will through His own sufferings sanctify our sufferings to our souls. He is sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel through the dangers of the ocean of this world, and will bring us safely into harbour if we yield ourselves up to Him to guide, keep, sustain, and redeem us. Oh! may He be our cloud by day and our fiery pillar by night! I deeply feel this in having to re-settle in life. I dare not choose for myself, but implore Him to undertake for us, to place

us where we may be kept in safety, and where we may honour Him by our lives. I was last night much affected with a serious view of my sinfulness, especially towards those about me. Referring to this to my dearest, he said he never had had such a knowledge of the sins of the heart as lately, and with it so strong a view of the need of a Saviour. I feel much in parting with our most loved friend and servant, Susan (the nurse, who married Mr. King, the coachman), who has so faithfully cared for all my nine children, and so diligently and tenderly served them. I feel thankful to the mercy of God Who bestowed upon them one who never failed in her kindness and gentleness to them, and who contributed beyond anyone to their happiness in this world. It is a serious consideration to me whether I have equally done my duty towards her. Oh, how responsible are we for every hour of our lives!

This spring Mr. Buxton took a house in London on account of his parliamentary engagements. Mrs. Buxton writes:—

41, Parliament Street, May 4.—This day year we buried my two girls. How have I felt at leaving our retreat at Cromer, and emerging into our new life! The whole tide of my life is now changed. I have been cut short in the course of full domestic enjoyment. No doubt my lovely flock did too much engross my heart. I am as a broken vessel, shattered and spoiled. I am called to new service, to accommodate myself to my dearest as a public man, to live no longer in enjoyment, but bearing rather than enjoying the world; a London open house, and no power left for it, in my mind. The new thing is painful. But still I may say through all this I

have not lost some stay, some hope, and much willingness that the Lord should do as He will with us. I told my dearest after breakfast of my state of mind; he read to me a psalm which gave me comfort, but more did I receive from a most pathetic prayer from him for us both; first for himself, beseeching the God of mercy to preserve, keep, guide, and guard him, and to pardon his sins, that were countless as the sands, for Christ's sake, the only Saviour. Then for me, that my wounds might be healed by God Himself, and that the blessing of the Lord might rest upon us. I wish I could describe his earnestness and depth in prayer. We went with dearest Priscilla to St. John's, and were comforted by Daniel Wilson's sermon. "I am the Good Shepherd" truly applied to my own state, and I was thankful for these tokens of the love and care of the Good Shepherd, who would administer balm under my suffering.

May 13.—Yesterday our dearest boys came to us. Their company has been comforting, though affecting to me. I tremble to feel my peace hanging upon any object in this world. Edward has been very endearing; he has peculiarly brought before me my dearest Fowell. Oh, the sympathy and the tenderness I have felt for him!

May 26.—On Wednesday my dearest made his admirable speech in the House of Commons on Criminal Law. It has been cheering and encouraging to believe that blessing will attend his public life. His speech was most satisfactory and delightful, and met with the admiration of everybody. When he came to bed he said, "In the

first place, we must give thanks," and then, overflowing with love to me, he expressed his enjoyment that I had heard him; he had far greater interest in my hearing him than anyone else, except dearest Joseph. He said, if he was considered worthy to be employed by God as an instrument in His service, it was a great favour. All power must be given from above; he had had an answer to prayer in the success of this speech; he had made it an earnest request that circumstances would turn out favourably for him, and surely everything had been just as he would have desired.

June 4, Sunday.—My dearest is gone off to the school in Spitalfields. All my three elder children reading with Christiana Glover. I alone with my solitary little one. Fowell has been worn and worried. He said to me one night that he had never felt less self-exaltation than during the last fortnight; that in his speech upon Criminal Law he would of himself have been perfectly unable to effect what he did; that he had been but an instrument, and felt that those on his right hand and those on his left might just as well have been employed as himself, had it been the Divine will. We have to be thankful that one point in the slave-trade has been carried, and that the prison meeting is well over. The public business interests me, and ought to excite to prayer and thanksgiving. I have before me the weighty prospect of going to see Hannah Pryor,* from which I shrink, and of going to Upton and Plashet, from which I shrink much more.

* Sister to Samuel Hoare.

June 17.—I may say that every effort I have had to make, has been much easier to me than I anticipated. This should encourage me to trust in all that is to come. I have felt in decidedly better spirits, more my old self than at all since my life has been new. To-morrow I go to Upton, which I much feel; but remember that he that runs into that tower which is a sure refuge, cannot be shaken.

Cromer Hall, July 28.—I have gratefully to acknowledge a prosperous settlement here outwardly. I do deeply need a more lively sense of the favours of God, temporally and spiritually—a more true estimation of things.

August 16.—Last night my husband arrived from Weymouth; never did I feel my heart more overflowing with love to him. I have indeed been softened into true thankfulness to God for His mercies to me. How can I recompense my beloved his overflowing affection and deep spiritual intercession for me? His return fills me with thankfulness, yet makes me low. I deeply feel bringing but three children to welcome him; how changed from what it once was!

Her eleventh child, Thomas Fowell, was born August 20.

April 14, 1822, Cromer Hall.—My dearest has been here since Thursday week. He has been delightful to me, fervent in prayer on my behalf. This morning we have been reading the three first chapters of Revelation, which have been deeply interesting and instructive to us. Afterwards he prayed for me, for Priscilla, and her restoration if it is the Divine will, for the dear boys, and all our family; but what was most striking to me was a powerful thanksgiving that he did from the bottom of his heart believe in Christ as

our Saviour and Lord, that on His merits alone did he depend for salvation. Humble, fervent, contrite was his spirit. Oh! may I be stirred up by him to be faithful to the end.

December 22, 1822, Cromer Hall.—The Sunday before Christmas-day. Here I am restored to health, after the birth of a little delicate boy (Charles) on the 18th of November. What can I say of the tender mercies of God towards me? I have found my deep wounds considerably healed, and a power of averting pain of heart much increased; but still I live, looking at my whole family, which seems little indeed, from my recollection of it.

March 7 (year unknown).

To Joseph John Gurney.—"My dear Joseph,—All Fowell's concerns are so near thy heart, that I must tell thee he had quite a triumph in the House last night. He went there to *hear*, but to take no part in the debate on manumission, and had been too languid and poorly to read the papers on the subject which he had taken to Brick Lane for the purpose. He found to his dismay that both Brougham and Lushington were gone, thinking it would not come on, but W. Horton told him he would certainly bring it forward. Fowell remonstrated, saying he was neither equal to speaking nor did he sufficiently understand the subject. He sat to hear Horton's speech for an hour and a-half, much cast down and depressed—*no one* to answer him, and under a sense that the cause must suffer. He was, however, led most earnestly to seek for help and strength, though he was glad that a proposition was made by W. Smith still to delay any debate. This excited Mr. Baring to speak, who violently attacked the poor, depressed, small company of abolitionists. My husband felt himself driven into a corner, either silently to submit to the false imputations, or to rouse himself and defend the cause, and then, though weak in body and ignorant of the immediate subject before them, he was enabled to tell them his opinion of their conduct and the rights of the slave with the greatest power and ease to himself. He never wanted ideas, or right words to express them, and was thus able, far more fully than he ever dared before, to tell them his mind. He had no reserve, but declared the planters

had no rights at all in the slave, and powerfully pleaded for the oppressed negro. The whole House was carried along by his earnestness and power, cheered him vehemently, and listened attentively, and congratulated him universally. He was told it was the best reply ever heard in the House. He came home a good deal excited, and most thankful that he had been carried through every difficulty. I think having fully told his mind once this Session ought to satisfy him.

"He is waiting about the Mauritius till he can see Huskisson, who stills begs a few days' delay."

April 20, 1823.—My dearest opened his heart to me; he said he had been under a powerful apprehension of the mercy and love of God towards him; that such an instrument as himself should be employed in so great a work as Slavery,* was a cause of wonder and gratitude to him. He could not sufficiently admire the mercy of God's dealings with him, the invitations, the opportunities, the warnings given him, that he should be dealt with, with such love. He expressed his sense of the particular mercy in calling him to such service, and his perfect contempt for the name he may acquire,

* Mr. Wilberforce had requested him to take up the subject of the negro slaves in our colonies (after hearing his speech on Criminal Law) in these words:—"Now for many, many years I have been longing to bring forward that great subject, the condition of the negro slaves in our colonies. Under this impression, I have been waiting with no little solicitude for a proper time for introducing this great business, and latterly for some member of Parliament, who, if I were to retire, would be an eligible leader in this holy enterprise. I have for some time been viewing you in this connection, and after what passed last night, I can no longer forbear resorting to you. Let me entreat you to form an alliance with me, that may truly be termed *holy*, and if I should be unable to commence the war, or to finish it, I entreat that you would continue to prosecute it. In forming a partnership of this sort with you, I cannot doubt that I should be doing an act, highly pleasing to God, and beneficial to my fellow-creatures."

and his earnest wish to lay aside self wholly, and to do the work in faithful simplicity for God and man.

May 9.—He was brought into difficulty by the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington that there was fear of insurrection among the negroes. "Well," he said, "I only fear lest my own wishes upon the subject in debate should have the least influence." He has been repeatedly pressed to delay or give up the motion, but has so far stood his ground with great firmness.

April 5, 1825, Beaumont Street.

To Catherine Gurney.—"My dearest Catherine,—We have bought a house in Devonshire Street; it is a delightful house for one in London, and excellently situated. It has made me nervous to commence a new settlement in life, but I earnestly hope a blessing may attend us and ours in it. It is no light matter, we can so little see the consequences of our actions."

In 1825 Mr. Buxton and his family settled at 54, Devonshire Street, as their London home, and it became the scene of important interests. Mrs. Buxton says of this time: "My husband's public objects brought him much society. Leisure days and not unfrequently the Sundays were passed with our brothers and sisters at Hampstead or at Upton; both houses afforded him and his family a home whenever he pleased, where we were received with unbounded affection and consideration. To turn to his life at Cromer Hall. He felt it an escape to reach it after London, and revelled in its retirement and leisure: he would wander about in the woods, alone in reflection. Priscilla grew up to be a delightful companion to him, and his two elder boys were a constant object; he was ever devising

means for their amusement, and would spare no trouble to please them: though he was anxious for their progress in education, he took the part of asking for holidays, forming plans of the pleasantest character for their occupation.

"Some families united much with us. Mrs. Richard Gurney, who then lived at Northrepps Hall with her daughter Anna Gurney, and our sister Sarah Maria Buxton, were often with us to draw forth his cheerful and playful mind. Mrs. Upcher and her children were also pleasant visitors. My husband hired shooting in the neighbourhood with S. Hoare, and for some years Cromer Hall was in common between the two families. The religious influence of these two brothers was felt in Cromer. The Bible and Missionary Societies were introduced, and many efforts made for the good of the place. Large parties frequently attended our Sunday Evening Readings, and he took great pains to make them important opportunities for good.

"He took much part with his children, instilling his own views upon religion and his high standard of conduct. He always had them to read the Bible with him on Sunday, or some interesting book, which he made the occasion of important instruction. He arranged the social parties of young people, and took a most agreeable part in stimulating them in their reading and various objects. He took infinite pains with a class of girls (his youngest daughter Richenda, her cousins, and others) for hearing and repeating poetry, from which he would examine them. It was an interesting sight on these occasions to see him with his class, his careful consideration for each,

and yet his justice and impartiality; he rewarded them each with handsome prizes according to their deserts."

Bath, June 16, 1825.

To Edward N. Buxton.—"My beloved Edward,—It is a great mercy that thy heart and conscience should be so much impressed with the desire to spend thy life in the love and service of God, that thee should feel the importance of outward helps in this great and difficult work. Seek with full purpose of heart so to know Christ as thy friend, that to Him thee applies continually for grace and help to deliver thee from temptation and to keep thee from evil, and to water thee so abundantly by His grace, that thee may bring forth the blessed fruits of faith, love, and obedience to His commands. It is a great comfort to me to have thee well and happy, and prospering in thy lessons, and above all to find the true desire implanted in thy heart to live to Him Who has created and redeemed thee. Go on in all these pleasant ways, and thee will be a blessing to us, thyself, and many others. Farewell, my darling boy.

"Thy affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton."

May 10, 1826, Devonshire Street.

To her sons at Cromer Hall.—"My dearest Edward and Harry,—You will rejoice to hear that papa has had capital success! He made a delightful, clear, powerful speech; not a movement or a word in the House, but perfect attention to him, and a complete victory. No opposition could be made to his absolute proofs, except by Sir Robert Farquhar, who defended himself for a long time, but could not answer one of papa's statements; so the Committee was unanimously appointed to remedy the evil things going on at the Mauritius. The great mercy of this is, that by this one evening's exertion, as soon as the account of it reaches the island, the Slave Trade is absolutely stopped; and we may also trust the treatment of the slaves will be immediately improved, for, finding that all the slaves made so since 1810 are free men, and declared so in the House of Commons, and that the slave traders are to be brought to justice, we may well believe they will make no more attempts to procure more. These poor slaves are free, because no slave could be made under the English Government since the Abolition. There are 80,000 slaves in the island, and only 7,000 Creoles lawfully slaves. Everybody is delighted. General Hall (the governor who

was expelled because he opposed the slave trade) is charmed beyond measure. Aunt Catherine, Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Hoare, Mrs. Upcher, &c., were the ladies' party. Uncle Sam, Uncle Hoare, and all papa's friends were in the House, and greatly pleased by his speaking and success.

"I passed a long evening at home, and waited with the greatest anxiety their return—I was so fearful that Government would evade the examination.

"Mr. Macaulay writes this morning: 'You executed your great and difficult work in a most perfect manner.'

"May you, dears, both determine and be enabled to follow the steps of your beloved father.

"Ride up with this to read to your aunts. I cannot write separately to them.

"Your most affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton."

The following letters were written to Priscilla Buxton, who was travelling in Italy and Switzerland with Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham:—

"June 5, 1826, Bellfield.

"My dearest Priscilla,—* * * Everything about papa would interest you, and all the variations of electioneering concerns would interest you were you here; but the state of things is like a web of tangled silk to me. The grand thing to us now is that all sides and factions unite in supporting papa, and there seems no fear of his election. We set off on Friday afternoon from Devonshire Street—not in our own carriage, but in a full-bodied coach with seats before and behind—papa, myself, the boys, Chenda, Uncle Joseph, Uncle Forster, Mr. Wm. Williams, the party. We lodged at Harford Bridge, and reached this place on the following evening. Travelling brought you closely to my mind, and I have been comparing this beautiful bay to your Mediterranean, and fancying you upon that, as we have been upon this. I have had much pleasure in Edward and Harry. It comforts me to see dearest Edward with a degree of naïveté I have not seen before for some time; it is a favourable sign for mind and body. He and Harry have been fishing. I settled industriously with Chenda, my mother in the room."

"Weymouth, 1826.

"Here we are, still entirely immersed in election concerns, going on as we were last week, papa considerably at the head of the poll, but our party hitherto beaten by Gordon's, who keeps above two of our candidates. The bustles, quarrellings, and fightings continue unabated, and yesterday was the worst day we have had for riots and tumults, so that the military was obliged to be called in, and are in attendance to-day, but they do not interfere with the election, and the Blues have again full possession. Yesterday the Mayor was determined to keep the poll open till six, but the mob would not allow it, and there was a terrible tumult, in which the crowd got the complete victory. In the evening I went with papa into the mob to see it and the soldiers, and I was quite pleased through the enemy's mob to find the manner in which papa was received—universal shoutings and approbation, crowds coming about him to shake hands. Indeed, he does not appear to have a person against him in the town.

"Wednesday.—Thy letter from Marseilles is just come. It is pleasant indeed to hear of your prosperity. Being by the sea has produced the same effect upon both our minds, and has closely reminded us of one another. I have continually fancied you on the blue Mediterranean. I am now going in a pony-chaise with Edward and Chenda to Bellfield.

"On my return, I find the mob have again driven the Mayor, lawyers, and candidates out of the poll; the next thing is to prevent all Blue voters from coming up; the next thing is for the lawyers to argue upon these votes when at last they reach the table to delay the time—four and a-half hours have they been talking before they begin polling. They are constantly two and three hours over a vote, and when four o'clock comes, as the Mayor and his officers choose to sit till six, the mob come tumbling into the hall without number, rushing over each other's backs, hallooing and shouting, and pressing into the gentlemen at the further end, sitting upon those that will not move, till they are all frightened and rush to the window and escape down the ladder, and the mob in fine triumph take Colonel Gordon home. The other candidates to-day fled to the committee-room, glad to hide their heads, instead of coming home honourably attended. Papa does not choose to interfere or take a leading part, for in truth he does not much like the company he is in. It was contrary to his wish ever joining this set, and he is on too good terms with the other side to give them offence. The military have done no good, and the Mayor is cowardly, I think. They seized the constables' staves to the number of thirty, broke them, and threw them out of

window. This is the second time they have done this. Papa has been each time wise enough to escape when he sees the storm approaching, and to send the boys away. It is a curious victory of force, over right and the wishes of the town."

"Cromer Hall, 1826.

"My dearest Priscilla,—I must have a little communication with thee, my beloved girl. I have been endeavouring to meet a little with each of my precious children with me to-day, and I must not end it without doing a little for thee, my dear girl. I have quite longed to have thee with me upon my settlement at home; and I could not but feel my thankfulness in being here again and all well, mixed with a degree of melancholy at thy and dearest papa's absence. Still, true thankfulness has been the prevailing one. To have had all preserved from evil during our separation is a great mercy indeed, and has filled me with the desire that in this our reunion we may all renew a hearty dedication of ourselves to God, that we may dwell in His love and in His fear, and be enabled to honour and serve Him in our different stations. How far from this shall we fall, I fear! My day has been very satisfactory to me. It rained so much, that having no horses, I could not go out in the morning, and therefore obtained more time for communication with each of the children.

* * * "We arrived at Earlham before tea, and found a large party to meet the Wilberforces, who were staying there. The party was pleasant and profitable —Wilberforce very delightful. We had one of the long and agreeable Earlham breakfasts."

May 1st, 1827, Devonshire Street.

To her son at Brighton, reading with Rev. Venn Elliot.—"My dearest Edward,—Dearest Harry and I have just parted after a little comfortable religious communication, in which thee, my beloved child, has been tenderly remembered. Dearest Harry seems to feel exceedingly thy absence. With most lively interest have we followed thee in thy different movements since we parted from thee. I trust thee hast felt enabled in this change of circumstances to put thy trust in God, and to realise the power, love, and presence of Christ, thy Saviour and ever faithful friend. I do most heartily desire that thee may be kept in peace and safety. I have committed thee to the care of Him Whose mercy is higher than the heavens, and Who will not suffer even a hair of our heads to perish without His permission. We may then indeed trust Him wholly and heartily for the care of the souls and bodies of those who depend upon Him. I long to know

how thee has settled to-day. My day yesterday at Hampstead was not an uncomfortable one, though we truly missed you. Mr. Charles Simeon was with us, and his company very valuable. This morning I have been at the Missionary meeting, which I much enjoyed.

"Thy most affectionate mother,
"H. Buxton."

August 27, 1827.

To Catherine Gurney on her sister Rachel Gurney's illness.—"My dearest Catherine,—It is with the tenderest interest I hear of our beloved sister. My sympathy is indeed lively for all your dear party. I am thankful that as the outward man seems to decay, the inward man is renewed, and gains vigour and consolation. It is a baptism to be baptized with indeed, but joy is set before her. We must suffer with Christ if we would be partakers of His glory. May she be sustained in constant faith, patience, and *hope* through every trial; this is but for a moment, and will work for her a *weight* of glory!

"I passed a quiet day yesterday with my boys and little children. I enjoy better than anything being devoted to the boys; it seems to repay me. I have felt much at being away and not sharing the privilege of her heavenly influence. How sweet it is that such spiritual blessings are granted at a time when they are so needed.

"Thy tenderly affectionate sister,
"H. Buxton."

From Hannah Buxton's journal:—September, 1827, Earlham.—Rachel said to me, "The suffering is not equal to what you may imagine; the Arm is underneath." She expressed that it was the same as with children, who were sustained, though not sensible of the source. "There is the Power, and *I feel it.* I cannot take the medicine now; it will be pointed out to me, *as with a finger,* when I can. Everything is exactly pointed out to me, as with so many fingers," pointing to her own. Most affecting it was to witness her departure from among us; inexpressibly comforting

to know assuredly that through the merits of her Redeemer, she was instantly admitted into the mansions of unspeakable joy, and presented faultless before the throne of God.

"November 7, 1827.

To Mrs. Cunningham.—"My dearest Chenda,—I really do not like to be so poor a correspondent with so dear a sister. I have not been much inclined to write; I feel the state of my eyes a cross, but I desire entirely to submit to the will of God in this thing, as I wish to do in others. I *see* the great importance of unreserved resignation to the will of God more since we have witnessed its effects, its happy fruits, in dearest Rachel. I can sometimes scarcely realize her departure from amongst us—cut off in her most useful work. Dearest Joseph's visit was precious to us; his ministry, teaching and spirit, as usual, lovely. We have been famously set off in the Bible Association, thanks, I believe, to you, for I suppose you set Miss Rust to work. We met about thirty ladies, with Joseph to teach us and regulate everything. We have undertaken several new villages. I promised to visit all the farmers and tradespeople in Northrepps and Roughton. Miss Clowes and I set out to-day to find our way, I half repenting I had engaged to do it. I could not conceive where we should meet with a collector, if we found subscribers. I at last drove up to a farm. There we found not only old subscribers, but a *persevering collector*, who had been set off years ago by our dearest Rachel, whose works remain, to my real comfort and encouragement. She was ready to do anything, and gave us a list of that part of Northrepps. We went to every family, put down and obtained twelve new subscribers; not one refused. I have felt really thankful for the opening, and encouraged to persevere.

"Your most affectionate sister,

"H. Buxton."

In the beginning of the year 1828 the family removed from Cromer Hall to Northrepps Hall, near Cromer, which was from this time their home when in the country.

Sarah Maria Buxton writes:—Northrepps Cottage.—On Thursday, January 24, Fowell and Hannah left Cromer Hall and *honoured*

Northcotes Hall. C.E.B.

us with a visit, and were with us more or less till Monday, February 4—a season of gratification never to be forgotten.

Northrepps Cottage, January 30, 1828.

To Mrs. Cunningham.—"My dearest Chenda,—We are still in our passage from Cromer Hall to Northrepps Hall, and very comfortably sheltered at the Cottage, with our dear sisters, who are affectionately kind and attentive to us. We find the help of being here great; it is not only an important convenience, but much more cheering than to be in either house, in the confusion of furniture heaped in one house, or emptied in the other. I have heartily felt leaving dear Cromer Hall, but my mind is now occupied by Northrepps, which I very much like, and I am interested in getting it into order. We had no solemn parting from Cromer Hall; the family were so entirely occupied the last morning that we could have no reading. Mrs. Upcher and her girls were with us, and we did not wish to make it a melancholy occasion, though we felt it deeply at heart.

"Thy most affectionate sister,

"H. Buxton."

From Hannah Buxton's journal:—

1828.—I have to sing of mercies and comfort more perhaps than I have ever known since my great change in life, from the full possession of all that was satisfactory and delightful to untold deprivation. I have now no little children, as our sweet Charles is more than six; but in this new dispensation I have an enjoyment in my family and a peace very valuable and precious, and truly a mercy at the hands of God. My beloved husband is full of heavenly communion. He is deeply interested in the study of the Psalms. He has in this time of responsibility never yielded to what appeared to his sober judgment a false view of the work in Parliament, but has held on, carrying the weight of opposition from others and a sense of the immense responsibility upon himself without sinking,

full of faith and trust in God, earnest in prayer, and laying hold on, feeding upon, altogether resting upon, the promises in the Bible. He has engaged in these arduous tasks, clad in the whole armour of God, and has gone forth to the work in an extraordinary degree of calmness and strength, raised by faith and the Holy Spirit to fitness for his work. He was delightfully encouraged and rewarded by the arrival of a packet on Monday with very satisfactory intelligence. He came home full of thankfulness, and upon my saying that it appeared an answer to prayer, he replied, "I am as sure of it as that we are together."

1829.—Sunday morning, January 4, 1829.—I am at home on account of the weather. My best beloved and his dear companions, Priscilla, Edward, and Harry, have walked to Overstrand; the three precious children are with their valuable friend Miss Glover. Our beloved Priscilla is under a deep practical sense of the great truths of religion. Her mind, in the grasp it takes, is much like her father's, and their sense of the importance of religion, lively faith in Providence, and the answer to prayer, is similar. Dearest Harry and Edward are delightful, and really unexceptionable in their conduct, and though Edward has not accomplished all I could have desired at Brighton, I do not find him indisposed to work. He has been diligent and nicely employed since his return home. Sweet Harry was under an excellent stimulus before his holidays, and I expect it will last. The three darling children are well, happy, and good, going on in all respects to my satisfaction. The household checked in lightness of manner and conversation, and I

believe some faint desires prevail in most hearts to lead a religious life. For myself, I am in unusual health, though my infirmities of sight bespeak real age, and I feel it much, but I am enabled practically to resign my body to God.

She speaks here of failing eyesight, from which she suffered for some years, but latterly it so much improved that she was able to read the newspaper till the time of her death.

November 25, 1829, Brewery.

From Thomas Fowell Buxton to Hannah Buxton.—"Surely I never felt before my heart so entirely riveted to home; everything else seems flat, except that centre of my affections. But now for a history of my travels. At Norwich I called upon Dalrymple, and then got into the mail. It was a wretched night, but I was none the worse for that. I soon set myself to a review of late events, and that led me to go over my list of the mercies which have been granted to me, and a grand list it appears, when I go over it, item by item—mercies of all sorts, children to my heart's content, ditto brothers and sisters, ditto friends, ditto station in life, ditto circumstances, ditto public objects to which I have been directed, and fifty other dittos of the same order. Then I have, as times go, a passable wife; then that wife, such as she is, preserved to me so long; then my own life, so often preserved, and my children given to me, as it were, a second time. But greater mercies than these remain to swell the account, and first my three elder children are (thanks to the grace of God, and thanks to the unceasing toils of their mother, who has been, I am sure, in this respect guided by that grace) within the fold of Christ. This consideration arms me against whatever events may come; they may be removed, but it is beyond the power of death, or anything else, to separate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord; that is a rock to stand on. I read some lines lately, in one of 'those nasty wicked newspapers,' as you call them, which I must recover for thee. I forget the lines, but their substance was that ere long death shall open his casket, and they end thus: 'Then shall I see my jewels to my joy, my jewels, me.' These thoughts and hearty prayers for us all, and now and then a fond recollection of the charms of the wife, and girl, and boy, carried me in great glee to Ipswich, and after that I cannot give a very clear account of anything. It might snow without,

and freeze within, for what I know. I am really eager to know whether the storm produced any wrecks; I trust it did not, or that if it did, Anna saved the crew, and is now subjecting them to a second and greater peril, from repletion at the Cottage. Why, what a wonderful place Cromer is! This big city cannot supply half as much real important news as little Cromer can furnish. Farewell, in dearest love to each,

"Your affectionate husband,
"Father, brother, and friend,
"T. F. Buxton."

Thomas Fowell Buxton writes about this time in his private papers:—I desire to love the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, with all my strength, and for the purpose of awakening this love I will endeavour to enumerate some of the mercies which I have received and am daily receiving at His hands, that I may have at hand, as it were, a list of those blessings for which I ought daily to be thankful to my good and benignant Lord. I know no blessing of a temporal nature (and it is not only temporal) for which I ought to render so many thanks as my connection with the Earlham family. It has given a colour to my life. Its influence was most positive, and pregnant with good in that critical period between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement; I caught the infection. They had no taste for gross pleasures; and hence the dissipation of young men lost its attractions with me. I was resolved to please them; and in the College of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends and all control, their influence and the desire to please them, kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained at College (little valuable as distinctions, but invaluable because habits

of industry, perseverance, and reflection were necessary to obtain them)—these boyish distinctions were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they had prompted and enabled me to win.

My wife comes next in order. Twenty years have we been united. How shall I express my sense of all her merits? I can only appeal to Thee, oh, my God, whether from the bottom of my heart I do not prize, honour, and love her as the sweetest, the most virtuous, and the most lovely of women. With all my soul I bless Thee, oh Lord, for her. She has been my guide and teacher in higher things. She has sweetened this life to me, and if through the merits of Christ I shall be permitted to taste eternal joys, she more than all other human agency will have contributed to it. In my children I have had hitherto the greatest cause of thankfulness. Priscilla, her masculine understanding raises her into a companion on equal terms, and her disposition, full of affection, makes her a delightful companion. Edward, can I wish for a son more full of natural grace, and with grace of a high order? Harry, I delight myself with the promise which he puts forth of a vigorous character. The younger shoots, Richenda, Fowell, Charles, with these I am abundantly contented. For all, I bless God, and I hope thou wilt lead them to bless God for giving them a mother who exactly fulfils the command, "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

CHAPTER V.

ACCOUNT OF JOHN HENRY BUXTON.

SHORTLY after Mr. and Mrs. Buxton came to reside at Northrepps Hall, their anxiety was roused on behalf of their son John Henry. The symptoms, though in measure relieved, were never wholly removed, and during this year he became the chief object of his mother's tenderest care until his death, Nov. 18, 1830. The account of him given here was put together by his mother for his brothers and sisters:—

"I almost fear trusting myself when I turn to the years of health and prosperity which attended Harry since his previous illness in 1820 to the decline of his health in 1829. He was all we could desire, tenderly affectionate, buoyant in spirits, animated and intelligent, delightfully stimulated and diligent in his studies, ardent as well as persevering in all he undertook; so effective, that when anything had to be done he was the one employed, and so accurate, that he was constantly applied to for information: he was remarkable for his genial kindness, consideration, and politeness. His temper was naturally warm, but subdued by grace and by his constant watch over himself. An invariable flow of spirits, and a contented mind, appeared in his uniformly cheerful though gentle manners, and he displayed great interest in all that was passing around him.

His habits were excellent. He was regular in the discharge of his religious duties, reading the Scriptures and prayers, and serious

in his conduct at church. He was never idle, but always actively engaged, whether in study or in the variety of amusements and exercises in which he excelled. * * * The love of reading and intellectual pursuits was established in his mind.

I had my Bible reading with the boys before breakfast, and on Sunday before church they and Priscilla always passed an hour with their father and me for religious reading and communication with him. This valuable habit was continued till the boys became teachers in a Sunday-school, after which their father, though less regularly, frequently read and conversed with them, and of the utmost importance to them were his instructions and experience. In the year 1823, we were first, for any length of time, separated from these dear children. Four successive springs we left them at Cromer Hall with Miss Glover during our long visits to London, and never were they happier or more prosperous than during these months of retirement. I may thankfully acknowledge that a real blessing attended Miss Glover's persevering labours. It is no little consolation to us, that all the circumstances connected with this beloved child were so peculiarly prospered. They appeared to be the very best and pleasantest in which he could have been placed, and never was a more bright and happy childhood passed. His Aunt Sarah calls his life "a golden existence."

In 1827 Miss Glover relinquished her interesting companions, and they settled at Colne House with Mr. Clowes and his sister, Miss Jane Clowes; their cousin, Edmund Buxton, was also their companion there.

From this period to the commencement of his illness in 1829, Harry remained with Mr. Clowes, Edmond with him. Edward was removed to Brighton the ensuing Easter, 1828. To Miss Clowes, Harry was affectionately attached, and enjoyed pursuing with her some of the lighter objects to which he had been accustomed in leisure hours, such as history, French, and drawing.

Their Aunt Sarah writes:—"On the departure of the family for town, very early in the year 1827, Edward and Harry first began to spend the Sunday here (at the Cottage). They used to help me to teach my Sunday scholars. I may say our time was always carefully employed, and to push forward was the spirit of the house. Shakespeare, history, and biography employed our Saturdays, and our Sundays were filled with a succession of active and religious duties."

Early the next year we left our beloved home (Cromer Hall), and after spending a few days at the Cottage, entered this our present abode (Northrepps Hall) in February, 1828. Harry was at this time a peculiarly bright and cheering member of our circle. I cannot but recall his lively interest and sympathy in all that passed, and his constant endeavour to cheer and amuse us. His aunt says of him at this time, "Harry came up daily; he was an important friend and companion to his mother and us all, so ready, cheering, and attentive."

At this time his journal begins. It is dated Nov. 8, 1828:—"In beginning this journal I feel it to be my duty to pray to Jesus Christ for His Spirit. I am to note down such things that I have

done that I think are not pleasing to Him, and those things which I think through His grace I have got the better of, that by the first I may be warned for the future, and by the second I may be encouraged to proceed with renewed vigour towards the high prize. I fear I am lukewarm; I do not command my temper enough. I have no great temptations to withstand, no gross sins in my way; but still how manifestly will the spirit in which I walk, appear in little things!

"I am soon going to be made a member of Christ's Church by baptism, which I feel to be a wonderful responsibility for me to undertake. I wish it may prove to me an event for which I shall offer up thanksgivings all my after life. I deeply feel the necessity of baptism, the outward sign of the inward spiritual grace. I trust God will give me His grace that I may accomplish what I promise in that sacrament."

He returned to Colne House, November 10th, and gave himself most diligently to his studies till the Christmas holidays. He says in his journal: "I look forward with great pleasure to the Christmas holidays and Edward's coming home. I hope it will prove a time of usefulness to us both."

These holidays did, indeed, turn out valuable. We were interested in reading Dick's "Christian Philosopher," and the days were full of mutual objects and amusements—skating, shooting with their father, stuffing birds, etc., besides their regular studies and our religious reading.

In all pursuits in which he was engaged he was generally able

to give direction and information, both from his remarkable clearness of judgment and his talent of acquiring knowledge indirectly. This last he owed much to his dear cousin Anna Gurney. I constantly observed the admirable effect of her influence upon his mind and powers; at the same time he showed the most amiable deference for Edward, and appeared never to forget his superior rights, and the place he should fill, as elder of the two. His affection for Edward was unbounded, and his interest in all that related to him most lively.

While still at Colne House, before these holidays, he writes:—"On Monday, December 1st, Edmund and I were sitting at work, when the wind rattled round the corner tremendously, and Mr. Clowes told us to go and see what was to be seen. The wind was so high from the north-east that I was blown down in the churchyard. When we arrived on the cliff we discovered a vessel about a mile and a half from land, in the greatest danger. The wind was tremendous, the sea getting up rapidly. I went back to Colne House, mounted my pony, and rode up to Northrepps to tell Cousin Anna and my father, and as I was going I saw the ship coming in at a terrible rate. Cousin Anna went off to Sidestrand, and my father to Cromer. When I arrived there the ship was ashore, by the gangway. The crew (three men and a boy) were ashore safe. Hundreds of oranges were floating about, and men and boys up to their shoulders in the sea to get them. It was a most curious scene."

Speaking of the naturalist's journal at this time, Anna Gurney says: "This year our notes are particularly full, and every entry

reminds me of the boys. Harry had a taste for many branches of natural history, and peculiar quickness and accuracy of observation." She adds: "The spring of 1829 was perhaps the brightest spot in our lives. Our boys were so spirited, yet so gentle. Harry was so aspiring, and in a right sense his mettle was soon up. The touch of a book or a word made him bound forward to distinguish himself, and he had a habit of accuracy unusual with so ardent a temperament. This spring we read Scotch history and Pope, and on Sundays some Epistles in Greek, and in the half-hour before and after church we went through Blunt's 'Veracity of the Gospels.' Our happy Sundays were ended by a cheerful supper and reading the letters from Devonshire Street, which always came on that day. They gave full details of their proceedings, and Harry was most earnest for his father's success in the causes in which he was engaged."

On his birthday, April 12, he writes in his journal: "* * * Now is the turning point in which I must decide who shall be my master. I trust I have fully made up my mind as to that, and that I may be inwardly purged from my sins, and may have His Spirit to guide, to direct, and influence me in all that I do, so that I may put off the old man, and put on the new and spiritual man, through God's grace. I want to pray for the following things: that I may be fervent in my devotions; that I may not only pray with the lip and the mouth, but really from my inmost heart; that mine may be hearty supplications, not a form of words; * * * that I may be diligent in all that I do; that I may do all my weekly studies

and employments as to the Lord, and not to men; that He may pour His Holy Spirit upon me; that I may be enabled to keep a watch over my tongue, to be meek, gentle, and courteous; to give up in all things, and not to be proud, but of a subdued and gentle mind, looking to the Lord in all things, that I may live with Him and He with me. * * * * Then let me work while it is yet day, for the night cometh, when no man can work. Let me double my talents, so that at the last I may prove a true and faithful servant of Christ."

On our arrival at home from London at the end of June, Harry was sitting on the gate to receive us; delighted and delightful he looked—well and happy. Thankful indeed were we to have our two blooming and flourishing youths together, and all we could desire. The first Sunday I was alone with Edward, and Harry, Miss Glover, and the three children. There was a sacrament at Overstrand Church. Edward remained for the first time with me. This was a solemn and interesting occasion. I read with them both in reference to it, and to Harry's approaching baptism, taking them sometimes apart, that I might draw still nearer to each than I could to both at once.

I and my two lovely companions drank tea at the Cottage with Anna and dear Aunt Sarah, who was still confined to her room. Can I ever forget Harry's lively, tender manner to us all, especially to her, that evening?

Harry went the next week to Bilney, for his sister Priscilla. She says: "Our meeting was joyous; never can I forget his blooming

appearance and the warmth of his manner. My impression of him was, all vigour both of mind and body. It was, alas! a false impression as to his health, but his great activity gave ground for it."

I had observed that he coughed occasionally, and was not well, but I lost sight of it, till at the end of two or three weeks he had an attack of inflammation on the lungs. On his recovery, we determined to accomplish our beloved child's baptism, for he looked delicate, and we were desirous that his mind should be relieved of what seemed to press rather heavily upon it. The service took place in Overstrand Church on August 12. Inexpressibly touching was his graceful, softened, delicate person and manner, and the deep seriousness of his countenance. Was not this an offering accepted of God? Surely it was. How did God ripen the work of religion in his heart, bring him to an experimental knowledge of the need of a Saviour, teach him to lay hold on Christ as his life, and sanctify him through His Spirit, and the heavenly work being accomplished, take him to Himself, to dwell with Him and serve Him for ever!

After this I was glad to have his mind at rest, and from that time I endeavoured to lighten every burden, to cheer and amuse him. He seemed better, and was in high spirits, so much so that we determined to send him back to Colne House, but there being some return of cough and increase of delicacy, in a few days we had him home again.

On Tuesday, the 30th September, they all went to the Missionary meeting at Cromer. I stayed with Harry. He went to bed comfortably, and I read to him 1 John ii. We were in our room, when

William called my husband. In an instant I followed him, and found our precious child had ruptured a blood-vessel. He trembled very much, and looked exceedingly white. Our first care was to soothe and cheer him. Awful as the moment was, he told me afterwards that he immediately turned to God for help, and that he was not much overcome. The bleeding having ceased, his father lay down with him, and read till he was asleep, leaving him with an almost broken heart. A death-stroke I knew it to be, and it is impossible to say what a night of suffering I passed! * * * He was as usual, lively, cheerful, playful, perfectly submissive and full of confidence in God. For a fortnight he was kept upstairs. He evidently felt the seriousness of his situation, and the entry in his journal, October 11th, gives a sweet picture of his mind: "I have been more poorly since last Tuesday week, when after I was in bed, I coughed blood. I did then offer up a prayer to God for strength, and I cannot be sufficiently thankful that this illness is unaccompanied by pain. I feel that it is God's hand that chastens me, but it is in so light a manner that I scarcely feel the rod."

The spirit with which he endured illness was remarkable. He was prepared by practical faith in the particular providence of God, so that he at once owned *His* hand in the trial laid upon him. He *felt* the privations and restraints to which he was so suddenly subjected, but without one expression of regret. He received an *effectual check* in every object of pursuit, whether of study or pleasure. With unvarying, cheerful acquiescence to the will of God in all things He saw fit to lay upon him, I found in him a

spirit of complete obedience to me. He had no will opposed to mine, and no wish but that of pleasing me. This was the effect of a fixed principle, deliberately and immediately adopted as his rule of conduct for illness.

His industry and intellectual habits were of great importance and benefit to him. Upon being deprived of active employments and almost entirely confined to the house, he turned his mind vigorously to the studies and amusements he was still allowed to pursue.

For the next few months he was better in health, but we continued to watch him with great anxiety and the closest care. * * * He, Priscilla, and I read together in the Bible after breakfast. He did not come to our family worship, but he was never forgotten. Surely his father's prayers were offered up for him without ceasing! I usually stayed at home with Harry on Sunday afternoons. In the morning he preferred being alone, but he often ardently desired to attend public worship.

He pursued his studies as far as we thought prudent for him. The principal was reading with his cousin Anna Gurney, who came up every day for this purpose.

Her description of him is deeply interesting, and goes back to September 30 :—" I can say nothing of our feelings on Harry's first attack of illness. It was a bitter blast upon us, yet we were not quite discouraged, and after this I had the privilege of reading Greek with him. We began November 17, and continued daily, with very few breaks, till his departure for London, and at no time was I more aware of his spirit and application. No one would

have urged him to work, he might have done as little as he pleased, and his languid appearance would have justified repose, but he was always steady, always persevering. His manliness and power of mind were very striking: when his brother Edward and cousins were talking of their pleasures abroad, Harry would turn without a sigh to his book and give himself to the subject. When they joined us we welcomed them, but when we were alone we never flagged. I do not remember one dull reading, and even if Harry were lying down when I came, though I would have slipped away, he was sure to be listening for me, and come cheerfully downstairs."

She gives a list of the authors they studied, and adds:—"We particularly enjoyed Demosthenes, which we finished February 13, the day when Harry came to spend his last deeply-valued week with us. He was particularly attentive to the niceties of the Greek language, and had a very clear understanding of customs alluded to in the books we read; he was also pleasantly apt in illustrations and quotations of similar passages in English poetry. As a scholar I think he would have stood high. He did stand well in this, and in yet more important points. Harry did, though so young, establish a character, and under our bitter disappointment and bereavement it is a comfort to his aunt and to myself, as I think it must be to those still nearer, that we have much more to look back upon, than the mere promise of future excellence."

The last entry in his journal is dated October 25, 1829:—"The thought occurs to me whether I shall ever see October 25, 1830; whether I shall be on earth, or gone to stand before the Tribunal

of Jehovah. How prepared I should be! with my lamp trimmed lest the Bridegroom come suddenly as a thief in the night. I often feel as if I should not live long, therefore let me work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

He was anxiously desirous of improvement, as will be seen from the following rules which he drew up, suggested by the example of Franklin, whose life we had been reading. I rescued the paper from the flames without his knowledge:—

"I wish to have a list of things to keep to, so that I may have a check upon my conduct:—

"To be more temperate.

"*Temper.* 'Be kind and affectionate one toward another, in honour preferring one another.' Let this maxim be my rule through life, for I may depend upon it, it will be for my good. Let not my brow be overcast. If I am ordered to sit away from the door, or ordered about ever so much, let me be meek in all things.

"*Patience.* Let me be patient at all times—when they go out shooting and I cannot.

"*Industry.* 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Let me never lose a single minute in dawdling during any part of the day. When I work, work hard; when I play, lose no time.

"*Resolution.* Resolve to perform what I ought.

"*Moderation.* Never resent an injury. Do not go to extremes in anything.

"*Order.* Let everything be put in their proper places when done with. Let each part of the business have its time.

"*Sincerity.* Always use the strictest truth in everything and towards everybody.

"Oh God, grant, I beseech Thee, that I may by the strength of Thy Holy Spirit fulfil these resolutions."

We read aloud a great deal, while he was diligently employed in carpentering, drawing, or carpet work. He gave also some time and attention both to French and Italian. The latter he began to learn and made considerable progress in for the short time he was able to prosecute this study.

During his brother's holidays they were much together. They read with their Cousin Anna, and their objects were pursued in common.

1830.—After Edward had left us in February, Harry spent a week with his aunts at the Cottage. On his return home he caught a severe cold, and became worse from that time, and we were anxious to get him to London before the cold winds of spring. On the 27th of February he went to Runcton, and thence by Cambridge to Upton. Our beloved child delighted in Upton, and as he appeared better after he arrived there, we left him with his Uncle and Aunt Gurney and cousins for three weeks. He was full of charm, and an object of tender love to those about him. Upon his joining us in London he lost ground, and his cough became more troublesome. We were excessively anxious, but thought it best to persevere, in receiving a large party of young people on his sixteenth birthday (April 12). He exerted himself too much, and bleeding from the lungs suddenly came on. I missed him and his father

from the room, and on following, found to my inexpressible grief what had happened. He was perfectly calm and cheerful. Elizabeth Wilkinson and I remained to soothe and cheer him, while his father and Priscilla put on a face of courage and returned to the party. He was not allowed to move from the sofa, except to bed. It was painful to him thus to go back, but I think I never saw a cloud pass over his countenance. He bore all with composure, and submitted unreservedly to the will of the Lord in all, animated by a spirit of thankfulness for all his blessings, giving praise to God for them. His devoted affection to his father, sister, and myself, was uncommon, as well as his obedience, accompanied with much playfulness and entire freedom from irritation or selfishness. These blessed fruits of the Spirit appeared more and more to abound as the need for them increased. His playful temper gradually lost its power as his strength failed, though he was cheerful even to the very day before his death, and constantly in his words, looks, and manner displayed great naïveté.

At the end of June we left our home, and travelled slowly with our own horses to Farnham, Bognor, and Southampton.

Harry was able to enjoy the change of scene and the new and beautiful country through which we passed, and many of the interesting places which we saw. He valued our little party, which consisted of his father, sisters, and myself, with the addition, at Portsmouth, of dear Edward. We found, however, no lasting benefit from change of air, but I perceived increasing debility.

He told me he felt helped and strengthened by the Spirit of

God. He spoke of dependence on Christ, and confessed that he had no reliance in himself, but that his reliance was entirely on Christ for the supply of his present necessities, as well as the salvation of his soul.

He was in a state of happy peace, living in the remembrance of Christ, and in the habit of turning to Him for consolation. One day he said it was more easy to him to be thankful than patient. This was, indeed, what I desired to hear, witnessing his almost unbounded patience and submission.

We went to Ryde for a few days, which refreshed him, and returned to Southampton for Sunday (July 18), on which day he was pleased to find there was an opportunity of receiving the sacrament. In our conversation previous to going to church we dwelt much on this verse—2 Cor. 5: "For we know that if our earthly house be dissolved," &c. He said, "I do, indeed, know." He appeared fully to understand the way of salvation by Christ, with full confidence in His promises and in His work accomplished for us.

Harry always evinced a lively interest in all that related to his aunts and the Cottage proceedings, where he had been so fondly loved. He used frequently to tell me how they were passing their time, what hymns he fancied they were singing; and when the letters came from Northrepps, after Miss Glover and the boys reached it, they appeared to excite in his mind an irresistible desire to return home. The journey from Southampton to Northrepps was an anxious time; our sweet companion was getting lower and

lower; but in tender mercy he was kept in peace, staid upon God, receiving all as a little child.

One day, after sitting some time over his Bible, he mentioned the many mercies with which he had been surrounded this spring; but he was low about himself, the first time I had seen him so. He thought himself weaker, but added, "Through all I am comfortable."

Monday, August 9th.—We left Devonshire Street, and on the 12th reached our home. Can we ever forget the sorrow of bringing back our dearest boy thus? Our little boys and Miss Glover were ready to meet us, and the dear aunts came immediately. We were thankful to be together again. His aunt mentions "his perfect calmness," but says, "his appearance admits of but one interpretation." Through all these changes he was full of a sense of Divine things, simple in faith and in submission. After our return home we were more regular than we had been on our journey. We began with the Bible, he and I generally alone. When Priscilla joined us we read some religious book, Jay's Lectures, "Pilgrim's Progress," Venn's Sermons, &c.; afterwards history, which we continued till he had finished the course of English history, from which his persevering spirit would not be turned aside. His insects were his first amusement, and they were all arranged afresh; he occupied himself also in studying minerals, of which his father procured him a constant supply, in addition to the presents he received. He was so closely dependent upon me, that he did not like me to leave the room; if I moved to another part of the room, he would instantly recall me by a look or sign; yet if he thought I ought to go into the air, he

would always press it. He was filled with the most tender love and attention to me, never allowing me to be called at night, until the last fortnight of his life: the last few nights I never left him.

In everything he endeavoured to spare me pain. It was one of his delightful habits ever to make the best of himself and of everything; he almost uniformly said of himself that he was "very comfortable," dwelling more on the mitigations and alleviations that were granted to him than on the trial of illness. * * * When unable to come downstairs to breakfast, his plan was to be left, after he was dressed, for private reading and prayer; he was strict in securing this time to himself. These duties were not hurried over, but much time was passed in them, even when he was so exhausted by dressing, as to be scarcely equal to the exertion of sitting up. I shall now do little more than transcribe the notes I made at the time, as I wish to record the spirit that was so manifest in our darling child at this period of his illness.

August 29.—Harry was walking through the low valley, but his Saviour was with him, His arms underneath to sustain His child. My dearest husband and I were at home with him. In the course of our conversation, he expressed thankfulness for his illness, "because it has drawn me nearer to the Source of all good."

September 4.—We drove to Colne House. He begged Mr. and Miss Clowes to come to tea, and was very cheerful. He increasingly valued Mr. Clowes's ministry.

September 10.—I found Harry very low in body, but he rose as usual. When I returned to him after our family reading I found

him marking Ps. xvii. 8, "Keep me as the apple of Thine eye, hide me under the shadow of Thy wings." He said, "This is the text I lay hold of for to-day."

September 12.—This Sunday he was unusually low both in mind and body, but a gracious God did lift up the light of His countenance upon him, and his usual perfect placidity returned.

Sunday, September 19.—My dearest Harry and I had some very sweet communication, dwelling on the ground of the dependence, submission, and thankfulness he was permitted to exercise. He told me, he felt his heart much more disengaged from the world and more set on things above. We read Isaiah liii. with comfort and deep instruction, also part of the Communion Service, and both appeared to be fed on by him. As usual, he and Priscilla spent the Sunday afternoon together. She says: "They were almost invariably privileged seasons; though often very silent, I was greatly impressed by his serious spirit, and there was a holy peace in his whole deportment which threw around him a peculiar atmosphere of solemnity as well as tranquillity. We read Mr. Cunningham's sermons. His expressive countenance and way of assenting to what particularly met his feelings gave a sense of much communion of mind with him, even if he scarcely spoke."

September 23.—He and I drove alone over Roughton Heath. I was sitting silently by him when he said he found such ability to draw near to God often in the day. In this communion with God he did manifestly draw Living Water from the wells of Salvation, and taste of that peace which passeth understanding.

September 25.—In the morning he was brought into some conflict, but the evening was cheerful. He said, "I have been thinking that when we are nervous, it is like Peter walking on the water, beginning to sink but caught hold of. We are never out of arm's length, never permitted to drown."

September 26, Sunday.—When on the drawing-room sofa after dinner, he exclaimed with emphasis, "Oh, what a comfort it is to me to know where my anchor is. I have no responsibility, nothing to answer for."

October 1.—He was interested in examining and studying the minerals that his father had procured for him, and in this pursuit he displayed the same power he ever possessed of acquiring knowledge, and the same accurate observation and memory. Priscilla says: "I have often been struck with the power of mind he showed in this occupation, the method, the order, the clearness of head, which had ever been so much his character. Though unable to leave the sofa, he soon became the leader and director in this study."

October 4.—It was a beautiful morning, and a party going off to shoot, I thought affected him, though he said nothing at the time; but in the afternoon he said, "I felt it exceedingly, when they were going to shoot, how I could have longed to go with them, but it was soon checked."

October 12.—Our dearest Edward came home. My heart sank at his return to this afflicted house, but Harry enjoyed his company.

October 13.—Harry was so weak that I took him from one room to another in Anna's wheeled chair. There never was the slightest

resistance to any measure, that told the sad and mournful tale that he was stepping lower and lower into the valley. He always cheerfully, and often playfully acceded to everything I proposed in these trials, as in every other. I perceived that his part was chosen, to bow at once.

October 17.—What a day was this, passed with my two most beloved companions, Edward and Harry, so closely united in life, so soon to be parted by death. My dearest husband read with Priscilla and me in the evening, solemnly praying and returning thanks for each of these three children, for me, and for himself. We were, though brought low by affecting circumstances, strengthened and in measure comforted by this our last family meeting together!

October 19.—Edward's last day at home was passed entirely with his beloved Harry, who, evidently excited by a sense that it might be last with him, was enabled to express himself more fully than usual, desiring to speak a word in season to dearest Edward, by whom his whole heart was engaged. I read Ephesians i. with them; the blessed truths of the work of Christ in our redemption and adoption, and the promise of a glorious inheritance, were wonderfully brought home to our hearts. Dearest Harry embraced the truth, and expressed his heartfelt acceptance of it by word, look, and manner. He went on to speak of the Justification by Faith. "It gives me intense consolation. I feel I have nothing to answer for. My sins are all laid upon Christ, all on Him, not one on me;" and his whole manner showed a depth of consolation, of rest, peace, and quietness, springing from this entire confidence in Christ. After I had ac-

knowledged the great spiritual mercy received, and asked a blessing on these dear children, so soon to be separated, Harry followed me in a low voice, returning thanks for our having been permitted to meet, and then powerfully beseeching a blessing for Edward. "May Thy strong arm be with him, to keep him, to preserve him from all evil; may he lift up his banner as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," &c., continuing earnestly to petition his heavenly Father for this beloved brother. Though exhausted by the effort, he was cheerful and patient through most of this day of deep and solemn interest.

October 31.—He expressed his conviction that he was brought to the knowledge and love of his Saviour by the teaching of the Spirit alone, evidently taking comfort from feeling it to be the work of God in his heart, and trusting that He who had begun the good work would bring it to perfection. He knew the Lord to be a God of patience and consolation, the God of Hope filling him with peace in believing, and the God of Peace "giving rest to my soul." He described the rest and peace he enjoyed under a sense of safety in the ark of Christ, and that he knew Him to be his refuge for life and his hiding-place in the day of judgment.

November 9.—Was a low day both in mind and body. He was overcome by the effort of moving, and covering his face with his hands, he said, "It will not be long." We read a few verses in the sixth of John. He expressed, that peace prevailed in his heart constantly because Christ bore his burden and none was laid upon himself. I did not see joy in the glorious prospect before him, but placid assurance of his safety in Christ.

November 10.—I thought him somewhat more equal to exertion, and proposed the Sacrament to him, which he cordially accepted. He was comfortably settled in the ante-room about twelve o'clock, when his aunts, Sarah, Catherine, and Chenda, Miss Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Clowes, with his father, Priscilla, and myself, surrounded his peaceful couch. Priscilla writes, "It was an affecting sight to see him; truly did he appear to feast on this sacrifice, and practically to rest on his Saviour for all comfort." His father says, "My poor boy is at the gates of death. To-day we took the Sacrament with him. I think it hardly possible for any father to sustain a greater loss, but no father can have greater consolation. As a little child leans upon his mother, so he leans upon his Saviour. He knows the event which is coming, and is prepared to meet it with entire serenity. He is truly walking through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and as truly fears no evil."

After the service he spent the rest of the morning quietly on his couch. He came down in the evening for the last time.

November 12.—Harry looked extremely sunk. Though often unable to bear the exertion of speaking, he responded by looks and manner, and accepted the consolation offered him. Unvaried peace rested upon him, though the deepest melancholy reigned throughout the house, except in his room.

November 13.—The morning was a solemn and a peaceful one. At one time I observed a lovely smile upon his countenance. He said, "I am thinking of that verse—'If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall

your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him.' How much more," said he, smiling under a lively sense of what he was receiving from his earthly parents.

Sunday, November 14.—I was with him in the night, which on his part was one rather of thankfulness for alleviations, than of complaint. This, his last Sabbath on earth, was one of holy peace. Priscilla says: "I trust I shall never forget this day—the depth of stillness and solemnity in his room."

November 15.—I went to him about 6.30, when I found him much sunk, but profoundly peaceful. I called his father and Priscilla. We passed a solemn time in his room, expecting his departure; but even at this awful hour an Almighty arm was underneath to sustain us. We were enabled to give thanks for the unspeakable mercies vouchsafed to our child—safety, peace, sanctification, and redemption,—and to relinquish him fully into the Lord's hands. After about three hours he revived from this very low state, and was cheerful over his breakfast.

November 17.—We passed on the whole a calm morning, being gently led through the valley of the shadow of death. He sunk much in the evening, and entered the lowest step of the valley in the night; but though the waters were deep, he clung to the arm that upheld him. When we called upon the Lord Jesus to come quickly and receive His spirit, he added with solemnity, "Even so, amen." God was with him, and almost the last words he spoke were, "I have great peace." There was for many hours a marked change in his appearance, and a dying expression that could not be

mistaken. He suffered no pain, and appeared kept in peace inwardly. He was perfectly sensible; his mind was with us, and we accompanied him as it were through the awful passage.

Priscilla writes:—The room was profoundly still, his mother close over him, his tender dependence upon her appearing to increase to the very last moment. Little was said, except occasionally words of prayer. The earnest petition, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly," was often and often repeated. At times the expression of his countenance was delightful, an expression of placidity, nay, pleasure. He said once, "Oh if I had breath I could tell you." The last words he said were: "I want a stronger arm; let my father raise my head." His father accordingly supported him in his arms, and he said, "That is right." We stood in solemn silence round. He had sunk into the most profound peace of body and mind, and though his respiration was hard, it became so perfectly easy that we could not precisely mark the moment when it ceased; but we were told of the departure of the spirit by the expression of deep repose falling over his features. He was gone! but oh! how blessed for us that he was present with the Lord. We knelt down, and his father returned thanks for having seen him brought safe into the haven of everlasting rest, the work perfected and finished. We kissed his beautiful forehead, and then went downstairs, where we met the dear children, Cousin Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Clowes, and the servants, and assembled in the drawing-room for a solemn meeting. Surely there was help given. Words fail to describe the scene and all connected with it; all the anguish

and all the joy; all the unspeakable consolation vouchsafed to him and to us, and the utter miss and desolation we felt. But I may close the account with my dear Aunt Sarah's memorandum:—A wonderful time it was. After we were assembled in the drawing-room, his father read the last chapter of Revelation, and mentioned Harry's notice of it. He then gave thanks for every mercy connected with this beloved child, and prayed for Edward and his mother, and all belonging to him. He asked of God that as He had given all blessedness to the dead, so He would impart all consolation to the living, and returned thanks that another child was added to the number of their little ones already gone. He spoke with heartfelt gratitude of the gift of such a son for so many years, one whose converse and conduct had been to their heart's content; and again and again he returned thanks for the grace of God which had been given him, noticing his entire dependence on his Saviour, and his sanctification and meetness for heaven. The grace of God enabled his mother to receive her younger children with composure, and to tell them that Harry was gone to glory, to the new Jerusalem which they had all read of together; and then to address us and the servants, and tell us many fresh particulars of Harry, and all without any apparent great effort. Going on from one thing to another, she gave somewhat a detailed and most deeply interesting account of him.

During this conversation Uncle Joseph entered the room. His ministry materially helped us through the next few days.

From Richenda Cunningham to Francis Cunningham:—

November 18, 1830.—There is a little agitation in the house this morning in the apprehension that a few hours will close this touching scene. I can hardly convey to you how much the spirit of prayer, praise, and consolation prevails. It is, indeed, most solemn and edifying. I had the privilege of being in the room last night. I was very thankful to witness such a scene, the continual prayer of the saint-like mother hanging over her dying child. There has been something in the two together inexpressibly interesting, and when the earthly tie is rent asunder it will be deeply affecting. Amongst many other prayers I heard her utter: "O Lord, he is Thine own child; Thou hast created him and redeemed him; I give him back unto Thee." I have never once seen her overcome. Her whole air is that of cheerful and entire submission, the most Christian calmness and self-possession.

Thursday evening.—Harry died at three o'clock. Words fail me to describe what his mother has gone through, or the state of mind she has been in. I hardly ever saw the like; such a wonderful spirit of devotion, and yet so deeply wounded, that naturally it is like having her limbs torn from her, and she deeply mourneth for those that are not.

Mrs. Upcher writes, November, 1830:—

I have been to the Hall and Cottage to-day, and since dinner to a Wesleyan missionary meeting, and am so tired I cannot tell you of the *most interesting*, quite wonderful days we had on Sunday and Wednesday. It has been a glorious triumph. I am not enthusiastic when I say Northrepps Hall is, as it were, the very gates

of heaven—the influence extends to us. . . . It was like a visit to an angel, I thought, when I came out of the dear mother's room last night. Her meekness, great depression, wondrous exaltation, exquisite kindness and consideration for the feelings of every individual, is the *most splendid*, the *most touching* spectacle in the world. . . . Poor dear Sarah Buxton is included in the supporting wonders. Harry was most things to her. . . . I did not *dread* the funeral, it is a time of such exertion and elevation; but what a scene! I sat with Miss Buxton, and we lunched at the Cottage, but were immediately sent for up to the Hall. I went, and sat a long time with the dear, patient mother in her room, talking it all over; then I walked a long time with his dear father in the garden, all my children, his, and G. Hoare likewise walking about. The day was like summer, and there was a sweet, elevated feeling of resignation, "peace which the world can neither give nor take away," quite inexpressible. The precious Sunday was one of the most heavenly days I ever spent. The chancel of Overstrand Church is in ruins, and in the midst of the area the vault is sunk which contains the earthly remains of this child of bright promise. I remember well from the first day what you always anticipated of him.

Thomas Fowell Buxton writes, January 30, 1831:—Northrepps. —I feel this morning more than usual dejection, partly occasioned, perhaps, by the prospect of leaving this quiet place on Tuesday next, and plunging once more into the distracting cares and hurries of Parliament and business, but still more by a most painful picture

which suddenly burst upon me yesterday. I took the boys, Edward, Edmund, and the two Upchers to shoot on the Warren Hills opposite the coast. The ground was covered with snow, the sea was dark and fretful. I went along the lower side, and turned up one of the most distant hillocks, and there I placed myself. And then, in a moment, a picture burst upon me which made this one of the most melancholy moments of the last melancholy year. On that same hillock, about the same day two years back, I stood. Nature seemed as if she had not changed. The same surface of white beneath my feet, the sea bearing the same blackening aspect, the gamekeepers and dogs in the same hollow, and the boys exhibiting the same eagerness;—all was the same, with one sorrowful exception. Dearest Harry was nearest to me on the former occasion; his quick eye perceived a wild duck sailing near the sea, and we observed it alighting in a pond near the farm below us. I sent him, full of life and alacrity as he was, to secure the bird, while I stood and watched his manœuvres to get within shot, unobserved. Then, again, his exulting return with the bird in his hand, and the pleasure I felt as his pleasure; and now I could see nothing but the churchyard where his bones repose. Dear fellow! how large a portion of my hope and joy lies there: how has the world changed with me since that joyful hour! But there is this comfort, if we are left to sad recollections, he is gone to eternal security and peace.

Thomas Fowell Buxton writes, February 13, 1831:—Nothing to me in the whole event was more striking than his mother's conduct. From the earliest dawn of his reason to the day of his death, she was

to him a spiritual minister. Year after year, in seasons the most full of employment, she never failed in her efforts to impress upon his mind the great truths, and all the truths of religion. It was her practice to have her younger children in her room every morning about seven o'clock, and many a time when she thought I was asleep have I listened with true admiration to her clear and powerful exhortations, to her explanations of Scripture, and to her mode of teaching them to pray.

I never saw such an instance of unrelaxing perseverance; and her lovely temper, her affection and her tenderness, rendered this maternal duty as much a source of enjoyment to them as it was of profit. To those early hours of instruction, and to the blessing of God on them, our departed child owes much of that peculiar preparation for sickness which characterized the last fifteen months of his life.

Her fortitude too, was no less remarkable, when the bleeding from his lungs came on in the night of September 30, 1829. He sent for me, she quickly followed. She saw the stains of blood, and read in them the presage of death. Her manner was perfectly composed, nay, cheerful. She spoke to him in language so serene and so far from anything that betrayed her feelings, that he was evidently relieved by them, and directly recovered from the degree of nervousness which for a moment he exhibited, and to her perfect self-possession I ascribe it, that he fell asleep in about half an hour. Her manner imposed upon me. I thought she did not perceive the full tale which that symptom told; but when I went to her

room I found her in unutterable affliction, and she said: "I know the truth. I know it is his death."

The same spirit she sustained through the whole of his long illness; his room was, with very few exceptions, a scene of cheerfulness, and sometimes of merriment; and of the mother as well as of the son I can truly declare that during this time I never saw a symptom of impatience. And then what a nurse she was, both for body and soul: now discovering at a glance what would conduce to his comfort, and now administering just the text or thought which would turn his mind to consolation.

In short, never did I witness such Christian faith and human tenderness, such a mixture of the deepest feeling with the most perfect serenity, affection so flowing and copious, as to administer comfort to her happy patient, and yet so chastised and bridled as to keep him clear from the hazard of painful excitement.

Lines by his Father to the memory of Harry.

"Full of bright promise, youthful, courteous, brave,
Grace in the form, mind beaming from the eye;
All that a mother's fondest wish could crave,
Were lent awhile by Heaven, and here they lie.

"Here lies the wreck; the spirit wings her flight,
The ransom'd spirit to the realms above
Ranges unfetter'd through the fields of light,
Rests in the bosom of Eternal Love,—

"Beholds the unnumber'd host of angel powers,
Who round the throne of God their anthems sing;
And joins that little band, those lovely flowers
Cut down and wither'd in the early spring.

"Scenes by no tear disturb'd, no sin defiled,
Scenes nor by heart conceived, nor tongue confess'd;
Unveil'd to thee, dear spirit of our child,
And we are comforted, for thou art blest."

CHAPTER VI.

HOME LIFE AND PARLIAMENTARY INTERESTS.

In February, 1831, the family again removed to London for the Session, during which Mr. Buxton was deeply engaged with the Anti-Slavery interests.

Mrs. Buxton writes of her son Edward:—

December 1, 1831.—Oh, the consolation that our beloved Edward has been preserved from sin, has been strengthened in grace, and grown in the knowledge of God, during his stay at Cambridge. How thankful I am for him he is a child of God, and brings forth the fruit of righteousness to His glory.

December 31, 1831.—The interest of this day is great to me—the close of another year and commencement of a new one; and to complete the feeling upon it, our most dear Edward left us this morning to begin his career in Brick Lane. Nearly indeed do we feel with and for him. Spiritual and temporal benefits are set before him if he will so walk as to accept them. How much I feel the invitation to the Israelites to choose life or death, the blessing or the curse. We are inexpressibly thankful he goes from us, having chosen the service of a heavenly Master, and with the true desire to be found a faithful servant to Him. Now he has, as it were, to renew his choice, and to enter into a new campaign under his Captain. May grace abound towards him that he may be led in the right way, be a light to those about him, shining to the glory

of God in all his temporal concerns; may he indeed be led in the path of wisdom, and may power be granted to take his proper stand, and may he prove a comfort, strength, and capable helper to his beloved father; indeed we desire blessings without number on his head. O Lord, do Thou abundantly grant them for the sake of Christ Jesus, his Lord and Saviour.

March 13, 1832.

From Catherine Gurney to Hannah Buxton.—"My dearest Hannah,—On returning from Nelson Church thy letter was given me, and is, as usual, deeply interesting, for everything that relates to your proceedings comes most nearly to my heart. I have it quite on my mind to say to thee, that truly as I sympathize in thy many crosses and trials, I long for thee to be able to take a still higher stand, and be more cheered and encouraged, to be less touched by the passing, the very passing events of each day. Settled and established as thy faith is, and enlarged and matured as thy experience is, I am ready to wonder at thy being so frequently cast down and allowing thyself to be so much pained by the unavoidable crosses that come in the way of duty. I know so little in comparison of thee of the depths of affliction and trial and disappointment, that it may be want of sympathy in me and the capacity to understand thy peculiar feelings, but my experience, as far as I have been tried, is certainly different, and I have much more of a natural as well as spiritual determination not to be unhappy, but to conform my feelings to my circumstances. This has its root in my full and practical conviction that the whole scheme and history of our lives, every link in the chain of our existence, is arranged for us in the highest wisdom and mercy; and having settled this truth in my mind, my feelings become conformed to any dispensation, and nature helps greatly in executing the resolves of my judgment more than thine does, besides which, I am well aware of the much deeper wounds inflicted on thy affections. But even with this, I realize in my own apprehension a state of mind more lifted above and shielded against the influence of surrounding circumstances; and this is what I desire for thee. I want thee to be more contented, and in one way pleased, because it is the Divine appointment that life is but a pilgrimage, and that our very privations are the important means of loosening our ties to earth, and thus making our departure more easy; they

are 'to do us good at our latter end,' and as that must so very soon come to us all, why mourn and lament as we go along? Why not take a vigorous, cheerful stand, and determine to hold on our way with good courage and the cheerfulness of Christian hope—'a hope full of immortality?' Surely this is enough to satisfy and console us, at least so it strikes me, and I do not think I ever could allow myself to continue in a valley under providential arrangements. There are, I know, times and seasons and occasions of different kinds in which the natural spirits must be strongly affected, but habitual lowness is certainly very different, both from my judgment and experience. I may, however, be mistaken, and it may be from want of a full degree of sympathy with thee, my dearest H., that I have thought all this.

"Thy most affectionate,

"C. G."

From Hannah Buxton's journal:—

March 5, 1832.—Devonshire Street.—My dearest husband has been delightful; he is full of grace and truth. The work in which he is engaged is that of God, Who does all things well; he confides his part of the work to his Master; to Him he looks for direction, for guidance, for wisdom, for strength, for ability. "Here I am, send me," is the spirit of his mind. He very strikingly expressed his ardent desire for the fulness of the Spirit to be poured forth on us all, to teach, sanctify, and govern all our hearts; to lead, rule, and order all our ways, and to be our all and in all. His love towards us is overflowing, abounding in tenderness and indulgence. . . . . For dearest Priscilla he seems ready to lay down his life, or do anything to please and make her happy; for Edward and the children he is only too considerate.

July 29, 1832.—Northrepps.—As to my most beloved husband, he seems favoured by God Himself, Who gives him indeed the spirit

of power, of love, and of a sound mind. He is full of grace, of love to his Saviour, of gratitude to his Heavenly Father, of tender sympathy to me and my dearest Priscilla.

December 17, 1832.—The successful election of my best beloved is truly pleasant. Yet I know it involves labour and toil, and risk to his health; therefore I am glad with a strong mixture of care. Nothing but duty has led him to stand; he believes it is the appointment of God for him, and that He will strengthen him for his work. The affection and zeal of the Weymouth people has been very agreeable, and his own serious, devoted spirit to his Master, most comforting.

Lines by Thomas Fowell Buxton written in the Mail on his way to London, a few days before his Election, December, 1832.

"I know that I leave thee dejected, my dearest;
Those looks of deep sadness have haunted my view;
My home is before me in colours the clearest;
But my heart is still aching, while thinking of you.

"I think of thy nights, which are wasted by tears,
I think of thy days, and the gloom which attends them;
I recall the events of so many sad years,
And share in the anguish which memory lends them.

"But cheer up, my darling, with the prospect before thee,
These afflictions are light, and a moment their date,
Compared with those transports of joy and of glory,
Which (blessed be our God) thy pure spirit await.

"A mourner, a pilgrim, an exile no more,
But a glorified guest in the mansions above;
There thou shalt perceive, and perceiving adore,
That each sorrow was sent on a mission of love.

"Thy sisters, thy babes, and e'en thy bright Harry,
Surround thee, caress thee, thy coming attend;
There He reigns Who redeemed thee, and there thou shalt tarry,
In perfection of bliss, and that bliss without end."

August 29, 1833.

To her son, Thomas Fowell Buxton.—"My dearest Fowell,—I do believe this is thy birthday. It has this moment come into my mind, and I must, my precious child, give thee my blessing upon attaining the great age of twelve years! How heartily and tenderly I wish thee well I cannot say, and may thee, my dearest child, so walk in the steps of thy Saviour, that, like Him, thee may grow in favour with God and man! Thee art now come to that age, when thee art responsible for thy own conduct, and may thee, with thy whole heart, determine to take up the cross, and to follow Christ. I shall expect to see thee quite the man, advanced in body and mind. I am pleased to find you play at cricket, and that you look and are well and happy."

Miss Clowes' recollection of Northrepps:—

"I have in my memory vivid visions of Northrepps in autumn days, before Priscilla married; that sunny court, brilliant with flowers, dahlias of every hue; when Edward had just gone to the Brewery; when the Cottage ladies were in their glory, as invaluable helpers to their adored chief, the poor, weary, worn-out member, who was relaxing from work, sauntering on the lawn, driving out in that high phaeton with Mrs. Buxton, and behind, Priscilla and myself; such charming happy drives to Sheringham, or through Felbrigge Park. Then the evenings, when Mr. Buxton would lie on the big sofa, and the sweet, anxious wife would sigh over his pale, exhausted appearance. The Cottage ladies would appear, bright and cheery, with choice matters of interest to awaken his spirit. These were to me delightful seasons, to be included in such

close intimacy with such unusual people; none like them are to be found now. And you who knew them all, even better than I did, do not need the description in words, and will kindly excuse the effusion I have been led into."

Earlham, September 12, 1833.

To Mrs. S. Hoare, junior.—"My dearest Niece,—I have been considering to which of the beloved party I should address my letter, my heart is so full towards each member of your circle; but I think I must select you, my dearest Catherine. I do feel you as a child of my own, so tenderly do I care for you. How dear to my heart is your beloved husband I cannot express. He has always been most dear; how particularly so, then, in this time of weakness and trial. May God's richest blessings be with you by night and by day, and with every one of you! I feel very near to you, in love and sympathy. We went off to Upton with Uncle Joseph, and happily found three inside places. We enjoyed getting comfortably seated within, one flat North Walsham lady making the fourth. Uncle Joseph immediately broke forth into very amusing and instructive conversation, addressed to her, to bring any mind she might have, out of its shell; but it penetrated so little a way that it never reached the kernel, and we had the mental communication to ourselves. He was bright and delightful, and a true privilege I felt it, both for myself and Edward, thus to pass a leisure day with him. He brought forth abundant stores, spiritual and intellectual. May great blessings be with you all, is my hearty desire."

From J. J. G., 1833.—"With regard to slavery, we have such abundant and substantial cause for rejoicing, that it will not do to be too much discouraged by a rough, disagreeable surface. I think it has been remarkably Fowell's appointed service in this cause, to *suffer for it*. And it is evident to me that all he has suffered has been far, indeed, from being in vain. I expect a brighter leaf will turn up shortly."

February 14, 1834.

To Richenda Cunningham.—"How truly thankful I am that your life is so much what you would choose, and one which has so fine an object: (meeting the R.'s at Upton, and seeing them with one single object—*gain*—led me to compare them with you, whose one object is *good*. How infinitely to be preferred, and what a mercy to have been led to choose it!) We have had an easy settlement in

London. To my dearest, most cheering; to find everyone telling him of the excellence of the Slavery Bill, how well it works, and how prosperous it makes the West Indies, all giving him the credit, even Stanley. To God be all the praise, and with deep thankfulness he acknowledges it. His first début in the House was delightful: curious enough, the turn in the tide, so much general approbation expressed of him, as well as of the 'beneficent measure.' The accounts from all parts cheering."

June, 1834.

"My dearest came home delighted last night, having carried the motion for bettering the condition of the natives in our colonies, and another about the missionaries. How has this beloved one been honoured of God by being enabled to do great things for His people! Thankful, humble, indefatigable is he in the great works committed to him."

Priscilla Buxton was married to Andrew Johnston, M.P., on August 1, 1834, the same day on which the emancipation of the slaves took place.

August 2, 1834.

To Mrs. Samuel Hoare, jun.—"Our day, I may truly say, was delightful. The peace in the private interest for our beloved one; the joy for public mercies, the crowns laid at my husband's feet, the general tone of pleasure, and the spirit of true love to man, and gratitude to God, render it a day unrivalled in interest and great enjoyment. The presents (to T. F. B.) were delightful. I never saw a more touching scene than when they were presented by Edmund Buxton and Uncle Gurney; and then mine, too—a beautiful mug from your dearest father and mother."

August 16, 1834.

To Richenda Cunningham.—"I have just been reading thy account of your delightful day, August 1. It is most pleasant to have had it so met by you and your people. Such a spirit of prayer and thankfulness given, is a great favour. We may believe that it will prove the beginning of great things to thousands, and a day, I trust, commencing *good* things for us.

"Our letters from Priscilla are most satisfactory. She says: 'I am thoroughly happy and absolutely satisfied.' I greatly feel her loss, but my heart is more occupied with her, than myself in it. On Monday we go home to Northrepps, and I trust much peace will be granted to us there."

Priscilla's marriage to Andrew Johnston, in 1834, was a severe loss to her father, as that of his best helper in all his objects; one who fully entered into his mind and feelings. To her he committed the writing of many letters, and with her he would write his important papers. The place was in great measure happily supplied by his sister Sarah and her cousin, Anna Gurney, at Northrepps Cottage. On them he threw the care of all his papers, and to them he applied for help and advice. The union with them was of entire importance to him; they shared all his cares, and enjoyed with him all his pleasures; they were always ready to cheer and amuse him, and the communication between the two houses was constant and delightful. Andrew and Priscilla were in Scotland half the year, the other half they were with him, to his exceeding comfort. Mr. Johnston became his assistant, and she and the children a constant pleasure.

Northrepps, November 15, 1835.

From Thomas Fowell Buxton to Richenda Buxton, written in her commonplace book.—"My dearest Chenda,—I give you this book, in which I advise you to record all interesting documents; and with this present I give you an admonition, which I am sure you will attend to.

"Your dearest mother has not only pain to endure, but a variety of privations to bear, from the disorder in her eyes.

"Had ever any child a fonder, a more faithful, a more diligent parent? What sacrifice was she not ready to make? what attention was she not prompt to bestow? what alleviation did she neglect to offer? Tender, constant, disinterested, indefatigable. She has soothed our anxieties, mitigated our disappointments, rejoiced our eyes, laboured to instil the truth as it is in Jesus into our hearts; and, alas! in some instances has been the means, of robbing death of half its pangs and all its terrors.

"Now she needs the love she has lavished on others; and you, the only child

who constantly resides with her, have the happy opportunity of repaying in some degree the debt we owe to her. Be, then, eyes to her; write for her, read for her, listen for her, exercise your ingenuity in providing matter for her amusement. Be intimate, be confidential, be communicative; in one word, strive hard, and strive always to cheer her. 'Thee let this tender office long engage.' This is your calling, your first and most appropriate occupation.

"May it be your delight to labour every day, and to pray every night and day that you may be enabled to make this privation less lonely, less distressing, less a barrier to the enjoyments of life. May you have reason hereafter to thank God that He has allotted to you this privileged duty.

"Your affectionate friend and father,

"T. Fowell Buxton."

Belfield, April 3, 1836.

Fowell Buxton to his wife.—"My beloved Wife,—It is now five o'clock, and we dine at half-past; the interval is reserved for you. I had from seven in the morning till seven at night to read and reflect, and I was very happy. I feel very strongly—perhaps never so strongly—that mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life. Others may deny that there is a special Providence, but it is too barefaced a lie for me. What kept me from the Brewery at fourteen? What sent me to College, and made me avail myself of its advantages? What placed me in so prosperous a business, without which I could never have thought of public life? What chose my sweet companion for life, whose influence has always bent me towards the right way? What placed me under Mr. Pratt's ministry, when my eyes were first opened to real truth? And what sent a severe illness to ripen the impression made at Wheeler Street? What placed me in Parliament, and kept me there for nearly twenty years, in spite of almost desperate probabilities against me? What made my mother sow the seeds of abhorrence of slavery in my mind, and dear Priscilla exhort me to it when she was dying? and Wilberforce commit it to me when he was unable to continue the task? I could go on till to-morrow evening recounting the instances in which I have seen the finger of a blessed and Divine Providence. But a word about you. I looked yesterday and to-day in walking through this serene place at the present position of our affairs, and I could see only cheering prospects and causes of deep thankfulness. How happy this connection of Edward's! I take it very kind of Providence to have given me a new child; just the person I most like, just the

person to make dear Edward happy. And then, what confidence I have that it will be blessed. I never interfered. I sat still and prayed, and a loving Providence arranged it all. Then turn to Priscilla and Andrew, rich in the things her happiness requires. If dinner would but wait, I could tell you cheerily what I have felt about Chenda, Fowell, Charles; but in none have I a greater sense of comfort and of God's mercy than in one who, though not here to cheer us, is in the region of perfect bliss. I can contemplate his state, and the dealings of Providence with us, as concerns him, and be very thankful, and very sure, in feeling as well as reason, that all is right. There goes the bell.

"Thy most loving husband,

"T. F. Buxton."

On the 12th April, 1836, Edward Buxton was married to Catherine Gurney.

London, July 17.

Hannah Buxton to Anna Gurney and Sarah Maria Buxton.—"We had yesterday the Caffre Chief Tzatzoe, Stoffles the Hottentot, &c. It was highly interesting. We did so wish for you. My husband did not relish all the compliments, but I was really pleased by a private conversation with Dr. Phillips about him—such genuine feeling of value and estimation. He said: 'He is such a wonderful instrument for good; such powers, united to such a heart.' This I do fully believe; but he is sadly worn, like a hackney-coach horse. The acknowledgments of the Caffre Chief and his companion, of the benefits they had received from Fowell's labour was very interesting, and most gratifying."

Written from Scotland to Mrs. Samuel Hoare, jun., during her mother-in-law's last illness:—

August, 1836.

"My dearest Catherine,—I have been up since five o'clock, and longing to communicate with you. Oh, how I dwell amongst you, and how many are my earnest desires for you. I have been comforted by the promises this morning, for surely they are blessed and sufficient; it is not for me to enlarge upon them. My beloved sister has laid strong hold upon them, and so have those, that have to tread the deeply-suffering path with her. She is His, and nothing can reach her to harm her; she can shelter herself in the arms of her reconciled and loving

Father. What a blessed thought! May it cheer her while under His chastening hand, lead her to cleave the closer to Him, and so yield herself to His holy will in it, that it may work abundantly, to her more exceeding weight of glory. But in the present truly this chastening is grievous to those about her, though strongly comforted we cannot but be to see the power of Divine grace; to witness its triumph in the midst of deep conflict of mind and body is an inexpressible consolation and encouragement. We earnestly desire that she may be permitted to feel as well as know that all parts of this suffering affliction are to His glory, Whose power and grace are made wonderfully manifest. In the midst of our life, I dwell incessantly with your most precious mother, and much in our past lives is recalled to me, by being once more in these interesting places. Seven of our party then assembled are departed, including servants. I remember much of the country, and return to it with delight in its beauties. I was even led off to sketch again, and, wonderful to myself, brought home last night nine sketches, such as they were."

She deeply felt the death of her sister Louisa Hoare during this autumn. Writing some time after, she referred to the great loss it was to her husband: "His friendship with our sister Louisa was one of a peculiar character, from their close intimacy and suitability on religious and intellectual subjects; no one sympathized more with him in deep feeling for the negro, and she was the first, who proposed forming the Ladies' Negro Society, which has done so much to encourage education in the West Indies." Fowell Buxton, writing to the Bishop of Calcutta (Dr. Wilson), refers to her: "I have been united to her in the closest intimacy. She came as near perfection as any human being whom I ever knew. It was not that she had one kind of merit, carried to a great height; she possessed each accomplishment of a female and a Christian in the same rare degree. Soft and gentle as she was, she was no less steadfast, and firm, and immoveable. To these moral qualities, to

the most winning manners, to a noble countenance, to the utmost refinement and delicacy, she joined an intellect of a very high order. Then she was equally practical, active, and energetic. She laid out her talents to the best advantage; she was never idle; she studied a great deal, and turned all her studies to account. She visited the poor a good deal, and was most bountiful and pitiful towards them. She took infinite pains in the instruction of her children and family. I need not say, she was a Christian indeed; adorned as she was in a hundred ways, the beauty and charm of all, was her Christian consistency and her nobleness of character. Our loss is irreparable; but there is a charming picture before us—the image of one with whom we have lived so long, who is so mixed up and associated with everything, now transplanted to a scene for which she was so suited and prepared, 'to the city of the living God, to an innumerable company of angels, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to God the Judge of all.'"

December 21, 1836.

Thomas Fowell Buxton to Joseph John Gurney.—"My dear Joseph,—We lost Edward and Catherine yesterday, and expect Priscilla and party to-day. We have exceedingly enjoyed their visit. She is quite charming. A good Providence has given me very much, but few of its gifts have been so exactly to my taste as this dear daughter.

"Do come over here again and pay us a good visit. He is worse than an infidel who does not take care of his own family; so do not spend yourself on Manchesterites, but come and refresh Hannah and me."

Northrepps, January 17, 1837.

P. J. to Edward N. Buxton.—"My dearest Edward,—I only wish thee could see the very interesting party assembled—Dr. Phillips, my father, Anna, and

Andrew at the table, each with a copy of the huge Blue-book before them, and pens in hand. It is surprising how well they are able to work together. The notes Dr. Philips has brought are really capital as an abstract of the evidence; bones they are, and Anna has the flesh ready for them; she has fine bones too. Dr. P. reads his, and she hers; then they discuss, make notes, and settle it. My father is uncommonly bright, and Anna sets to work with a kind of intensity which is most interesting to see. We all sit round, I say, like the ostrich's eggs, outside the nest, to look on, and give our assistance from time to time. Aunt Sarah and I on one sofa, my mother and Chenda on the other; and just now Miss Glover and the boys are sitting by the window, as they are to-day over the Caffre case, which is very interesting. Yesterday was devoted to the suggestion of remedies, not so interesting, but how important! I really could but sit and wonder at the extraordinary privilege and interest of seeing such things at their moving spring. We have all got quite fond of Dr. P.; though there is somehow a dense crust to get through, yet underneath a very remarkable vein of good sense, as well as the entire devotedness to the work, and his true excellence and religion have appeared in a very strong light. His prayers for my father are very interesting: his sense of my father's great importance is almost painful; but everything more and more proves it. Charlie's little clear voice now pops in an observation; in short, we all help. I do long for both of you constantly, and also for Uncle Forster; he would be so interested. I am obliged to write in pencil secretly at the corner of the sofa. Our closest and nearest interest is with you continually, my beloved brother and sister.

"Ever most affectionately,

"P. J."

January 31st.

Hannah Buxton to Thomas Fowell Buxton.—"My most beloved companion,—I will send a few lines to greet thee at thy first London breakfast, pretty well, and satisfied in recommencing the 'post-horse' life! One of labour, and hurry, and much cross. Yet of honour and satisfaction; for surely it is an honour to be called to high and important service in the cause of God. We shall anxiously watch for letters about you."

To her sister Catherine, referring to the prospect of their brother Joseph's visit to America:—

Devonshire Street, June 9.

"We have had a most deeply interesting morning with our most beloved brother. The effect on my mind is of encouragement and peace about him and his prospects. We may humbly trust we are bound together in the Lord, and we give him up to Him, Who has redeemed us with His most precious blood. I desire no longer to hold back, but feel very willing that he should answer the call, which surely is of God; though there may be much in the dispensation which I cannot understand. Yet this we do know, that it is a complete dedication to His will and service, and must therefore prove to be to the glory of God. Joseph and Anna came with Betsy, sister Elizabeth, and Edward to breakfast this morning at nine o'clock. Edward Hoare, Gurney, and his wife to meet him. Our large party very interesting, though melancholy. We afterwards came into the drawing-room for our meeting, only our own family. Fowell read part of the third and fourth Philippians, and Joseph spoke a long time, chiefly to Fowell on his great calling—very encouraging and with great sympathy to me; then instructively to Gurney and Caroline. Betsy then addressed Edward Hoare, saluting the Johnstons as closely bound to them in the spirit. A few words to dearest Chenda and Anna. Joseph then prayed, and we broke up; the young men in a hurry departed, but we were not satisfied, and we again assembled, that Fowell might call down a flood of blessings upon our precious brother, which was most acceptable to all. Since their departure, Priscilla and her children have set off for Upton. I rejoice to get her into the country, immense as the loss of her and her children is to myself.

"H. Buxton."

To Anna Gurney and Sarah Maria Buxton, referring to Thomas Fowell Buxton's report on the treatment of the Aborigines:—

Belfield, June 28.

* * * "Monday saw the happy, happy conclusion of that dear report—presented and done with. Well, well, over—to our great thankfulness. He was told it was impossible to have it presented till after the private business, which would last for hours; but he mastered that, and went to the Speaker, said his wife was waiting at the door, if he would allow him to come on the first, and by his pathetic pleading he obtained leave; was instantly called in—one minute,—his precious report was carried up, presented, and ordered to be printed, and he out of the House in triumph! Joyful he was, and we too, and away we drove."

To Thomas Fowell Buxton at Weymouth during the election contest in which he was defeated:—

Upton, July 19.

"Well, my love, how do matters look to day? I could ask for thy dismissal, but I dare not, unless it be the good pleasure of thy Master. And I desire to be willing to give thee up to His holy service in public life, if it be His will to honour thee with His work in this arduous line. If it be, oh, may He be thy health and strength, and cover thy head in every day of battle."

To Elizabeth Gurney on the death of her mother, Sarah Shepherd:—

December 21, 1838.

"My dearest Sister,—We have been all truly interested, and I think edified and encouraged, by the touching account of thy beloved mother's peaceful departure. She has left a sweet savour behind her, and we can only most forcibly feel that she is blessed, for, assuredly she died in the Lord. Thee, dearest sister, has to give hearty thanks for her, that the rough places have been most mercifully made easy, or rather smooth. * * * Thee and my dear brother and your dear children will deeply feel the loss of this precious and constant object of care and interest; and her poor maids will find their peaceful abode a desolation. I quite feel for them; but to the beloved departed, a glorious and noble exchange indeed, obtained for her through Him she loved and desired to serve."

September 19.

To Thomas Fowell Buxton, jun.—"My beloved Fowell,—As we have a frank, we may send another line. We shall, if Mr. A—— approves thy coming, most thoroughly enjoy the treat of a sight of thee in October. Only, my love, let it not be the means of relaxing thee before and after, but work, work diligently, decidedly, with vigour and power, and with economy. Thy father is, as usual, most tender about you and your pleasures. He will give thee a day's shooting; but he does not wish, nor could he ever make shooting the first object. All devotion to such objects must be reserved to the day of necessity when health may call for them. Dearest Edward made a beautiful speech last night at the Bible Meeting. It was quite charming to thy father, and made me think of thee, dearest, that thee will

may speak boldly for the kingdom of Christ. We were delighted yesterday with the account of August 1st in the West Indies. In Jamaica there was a grand procession of 10,000 people, and a banner inscribed, "*God bless Buxton and Lushington!*' These two *here together* were rightly pleased and amused. After the revilings and abuse they have had there, to see this is very curious, and shows the change of feeling amongst the planters."

February 19, 1839.

To the same.—"Dear Charles and I have to-day completed Revelation; we enjoy getting some verses by heart. I hope, dearest, this capital plan is pursued by thee. I want thee to be a lay minister, able to take a minister's part as Andrew does, to our great help and comfort; and for this how needful is a store of Scripture, as well as for thy own edification; and I long for thee, my beloved Fowell, to take me as a warning in some things, and especially this, I feel so much the want of this store which I desire you to possess, and I also feel sensible that I have not made the diligent use I ought, of times of prayer and reading the Scriptures. Do these duties with zeal, promptness, and pains, and you will have to give thanks for the blessed habit all your life. Not only read, but study the Bible; pray it, compare one passage with another; follow up a subject, meditate on it, and lay it up in thy heart as a rule in life, and receive it as the truth as it is in Jesus. I hope the Epistles are read in small portions at night; and how does Exodus prosper on Sunday? How does thy French get on? I think much of the importance of the latter. Thy father is now asking how he can learn to speak French, and Aunt Fry is taking lessons; therefore lose not thy present opportunity."

In August, 1839, her sister-in-law, Sarah Maria Buxton, died at Clifton, after a short illness, whilst on a journey with Anna Gurney.

August 29, Northrepps.

To Anna Gurney and those with her Hannah Buxton writes:—"My most beloved ones,—We do drink with you this cup of sorrow; it is acutely bitter and heavily overwhelming for us all, entire as is the consolation, the peace, the rejoicing to be felt for our darling loving and loved sister. May we be bowed in thankfulness to Him Who has washed her white in His own blood, and granted her the abundant entrance into His Heavenly Kingdom of glory, peace, and joy.

Northcliffe Cottage C.L.B.

I do so long to turn to her, and not to dwell on ourselves and her most beloved companion. Overstrand is alarmed at the loss, so entirely great to each and all. With inexpressible love,

"Your most tenderly affectionate fellow-mourner and sister,

"H. Buxton."

Sarah Maria Buxton died August 29; her funeral took place at Overstrand, and is thus described:—"I cannot describe the luxuriance of beauty at the Cottage. The greenness was dazzling in the brilliant sun; the lawn gay with dahlias and scarlet geraniums, the fern-hill so gay and various, everything of nature in perfection; but oh, the strange mixture! Our cavalcade stopped that side of the gate by the pond, in which were the old sheldrakes. Between the pond and Cottage stood a multitude, composed of her school-children, boys and girls, the former in black pinafores, the latter in black frocks, and their teachers, and fishermen without number. At last the hearse appeared crossing the lawn from the garden-door. We all fell in behind, the children, &c., forming a line up each side, singing as we traversed that beautiful sloping field and up the lane. The Cromer people joined us on the way, her Bible Committee, and almost everyone else. It was unlike every other funeral; there was something joyous in the feeling. The hymns and the country seemed to bring Heaven so near. Then we all went into the church, the coffin first, borne by twelve fishermen, full of grief; next was cousin Anna in her chair. The tiny church was crowded, almost everybody in black; the old ruins, with the grand sea through the broken arches, and the perfect rest and quiet of the place, were striking. There was variety of feeling as we entered. The vault

was open, and dearest Harry's coffin before our eyes. Cousin Anna sat at the head of the vault, between it and the church, Spinks and Stephen leaning on the back of her chair, looking as if their hearts would break, and all the maids behind them. The ruins were crowded, besides the churchyard. When the service was ended—and how beautiful it is!—there was a moment's pause, while Uncle Cunningham mounted a grave, and gave us a very striking address, without his gown. He looked so fine with the sun shining through the ruins on his head. He beautifully described her character, her spirituality, her hopefulness, her charity, and close faithfulness to all around her."

Hannah Buxton writes:—My husband was often called to London during the autumn months, and after he gave up his house in London he spent part of every spring at Upton with his son Edward. His uncle and aunt at Belfield, near Weymouth, were always most affectionately remembered by him. He visited them once or twice every year, and wrote almost every day to his uncle. The loss of his election in 1837 was a decided relief to him; he received the deliverance from public life with great thankfulness.

A short pause was enjoyed with his son Edward and his wife in Scotland before he plunged into a new and immense concern which he had had under consideration—the remedy for the Slave Trade. He was led on step by step, till almost every thought and feeling was captivated in the desire to put down this dreadful evil. He worked incessantly at it, and was swallowed up in the project (which his book, "The Slave Trade and its Remedy," opened

before him) of an expedition to the Niger for promoting legitimate trade.

A continental journey being advised for the benefit of Mrs. Buxton's health, she left home in the autumn, accompanied by her son and daughter, Charles and Richenda, Sarah Gurney, and John Richards, the tutor; and after intense labour to finish what he had set himself to do, Mr. Buxton joined them at Rome, accompanied by Anna Gurney and his son Fowell. He was exceedingly interested in objects there, but the air, and exertions in visiting the prisons, presenting his report to the Pope, &c., produced alarming illness. He was relieved by removal to Albano, and afterwards to Naples, and returned to England to attend the Anti-Slavery meeting at Exeter Hall, May 15, 1840.

September 2, 1839.

To Thomas Fowell Buxton, jun., the day before leaving England.—"We had a very sorrowful departure from dear Northrepps—many tears from all but the two Ashantee princes, who stood amazed at the scene, staring with their black faces. Our journey proved cheering and pleasant to us. We intend to sail from London to-morrow. Think of us. May we be prospered in our going out and coming in, both by sea and by land. Dear Aunt Fry and her party came home ten days ago. It is a real comfort to meet as we pass. Well, dearest, I now leave thee; may the angel of the Lord encamp round about thee to be thy defence, thy guide, thy help, thy health, thy strength, thy salvation! May we be permitted to meet in peace and safety!

"Ever thy most tender mother,

"H. Buxton."

Rome, January 7, 1840.

To Richenda Cunningham.—"My dearest Chenda,—Thy letters have been truly valued. How dear and precious thy spirit and thy love towards us. You know our ups and downs, our blessings and comforts. Much of the latter are

given, and much pleasure and amusement, and I trust some real good. Our Sundays have been privileged days. I always at church once, and ministry generally valuable. How did we enjoy joining, as we believed, with all our children, and most of our dear ones, at the Sacrament on Sunday. How do I rejoice to feel in a company of believers—those who love and have the light. We feel for the dark places of the earth, and dwell with consolation on our privileges, with the hearty desire that all may walk worthy of them."

Thomas Fowell Buxton writes of his wife during his illness at Rome, 1840:—"I enjoy to have Hannah fidgeting about me all day and all night. There is no poetry like that of the Bible; where can we find an expression so forcible and yet so just as that of David, 'His love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women'? I have recreated myself in watching her, and in thinking of the goodness of Providence in folding up in one person the general characters of nurse, tutor, friend, chaplain, and wife, and giving the prize to me. I have the settled conviction that the best helpmate in the world has been reserved for me. Most women are capable of this devoted love, but then there is sometimes, be it spoken with reverence, a take off, or a drawback, as was the case with poor Sir Walter Scott's—'She was an angel in the hours of care and grief,' but

> "'In hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;'

whereas mine is not better on special occasions than in the every-day routine of affectionate duty."

Shortly after their return from Rome, in May, 1840, a baronetcy was offered to Mr. Buxton. Priscilla Johnston records the fact in a letter to her aunt, Catherine Gurney:—

Halesworth, July 20, 1840.

"My dearest Aunt,—I am glad of your line this morning, and to hear that you are well and enjoying Runcton. My father and mother are at Poles: all seems prospering with them, except my father over-working and over-worrying about Africa. I shall be glad to tell you the little there is to tell about the baronetcy. It was at the end of May, when we all went up to Prince Albert's meeting. One evening when Edward and Catherine, Andrew, and I were alone with him, he related to us the history of his interview with Lord John. They talked on various points of business. At last Lord John said to him: 'Now, Mr. Buxton, I want to put a question to you; will you give me a candid answer?' He having so often to represent the interests and feelings of others, hesitated, but then said: 'Well, my lord, I don't think you can ask me a question that I won't tell you the whole truth about, as far as I know it.' 'Would you like to be made a baronet?' It was a laughable change. We then entered upon the discussion of it. My father's mind was very interesting. 'I should like,' he said, 'very well to leave a strong anti-slavery, anti-slave-trade memorial to my family, otherwise it is little to me, only to call Hannah 'my Lady,' that I should like.' Edward was cool upon it, thought his father a greater man without it. However, the question soon settled upon Tommy. Would it be for his good? My father said: 'I don't think it will turn my old head, and I am not afraid of Edward: but that dear little boy, will it make him proud?' At last he referred the decision to Edward and Catherine. 'Say yes or no, and I will write to Lord John either way with perfect satisfaction.' We felt decidedly, that though an addition to the cares of education, they had no right, even had they not liked it for themselves, to refuse it for Tommy. It is like wealth, or any other worldly advantage; if sent you have no right to refuse it, however far you may be from seeking it. It was soon afterwards accepted with the full concurrence of Uncle and Aunt Gurney, and all concerned, except my mother, who could not be consulted; and as it was necessary to decide without her, my father set his mind on surprising her with it.

"All the last three weeks I was in London I was longing for it to appear. One day when the ministry seemed likely to go out, my father said: 'Well, an uncommon good end of the baronetcy.' The day I left they were dining at Mr. Evans's, and at dinner my mother was told of it by Mr. James Stephens, but she did not believe it, and when she got into the carriage first found it was true. Then I think it burst upon the family as a pleasant thing. They went to Hampstead, and there it was so enjoyed that it gave a new tone to it."

Upton, August 17.

To Anna Gurney, after Joseph John Gurney's arrival from America.—"My dearest Sister,—How much have we thought of thee, and felt with thee, on these most sorrowful anniversaries! May thee have been enabled to give up all to God, to choose His way and His will, that they may be fully and freely accomplished in and by thee! Nothing short of this spirit of submission and allegiance can give peace and calmness under thy circumstances of sorrow and deprivation. I can hardly think how thee passed the Sunday, such a long day with such vivid recollections; and church and every duty would be full of exceeding pain.

"P.S.—Joyful news now come, that our most beloved, precious brother landed yesterday. Sam says to see the ship sailing in with him on deck, was the most interesting sight he ever saw. He arrives at Upton to-night about 7. What a mercy!"

Again the following day:—

"Surely, my dearest sister, this is not the day to neglect thee, so I will send thee a line to say we do not forget thee and thy deep interests amid the current here, and of our dearest Joseph's arrival. He came last evening about eight, delighted and delightful; thoroughly himself; not at all changed. He says he feels our loss a great personal one to himself, such an ardent and faithful friend gone! How true is this character of her!"

Upton, Friday, Nov. 27, 1840.

To Priscilla Johnston.—"I am very well, and I think I may give a fair account of thy dearest father, though he is truly burdened by the weight of various difficulties. They say that he must be here, or nothing will be done! I am most earnest that he should now give up every part of the work, but the Niger Expedition; if he would keep simply to this, I believe that he would be able to compass it, and do it well.

"Saturday.—I just now asked him, after reading the 'Times' attack, &c., what message to thee. Nothing, but that he is far from uncomfortable; much at peace, in fact, though things do go rather cross, but that is not his business. William Edward Forster sticks close by him, and it is a real comfort to have a faithful friend raised up, to succeed dear Andrew.

"H. B."

Belfield, June 3, 1841.

To Thomas Fowell Buxton, jun.—"My dearest Fowell,—Now thee are just entering thy second day's examination. Thy father says: 'Dear fellow, let us pray for him.' We do desire this help, and calmness, clearness, and submission at the same time. The Lord alone giveth power in studies, and if, having done thy part diligently, He is pleased to withhold success, we can only feel it is not thy fault, dearest, but His Divine appointment; and entirely satisfied shall we be, knowing thee has not failed through carelessness and idleness. Thy father will not be at all disappointed if thee are in the third class, but I expect the second. I wish thee could see the blue sea before me this morning, and the green fields and grey Portland, it would refresh thee. Uncle and Aunt Buxton are youthful; really they do surprise me by their activity, clearheadedness, and self-denying habits—never lie down, or even touch an easy chair, never sleep by day, and all in this style. Well, dearest, I must leave thee, commending thee altogether to Him, whose thou art.

"Thy loving Mother,
"H. Buxton."

Patterdale, Aug. 4, 1841.

To Richenda Cunningham.—"This very interesting spot, in which I unexpectedly find myself, fills me with remembrances of my sisters, once forming such a delightful party of young, blooming, spirited girls. To be here again recalls a delicious youth, and leads to moralizing and melancholy, as far as this world is concerned. I do enjoy, however, seeing these scenes of our high happiness again.

"We changed our plans to-day, and came round by Ambleside and Patterdale, and have had a most beautiful and interesting journey. Windermere has looked beautiful. We excursed also along the shores of Rydal and Grassmere, and then came on over the falls to this place. We were joined last night by W. Edward Forster, who is a capital helper and companion. We are really prospering beyond what we could have expected. I trust we shall be preserved and defended, and blessed in body and soul."

August 28, 1841.

To Thomas Fowell Buxton, jun., on his birthday, from Scotland.—"My very dear Fowell,—I will send off a line to greet thee on thy advance into the TWENTIES; may blessings enter them with thee, my love, and go through them

with thee. It is a delightful period of life, and one in which most perhaps may be accomplished of any, in choosing and following the right way, and taking the stand as a soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus. Edward, Catherine, and Chenda are gone off to the Orkneys; the wind blows fair but strong, and I hope they are nearly there.

"Thy very loving mother,
"H. Buxton."

To Edward N. Buxton, on going to Forest Edge, Leytonstone.—"My conviction is that the Lord hath chosen your inheritance for you, and if received from Him with humble confidence and thankfulness, will prove an abode of peace and prosperity to soul and body to yourselves and little ones.

"I long for myself and each of us to walk more closely with God under all the changes and chances of this pilgrimage, our affections raised to and hopes fixed on the Eternal Kingdom prepared for His dependent ones, through the inestimable merits of our blessed Lord."

December 12, 1841.

To Anna Gurney.—"I wish thee could have heard Fowell's cry for mercy upon Africa and the Expedition this evening in the family. May prayer be heard this day, and the spirit of supplication poured out upon that land."

Forest Edge, February 1, 1843.

To Priscilla Johnston.—"It was quite a comfort that your father was not the worse for our sudden flight to Windsor yesterday. He was obliged to go, as Prince Albert had appointed him to be there at half-past two. I thought he was not in a state to go alone, so I determined to go with him, and made Edward go too.

"We set out, and with stopping for a moment at Brick Lane reached Slough by railroad easily. The weather was raw and damp, and I felt careful about him. At that grand hotel we had a poor, expensive luncheon; a much better one would have been had at home. We hired a fly for the time, till the four o'clock train, and in the mean time amused ourselves with driving into the Great Park, where we had a fine view of the Castle. We drove into one of the courts, and your father was ushered in. He was an hour, I think, in the Palace, and as the afternoon was very fine, I was able to walk about and see the noble pile and the Terrace. The Prince met your father warmly, shaking hands and going to meet him. He heard all his melancholy story with much interest, and

seemed faithful to the cause. He thought the Society might and ought all to act together, and seemed very liberal in his views, and unwilling to give up the object; said he would read the 'Friend of Africa,' and implied that the Queen would also, and hoped it would be continued whenever there was any information to be given. He was remarkably satisfactory and pleasing. They ended the interview with a few words on shooting, and Prince Albert said he had been shooting your father's capercailzies. He offered to give him two tame ones, which quite pleased the Prince. Your father did not seem very tired, and was pleased with his conversation.

"H. Buxton."

Hampstead, February 5.

To Richenda Buxton.—"We went to the new education meeting with the members of the circle here, and a very interesting one it was. Several gentlemen were there to speak—Lord C——, the Bishop of Antigua, Sir E. Parry, Mr. Cunningham, &c. I felt particular interest in recurring to the formation of this Society in connection with your dearest Aunt Hoare. Mr. Trew told us of the effect it had produced in the West Indies. It was the first effort made for the instruction of the slaves, and has been attended with great results. How have her labours been blessed! I could not but love the remembrance of her work, and enjoy for her the harvest which has been in mercy given. Mr. Cunningham alluded to her in his speech very pleasantly.

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, March 4.

To Richenda Cunningham.—"Fowell has been quite lifted up and almost changed by the debate on the Slave Trade last Wednesday. The information has heartily cheered him. What a creature of deep feeling he is! I wish any one could have seen the power of his thankfulness and feeling on the subject, and his groanings of spirit for the furtherance of the work. It has been most interesting to me. He brought the newspaper in to our family reading yesterday morning, and began with that, to our amusement, and then poured forth praise and thanksgiving, after reading the 68th Psalm. Dear sister Forster being here to minister with him has been very pleasant, and a lovely sight to have such unity of spirit between them in their simple united faith, yet so different in character.

"H. Buxton."

CHAPTER VII.

1844—1852.

EARLY WIDOWED DAYS.

THROUGHOUT the year 1844 the health of Sir Fowell Buxton was in a very failing state. The grievous news of the failure of the Niger Expedition * (from health) in the previous year was a blow from which he never fully recovered.

February 29, 1844.

Lady Buxton writes to Lady Parry.—"We have had a weighty time. I cannot return to the sorrow and alarm of the illness; but we have him back, received from the Lord; truly do I feel that it has been like Hezekiah's reprieve. Oh, may it be for our good as well as our comfort! We dare not use him as a minister much, and have felt the want and loss of it. I am quite ashamed of not having thanked Sir Edward Parry for his important note. You cannot think how it delights your uncle to hear of efforts made, how he groans over doing nothing himself, and doubts if he is right."

Bath, May 3, 1844.

To Mrs. Edward N. Buxton.—"My beloved Catherine,—Dearest Aunt Fry's departure and our separation is a sorrow to me. I have so truly enjoyed her lovely company, and felt her a beautiful specimen of the faithful, loving, obedient, and serving child under suffering and great weakness. I feel her light to shine bright and steady, it never is obscured; I can perceive no sin in her. We had a

* (From "Memories of Old Friends," chap. xxiii., 1857).—"I should like everybody to have heard Dr. Livingstone's lecture. * * * * Most cheering was his assurance that the Niger Expedition had not been made in vain: that frequently in the interior, and more and more as he approached the coast, he found there had been tidings of a white nation who loved black people; and he reaped abundant benefit from this prestige. Oh, if Sir Fowell Buxton might have known it! but doubtless *he does*, and gives glory where alone it is due."

delightful drive yesterday, not going far, but standing still, and she was full of communication, truly instructive. She was very ill before getting to bed, and wished to see thy father, so he and I and Sarah Gurney went up, and were partakers of blessed communion. He was so comforting to her, she so overflowing in love to him. I read a few comforting verses, and we then had prayer, your father giving thanks for her and beseeching help for her; I a word or two, and then she, dear creature, broke forth in thanksgiving and praise, and expression of nearest love and unity to us. It was most precious and lovely, and I am thankful for the privilege of such a season. She expressed, under very deep conflict this evening, the never-failing peace and hope within. She is indeed safe in the Lord's hand; nothing can touch that redeemed spirit, and to Him we may in confiding love, commit her. We feel parting, but it is time, I think, for them to go. She is too ill to abide from home.

"I must now go and see the eclipse; so farewell, my most beloved children.

"H. Buxton."

In November she says:—"Fowell's state is a standing care. The current is, strong, but," she adds, "the promise is sure, and the safety of his children secured in Christ." Illness increased upon him in the beginning of the following year, and he died Feb. 19, 1845.

Northrepps, February 12, 1845.

To Catherine Buxton.—"My most beloved child,—Surely we are laid low and brought into the valley. I must leave him and all of us to the promise, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be,' and that grace is sufficient for us, if we are found abiding in Him Who is the shelter from the storm. This precious one is the redeemed of the Lord, and we know and are sure that he will be presented faultless before the throne of God, clothed in the garments of salvation through our most blessed Lord; and in this perfect joyful confidence we rest for him. Dearest sister Eliza (Mrs. J. J. Gurney) says, 'it is a bed of peace,' so very little bodily trial is now permitted, and as to the precious mind, I believe it is hid with Christ in God. I said to him in the night, 'God is merciful to thee.' 'Yes, most merciful; He is most merciful to me,' he said.

"Your loving mother,

"H. Buxton."

Feb. 14.

To the same.—"Thy loving and dear sympathizing letter is all I can desire. I have dutiful, loving children, and what a mercy is this. I shall not be left alone, as some are, in the wilderness of this troublesome world, but what a season is this to come to! Your father is lying in the deepest weakness and helplessness, but through unspeakable mercy, in wonderful ease. I really cannot express what this mercy is to us. It is marvellous to be standing on the verge of Jordan, as we are, and to be as we are. I can hardly understand how we can bear it as we do. But then, the glimpses of his heavenly mind, give unfeigned peace and joy. I do think the peace of God dwells in his inmost soul, and that there is deep resignation to the whole will of God in the measure of bodily trial permitted. All will be gathered round him but thee, dearest, to-morrow, when our dear bride and bridegrom (Mr. and Mrs. Fowell Buxton) come. Dearest Edward is essential to us. I cannot see beyond the day. We must cast ourselves and our way upon God. He, we humbly trust, cares for us as a family. He does for the honoured head, we know, and trust the same for us all. May he be kept as the apple of the eye under the shadow of the Heavenly Wing."

She writes of her brother Joseph's visit to her husband:—"I went up with Joseph to Fowell. He was awake, his eyes open, his countenance fine. Joseph repeated 1 Cor. ii. 9, and then with a most expressive tone, he applied it to my dearest—'I know that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived, the things which are prepared for thee, my beloved brother. Yes, for thee, through the love of God towards thee in Christ Jesus thy Lord.' My dearest most warmly squeezed and held his hand for some time, and looked affected."

Northrepps Hall, Feb. 20.

Priscilla Johnston to her aunt Richenda Cunningham.—"Dearest Aunt,—You see what I have to tell you. Our precious, honoured, beloved father is gone! He died in perfect peace about ten o'clock last night—we all and Anna Gurney having been round his bed for hours, an unspeakably solemn yet blessed evening.

The afternoon was distressing with pain in the chest and oppression of breathing, but from about six there was perfect stillness, and none could say when the last soft breath was drawn, and he slept in Jesus! You will send for my boy (Andrew) and tell him. Let him fancy the scene. My mother, Chenda, Edward, and Charles on the fire side of the bed; Fowell and Rachel and Anna Gurney at the foot; Andrew lying by him on the window side, and I kneeling next to him. Surely you and uncle will come; the day is to be Thursday, and what we wish is that you would bring our boy with you. We have had much prayer; my mother is hardly ever from it, and we shall take more comfort than we do. I believe our Lord is with us and ever will be."

February 22, 1845.

To Catherine Buxton.—"I must write to my most loved child, to share this wonderful, sorrowful loss; thy heart is closely with us, as much as if present. I desire to be found willing, and not in spirit to be murmuring at the will of the Lord. May grace so abound as to preserve me from it. * * * I would dwell on the heavenly realities, the truth that he is before the throne in glory, serving day and night in the Temple with his beloved ones gone before, and if he is with the Lord, the Lord is with us, to keep, help, teach, and preserve us. I need not tell thee what thy most tenderly beloved Edward has been to me, so entirely uniting in the sorrow, and giving such help and comfort. You will rest together to-day, and be refreshed by drinking of the fountain of Living Waters; and the darling children will comfort and cheer you. Oh, the mercy of having children to cherish me. I want to write to dearest Aunt Fry and thy mother, whose letters of love and sympathy and personal, individual sorrow, I know and deeply value, but I cannot write to-day, so thee must convey a message of nearest love and gratitude from thy sorrowing but comforted mother,

"H. Buxton."

March 1, 1845.

To the same.—"My very much, most tenderly beloved Catherine,—I cannot tell thee how lovely thy dear letters have been to me, and the oneness I feel with thee, my love, is entire. As thy father loved thee so do I, with unbounded affection. Thee has been a precious daughter to him, and will be to me all thy life; and oh, may it be long preserved to help me to the end. I need not say what Edward has been to me and us all. Thy descriptions of thy father, my darling child, in his lovely influence amongst us have been charming to me. The tone of

congratulation for my most endeared one from all who could appreciate him is truly delightful. Oh, what a testimony have we that he adorned the doctrine of his God and Saviour; yet we know not how to be without him. May I leave those things which are behind, and press forward, that I may through the infinite mercy of my Saviour find help and grace here, and finally a union granted with my beloved, for Christ's sake. And now, my dearest, we must be cheered, as he himself writes to me, having left me a precious letter to cheer me. I love the manner in which thy father and mother have received our truly valued title, and rejoice with sorrow to see my dearest Edward and thee, my most loved child, adorned by it, and sweet Tommy the heir to it.

"Thy loving mother,

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps Cottage, March 11, 1845.

Anna Gurney's pencil note sent in the evening.—"I do, dearest sister, desire with prayer and supplication that you may be granted peace this night. It does pass our understanding that any peace should be attainable; but the highest peace, the peace of God, is to be had, and may that peace keep even your sorrowing heart in reliance on Christ our loving Master.

"Your most affectionate,

"A. Gurney."

March 20, 1845.

Priscilla Johnston to Catherine Buxton.—"I have now struggled through necessary notes, and get to my longed-for letter to thee; but where to begin? And yet I long to write, for some of thy words have been positively healing, have stuck by me, and returned like a cool, soothing hand after the shoots of pain. I have greatly felt thy quotation about 'The Wilderness.' Oh, may it indeed be verified to me. I may say my whole soul longs for spiritual gifts, and not to be healed without being also strengthened, elevated, and set on a higher platform. But oh, the infirmities; never, I think, can I forget the development of corruption in this sorrow. And yet even to me there have been such sweet tastes of consolation; some words of Scripture have been written as with light, and have seemed to be in me whether waking or sleeping. Passion Week has been truly seasonable; we have dwelt very much upon it, reading the Harmony with the children, and it has filled our dearest mother's mind. What a

saint she is!—grace in her is so perfectly graceful. Yesterday she and we opened for the first time the North End parcels (of 1820). There were the little girls' toys, work, &c., and her journals as sent from North End. They are enough to move a stone! She was calm over the drawer, but oh, those work-boxes! We then proceeded to search her hoards of letters for his letters, which we shall arrange and read regularly through of an evening. How to break away from these intense interests I know not.

"Your ever loving sister,
"P. JOHNSTON."

March 31, 1845.

To Priscilla Johnston.—"My darling child,—I think most tenderly and constantly of thee, and do feel the miss extremely; yet I could not have thee always here, and I believe this is the right time for me to be made to stand alone and to place my dependence more simply and entirely on Him Who is the strength of our life, and may He be our portion for ever. I feel driven much to lay hold on Christ, being in spirit much severed from what was my support; though I am truly thankful for the sweet and lovely helps I have. Chenda is bright, loving, and effective; my two dearest nieces most sympathizing and strengthening companions; Charles too exceedingly attentive and affectionate to me and agreeable in our party.

"Our afternoon and evening we accomplished as well as we could expect. Charles came up and read with me after dinner, and we enjoyed the Bible together. Dearest cousin Anna came to take our family reading. This proved almost too much for us. It was so truly affecting to have the place thus taken. She hardly knew how to bear it, or I either. We felt we had insufficiently reckoned the great effort, the affecting effort to her, but she was well brought through it. It was to me comfort and strength. I came up for some quiet afterwards, but was so tired I was more disposed for rest than to sit up, and had a good night. Everything I feel an effort and difficulty, and truly poor and needy in myself; however, I am to do and minister according to the small ability given, and leave the result to Him Who can give a blessing to any means used.

"I have encountered the family reading, and have to be thankful for help given in this duty, but I do feel it is a weight. We shall be glad to have Katherine Fry here and her dearest mother whenever she thinks it best to come. Most interesting is the prospect of being with her again, and I expect it will be

a help and comfort to me. The whole house, dearest Priscilla, feels thy being gone, and the maids too take it really to heart. The baby (Isabel) is a pleasure and occupation to them as well as to us, and I think it thoroughly answers to Chenda to have her here.

"Thy most loving mother,
"H. Buxton."

Referring to Elizabeth Fry, she writes:—

Northrepps, April 7, 1845.

I am struck with my sister's heavenly, patient, forbearing spirit. I have been reading to her the first epistle to the churches.

She spoke of many, as being in constant prayer for them. I asked her how this was—how had she time to pray so much? "Why, it is always on my heart; I think even in sleep the heart is lifted up;" putting it to me as the common experience, "is it not so?" "It is, if I may venture to say it, living in communion with Christ." "In Him! What should I be without Him? Where should I stand? I never have known despondency; whatever the depths of suffering, mind or body, still the confidence has never left me that all was and would be well, if not in time, in eternity. I have been so comforted by the sense of the glory and happiness of those taken, it has been a preparation for the sorrows."

I asked her view of the state after death. "My mind is, that there is a tabernacle provided." I said that it was a pain to me that we did not wish to depart. "Not at all to me," she said; "it is given to us to wish to remain; it is evidently intended, and right we should, and shows a much more wholesome and right state of mind than to wish to leave this world."

Ramsgate, October 17.

Hannah Buxton writes of her last visit to Elizabeth Fry:—My religious communication with my beloved sister was most precious. Several mornings I sate by her bedside after she woke and read to her. Her mind was clear and powerful in spiritual things, enlarging with comprehension of their truth in various passages. Her heart was extremely in the things of God.

I read to her a short passage in Baptist Noel's little book on the Presence of God, and asked her what was her own experience on this point. She said, "That she believed she lived ever in the sense of His presence; that she was never separated from Him in spirit; ever looking to Him, ever in communion, ever seeking to be preserved, taught, and strengthened. What should I be without this?" she said. "I could not live. I must die, or go out of my mind." She spoke of entire confidence in Christ for preservation unto the end. She knew His power, His compassion, His faithfulness. He was her hope—her assurance of hope. She expressed the desire that He should know all her most secret faults. "Oh, I could not conceal anything from Him." She seemed also in unfailing peace, unshaken in the knowledge that the Kingdom was her inheritance, through the unmerited, unbounded love of Christ. I believe she had no doubt or fear whatever, but her desire and expectation were rather to remain here and serve yet longer. Her mind was still occupied with doing good, continually forming plans for distributing books and doing good to the sailors and the people about.

She spoke of our Tommy's visit with real pleasure, always saying what a nice child he is, and expressing very great love for Catherine's children and all my children, one after another.

She received with full mind and relish any accounts of good going on. Her heart was full of desire after the progress of good in the world or in any she loved. She received with thankfulness the smallest instance of this. Her sympathy too was ready for all. A poor friend called apparently in affliction. We did not know her, but it was lovely to see the feeling she excited, saying, "I see she is in sorrow. How I feel for her!"

Elizabeth Fry died at Ramsgate in the following month.

Northrepps, October, 1845.

To Priscilla Johnston.—"I will leave other letters and send thee some history of ourselves. Our return home has been, more than I could have expected, relieving and helpful to me. The calm and rest, even with all its loss and sorrow, has been just the thing for me. I like being much alone, and the retirement of the Grey Room has suited me. It has been a pause I needed, and to come back and dwell in spirit with my beloved, and in a way to return to his company, has done me good. I love the pictures and the spirit which seems to abide here, and though wonderfully left alone, yet the prevailing idea has been to live so that I may be a sharer with him of the glorious inheritance and deepen the work of faith with power on my heart. * * *

"Most loving,
"H. Buxton."

January 23, 1846.

"My beloved child,—Here I am in my room again, Rachel at the window, Prissy begging to play the music, Esther fidgeting after them and the letters. I have felt desolate certainly this morning, but after a time felt it right to stir up and go to the Cottage to read some papers to Mrs. Opie. I met Anna coming up

to see after me, so walked by her side, and paid a most interesting visit to Mrs. Opie.

"Farewell, my most tenderly beloved child. Thine,

"H. Buxton."

Leytonstone, April 23.

To Anna Gurney.—"Dearest Sister,—We were a touching party here last evening, I and my eight children, and no one else. I did so feel it; such a beautiful group, and all as I trust members of one body—living, may it be, for an everlasting union—a reunion with the one so wanted amongst us! But I write for business. We read with feeling the addresses against the Caffres; but the knowledge was wanted in all, how the question stands and what to do. The greatness of the loss did come powerfully before me.

"While at breakfast this morning a carriage drove up, and who should arrive but the dear Bishop of Calcutta (Daniel Wilson), come to dinner, as was fixed, and to lodge, but choosing to begin with breakfast, that he might secure a quiet retired morning, being too much interrupted at home. He met us most affectionately, recognizing Priscilla with the greatest warmth. He sat down and began a full stream of talk from one thing to another, most exceedingly interesting, bright, and amusing.

"He seemed to feel all sorrows just as simple and easy to bear as pleasures. Of his daughter he said, 'She is very ill; but this is of God, all well; and she is better; all well, ill or well. I am of the spirit of Joseph Gurney—all for peace and quiet.' The Bunsens meet him at dinner, more to tea, and some to breakfast. He spends, he says, the morning here to-morrow for quiet, and goes away before dinner. I dreaded the effort of seeing him, but he is too familiar upon everything to make the communication an effort; nor did he seem to enter into my feelings, so living in 'all being well,' cheerful and content with all, speaking very familiarly of my beloved, without any sense or the least expression of the deep sorrow and mourning of heart about him."

February 27, 1846.

To Lady Parry.—(The anniversary of the funeral of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.) "I hardly like to break the solemnity of the day by writing a line, or saying a word, but I feel a unity so close with you I must express it, and acknowledge your delightful sympathy and understanding. You know what it is to be living almost in a wind-up, if not in heaven. It has been so very merci-

fully given me at times to feel one with my beloved, as it were in the sanctuary, in the blessed presence of the Lord; only it seems to bring me low even to say this, so much of infirmity, of the love of the world, and longing after what is gone remains; but it is a wonderful help to have this measure of apprehension of Divine things granted at times.

"Your most affectionate aunt,

"H. Buxton."

Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, was taken ill at the end of the year 1846, and after a very short illness died on the 4th of January, 1847.

January 6, 1847.

To Richenda Cunningham, on the death of her brother Joseph.—"My very dear Chenda,—What true, deep sorrow is this! It is like our own flesh and blood. I doubt if anything excites this intense tender feeling so much. He always did from a lovely little boy. No one was quite so dear. What an extensive as well as sharp trial. Miss Hancock says every charity, whether for body or soul, mourns. How true; what was he to others, openly and in secret? A friend of love, help, and sympathy. But he has the better and enduring riches and portion now in possession! His time was come to serve in heaven, delivered from all the burdens of the flesh and spirit. I wish to soar in my views and dwell with the holy company there."

January 12, 1847.

To Mrs. Joseph John Gurney.—"How are thee, my love, to be greeted this morning? It is now brought to thee that thee are alone and all gone of thy darling, and with him all of life! I feel there is nothing to do but to be ready to suffer all the will of God concerning us; yet though I may say this to thee, how hard it is to myself! But though it is hard to give up all, and grievous and not joyous, I do believe it is what we must come to. To take up and bear the cross, the sorrow, the deep disappointments of life wholly, keeping back nothing, giving up all, and so following Christ. But oh, I feel for thee in the empty house this morning, the place that is to know him no more—the bed, the room, the everything without him, the shell only left. It is a wonderful change, and the Lord alone can enable thee to bear it in 'patience, submission, and love.' How have

I dwelt upon that sweet hymn of his, and how have I been spending this solemn, afflicting morning with you! It is new to be alone under such interests, but my dearest Chenda has been peacefully asleep, and left me to soar with you to the heavenly mansions, and let us take joyfully the spoiling of our portion here, knowing assuredly through unclouded mercy we have the enduring inheritance prepared, as we humbly trust, for us, into which our honoured loved ones have found the abundant entrance; and may we go patiently and hopefully on our way on the pilgrimage here."

January 13, 1847.

To Edward N. Buxton.—"My dearest children,—I really think I have hardly written once to you under all the overturnings of the last days! They have been overwhelming, but now there seems a degree of peace after the storm. All gone of this most intensely loved one! His place to know him no more, the work all arrested. It is the fall of the house! Such an unlooked-for return of our own sorrow—in the same intense loss to others as well as ourselves! In this there is much surprise and consternation; but a sure and certain hope sustains: 'the Lord omnipotent reigneth,' calms, and the everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus towards all, comforts."

February 19, 1847.

To Catherine Buxton.—"My beloved Catherine,—I must write you a line of love on this our day. I have had much time to myself, and been strengthened and comforted. The first chapters of Revelation have been my portion, and the many blessed promises to those who overcome—rejoicing for him who received that faith which enabled him to overcome, through which also he was conformed to the blessed image of the Lord, and made an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. I feel about dear Uncle Buxton* much—that he through infinite mercy may be accepted in the Beloved, his sins forgiven, and he washed white in the precious blood of the Lamb. It is very interesting to me to have Edward called to take the place of his dearest father in watching this death-bed, if so it prove. We are in a calm to-day, which is a real relief to me, to be able to turn with much quietness to the past, and to be fed with heavenly things in the retirement of my room. Farewell, my beloved child.

"Your most loving mother,

"H. Buxton."

* Charles Buxton, of Belfield, died in the following summer.

February 22, 1847.

To Mrs. Joseph John Gurney.—"My very dear Sister,—I must acknowledge thy dear note. How I can feel for and with thee! The approach of spring and all its beauties I hardly know how to bear, and can understand what it is to thee. Do not look forward. I have often been tempted to say in doing so, I cannot encounter what is before me; but when the effort was to be made or the sorrow met, then some inward or outward help was given, and rough places have been made comparatively smooth, or much smoother than I anticipated. We must live in the day and in the hour—ever taking shelter for the time, but future days seem too hard to meet, and we must turn from them.

"H. Buxton."

August 6, 1847.

To Sir Edward Buxton, on standing for South Essex.—"My most dear Edward,—What can we say to the overwhelming interests and crisis? My strongest sensation, I think, is of deep thankfulness that you are truly the worthy son of a worthy sire. I do deeply thank God, and acknowledge that his mantle has fallen upon you; that you are a successor to his excellence; that you do enter public life as the soldier and servant of our Lord Jesus, and in that character and in His service you will be prospered. How we fancy you to-day going your round, and the excitement of the family, sharing it as they do! The general approval of you is almost too much to bear. I feel quite overwhelmed by it. How we desire the heavenly blessing!

"H. Buxton."

August 6, 1847.

To Richenda Cunningham.—"My dearest Chenda,—What a crisis of interest for us! I feel the whole thing deeply, but nothing so much as that Edward has so wonderfully the mantle of his precious father thrown over him; and not one father only, but surely light from both fathers shines upon him. And does he not walk worthy of these beloved ones? He enters the field as a Christian warrior, to be on the right side to do good. The remarkable love and honour shown to him for his own and the family's sake is inexpressibly gratifying. I especially value the love and zeal of all his cousins, friends, and neighbours; it is delightful,

though not unmixed with heartfelt sorrow. What would it have been to his father to have witnessed!

"Most affectionately,
"H. Buxton."

Southwold, August 12th, 1847.

From Priscilla Johnston.—"I want to tell you what I saw of the events and scenes of last week. The first proposal to stand for South Essex was made to Edward about three weeks ago by Mr. Hardcastle, M.P. for Colchester. After some consideration Edward refused, and almost forgot it. On Saturday, July 31st, he received a printed invitation to the 'Reform Committee of South Essex,' for Monday at three, to meet a Liberal candidate. This stuck in his mind, and led him to consider what he would do in case of being again asked to stand. On Monday, August 2, at ten o'clock, a deputation appeared; *he* was to be the Liberal candidate. Lord Grosvenor was then at the Brewery; he consulted him as to its being presumptuous, and got Mr. Hardcastle to go and ask the Government the same. Both being encouraging, he hastily prepared an address, and went to the committee. By two o'clock that day week he was knight of the shire for South Essex! He came down to Forest Edge, planning the campaign, and immediately wrote to everybody, and set all to work most diligently. We first heard of it on Wednesday. My husband and I set off; Chenda was too faithful to her work to let her go. I longed to see Catherine; the way opened, and we went, in which we now do, and ever shall, rejoice exceedingly, for it was enriching to one's mind to see one so dear in such a focus of interest. On our arrival at Forest Edge, we found not a little done—the baby born, for one thing (it swallowed up all else to me), but also three great days of work, and now we were standing on the edge of the poll, which on Friday morning was to open in seven places. Edward looked calm and steady, very active and energetic, others more excited. His spirit was beautiful throughout, such courage and faith. I remained with Catherine awhile, and then went to Stratford; a most amusing sight it was. Uncle Gurney regnant there, and the place in a buzz. He seized Henry Edmund, and carried him in to vote. We bought cockades, and enjoyed the lively scene. The band came, we snatched luncheon, and went off by train to Chelmsford with Ernest de Bunsen and Charles, where we expected to meet Edward, unfortunately, however, we missed him, and though we waited three hours, he came later. It was highly entertaining, blue and yellow processions alternately going through

the town, polling going on briskly, Sir John Tyrell making a violent speech. We all met again at Forest Edge to tea, with the news we were thirty-seven behind Smyth. Bramston being secure, the contest was for the second seat between Sir E. Buxton, 'the friend of the poor,' 'Buxton and liberty,' &c. &c., and Smyth, 'the farmers' friend.' But I must pursue my tale. Saturday, Edward, Andrew, &c., went off early. Andrew went off to Maldon, Charles and Sam in various directions. About ten Edward and Ernest appeared in a fine bustle at Forest Edge. Tommy and I joined them, and off we went to Epping. A lovely drive, interspersed with various canvassings of people we saw on the road, &c. At Epping we were in the enemy's country, the town full of blue—poor orange looking very small. Mr. Bramston was there, and soon made a speech from the top of a door, disclaiming coalition with Sir Edward, yet all courteous. We went into a nice Quaker's house, and Edward stood on the seat of our coach-box and replied. My nervousness was soon dispelled by the power of his voice and the force of his speaking. He seemed entirely at ease, and replied with grace and point to all that had been said, and they soon began to applaud plentifully. The tone he gave to the contest here and everywhere was striking and courteous. He was truly gracious in deed and look; I am sure most persuasive, so refined, intellectual, and full of both feeling and mind. Mr. Bramston is also a nice-looking man. Well, from Epping we galloped off to Romford; there again good, clever speechifying, hasty dinner in a bed-room, polling proceeding with eagerness, flags, music, and colours. The mob all for us! They gathered round repeatedly. 'Three cheers for Lady Buxton.' I was truly sorry she should have had such a poor representative, and I put Tommy forward when Edward was away, as much as I could; he looked charming, so did all the boys. At Romford we joined the train and whisked away to Chelmsford, where we found the utmost excitement on closing the poll. How deeply did I feel as we drove up, seeing there was just a quarter of an hour to end it. How easily the balance might be turned either way, and I was assured that it was in the best hands. Well, reports kept pouring in unfavourable at Chelmsford, Maldon, Rochford, and Billericay, but how they would finally balance each other we knew not. It was clearly very near—we thought within ten. They spoke again—cheering and hurrahs, and off we went, calculating, fearing, and hoping. We left the train at Ilford, where happily Uncle Gurney's carriage and Mr. Nixon met us. We went nearly at full speed; the crowd gathering and shouting loudly. Edmund, &c., galloped up to us, 'All right, twenty-nine ahead.'

Entry into Stratford was a triumph! Sunday was a singular pause; very serious, very feeling; Andrew, Charles, Edward, &c., collected round Catherine's sofa; we had a cheerful talk, and then a solemn little reading and prayer, 'He setteth up one and casteth down another,' &c. We then went down to supper, and certainly had then rather to leave behind our Sabbath Day, which had been a very serious one. Orders to give, arrangements to make in numbers; ribbons, flowers, carriages to prepare. Sam and Charles went off very early to Chelmsford. All the flowers in the garden nearly were gathered and in Catherine's room. By eight we all dressed as fine as ever we could muster, and at half-past nine we set off. All the ladies and gentlemen, men, maids, and children, in two one-horse flies—the only carriages left in the country. A special train came to Stratford. 'The member and the ladies in the saloon,' and a bright drive we had down, picking up recruits at every station. At Chelmsford a row of gaily-trimmed carriages awaited us. Edward, Madame Bunsen, and I and the boys in the first, and this was a crowning scene. After a triumphal entry, the Sheriffs declared the poll thirty-five ahead. They spoke from waggons. An immense crowd, noise, and excitement after this, 'Baronet's' white neck trimmed with orange ribbons, and Mr. B.'s brown horse with blue, appeared in the crowd, and our two members, girt with swords, mounted, preceded by the banners blue and orange, both bands of music, vast crowds, they went through the town, followed by a good troop of orange horsemen, all our gentlemen, and some others; not one blue that I saw. Edmund Gurney and his white horse conspicuously handsome. Here was the sight of all—or rather, our most interesting and dear member. I trust never to forget the beautiful picture of him bareheaded, bowing 'lower than his proud steed's neck,' his whole bearing and demeanour so beautiful. This over, and bustle and confusion enough, we came away, leaving them to their dinner, caught the train, and reached this place at night, our victory having only just preceded us. Now for a blessing on him, dearest fellow, and on them all. Farewell.

"Most affectionately,

"Priscilla Johnston."

August 10, 1847.

To Sir Edward N. Buxton.—"My most beloved Edward,—The news of certainty reached me yesterday about five. I feel rather overcome and somewhat at first laid low by the event so full of weighty consequences; but I was highly gratified on hearing the full history from Andrew and Priscilla, who arrived about ten,

and sat with us telling us as much as they could till half after eleven, and we all devoured the history. I cannot express what I feel at the absence of him who would have been bowed down in thankfulness for you, my most dear child—his every wish gratified in you. Pecular grace and peculiar favour seem graciously to rest upon you. And then, dearest Uncle Joseph, how do I turn to his one view and desire for you.* Oh! for righteousness, peace, and joy to abound with you.

"Your most entirely loving mother,
"H. BUXTON."

1848.

To Mrs. Joseph John Gurney.—"My very dear Sister,—I should have written before, had not Catherine done it, to tell thee what genuine pleasure, received as it is with varied feelings, thy opinion of dearest Charles's work† gave me. I was delighted to find that thee liked and approved it, dearest sister. It makes me indeed sorrowful to think and feel what dearest Joseph would have felt in seeing his plans carried out so much to the satisfaction of myself and all who loved him. I often turn to the picture of Joseph over it and the lovely picture of their friendship. How he would have liked to have been so much interwoven with one who was so dear to him. The book brings them together so much before us in lively and lovely colours. Much as I am intensely gratified by the success of the

* His uncle Joseph John Gurney had written in his journal:—Earlham, 6 month, 7, 1846.—We arrived happily at Upton on the 16th to dinner. The following first day was interesting and satisfactory. We had very lively meetings, both morning and evening; in the latter Edward and Charles Buxton and many of our young people were present. I was particularly led to speak on the danger of underrating the talents bestowed upon us, calling them two, instead of five, so that under the veil of mock-modesty the work to which the Lord would truly call us remained undone. "What owest thou unto thy Lord? Fifty. Take thy bill and write thirty." I thought I had a clear view that the young men especially were called to enlarged usefulness, and I very much apprehended that Edward and some others would find a sphere of usefulness in Parliament, where Christian men are much wanted. If this be a right view, may it come to pass; if not, let the vision fade away, saith my soul. Sure I am that whatsoever design or undertaking is of God, that will stand, and nothing else. May it please Thee, oh Lord, in all things to guide us by Thy counsel, and afterward receive us to glory.

† The Memoir of his father.

work, it is deeply affecting to me; and thee may suppose leads me to retrace my steps with a wonderful mixture of thankfulness for what has been. We have not had one complaint of faults in the book, but only from too little being said."

January 7, 1849.

To the same, on the anniversary of Joseph John Gurney's death.—"My most tenderly beloved Sister,—It is a pain laid upon me that I am not to be at thy side to-day! I could have longed to be with thee, and partaking with thee of this wonderfully bitter cup, so full of sorrow for thyself, my dearest sister. But thee will be enabled to take comfort, as thee hast comforted others, in dwelling on the redeemed, blessed, liberated spirit in the fulness of joy and thanksgiving. I turn to him as one eminently honoured of God—favoured, highly favoured with the abundance of His heavenly gifts. I dwell upon his early life as well as his mature life with tenderest remembrances of the beauty of his spirit even from a child; and to have had him kept all his life in heavenly places, how sweet, how precious the review, and now the speedy transfer into the heavenly mansions. What a cause for exciting our heartiest praises and thanksgiving for him!

"H. Buxton."

Written after a visit to Overstrand with my beloved Chenda, February 20, 1849, and a sweet, loving visit to my most sympathizing precious sister at the Cottage:—

February 20, 1849.—How do I ask for Thy grace, oh blessed Lord, that I may henceforth live in fixed resignation and contentment with Thy holy will.

I do ask Thee to help me in my weakness. Thou only knowest my secret conflicts with my own will, but Thou dost know that it is the desire of my inmost soul in all things to be conformed to Thy most holy will in doing and in suffering; and it is my petition that Thou, oh Lord Jesus, Who wast manifested to destroy the works of the devil, would utterly destroy this power in my heart—would root

up every evil thing and cast it from me, and would implant every precious fruit of the Spirit, that I may now be wholly Thine, and glorify Thee in my age, in weakness, sickness, under decay of all powers, mind and body, even to the end.

I do commit myself to Thee, my God. Thou wilt not cast out any that come to Thee in Thy dear Son.

Feb. 26, 1849.

To Priscilla Johnston.—"My most beloved Child,—I did not much wish to notice your birthday, but yet it looks unmindful not to send my most entire love upon it, and say how thankful I have been to have had such a child, and spared so long, and may I never know its loss! if right for me to be spared; but let us not choose our own portion, only may whatever is appointed, work in us and for us, the purpose of our Lord concerning us. My prayer is often for you, my love, that you may prosper and be in health as your soul prospers, and that every one connected with you may be brought to the knowledge of the Lord, as you know Him."

Lowestoft, June 27, 1850.

To Mrs. Joseph John Gurney, on the death of her sister, Catherine Gurney.—"My dearest Sister,—So another of our band has fulfilled her course, and has accomplished her work here. * * * The change came on about three. * * * She rapidly sank into death's arms. * * * From this time she began to speak all upon Jesus, and her hope of salvation through Him. I cannot describe what it was to sit to catch the precious enunciations, but the most wonderful thing was a sudden illumination that came over her dear face. Her eyes opened wide, her face turned up, her hands held as high as she could raise them, and then with the most extraordinary expression of delight clapping her hands as if from extreme joy. She 'saw heaven opened.' She was so perfectly herself that it added to the value of this remarkable evidence of her glorious inheritance being even now revealed to her. She said: 'I shall see Him as He is, face to face.' She continued speaking till about half-past nine, when the mind seemed to sleep, and the dear body to yield up the struggle; and in quietness we waited for the gentle dismissal, and most thankfully accepted it.

"H. Buxton."

Belfield, July 16, 1850.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buxton.—"My dearest Charles and Emily,—I did intend to write to you before I left London to tell you of our all reading with greatest interest and appreciation the Review.* I was most glad to find it take, with our whole party, as so able a paper. Cousin Anna exclaimed 'admirable,' to my pleasure. To me it is affectingly interesting. I can hardly bear to contemplate what will be the awfully suffering result whenever the squadron is withdrawn, and I fear this will be the end of the efforts against it. May the Lord arise to bless every effort made against the Slave Trade and this effort of yours, dearest Charles. How I rejoice that you have your heart in it, and dearest Emily's assistance. I hope you will make a real duty of attending the meeting on the subject at Edward's house next Wednesday. To get into harness is your duty, I think, and then work in it will follow."

Northrepps Hall, Oct. 15, 1851.

To Eliza Gurney.—"My most dear Sister * * * This is my birthday sixty-eight! Ten years older than our precious ones either were. What would such a lengthened life have been, had it been granted them? What labours of love, what efforts to do good and to serve their Master's cause in the world! I feel it humbling to have been left, but if in remaining I may fulfil the holy will of God to the end, I shall, indeed, have to render thanks and praise. But the review of the last ten years, and of all my life, most truly leads me to feel that there is no hope but in Christ, through Him redemption and forgiveness of sins and acceptance in the all sufficiency of His righteousness. The day I was twenty I remember we assembled a very large party to a picnic in the Sheringham Woods. At this time how did youthful energy and spirits abound; now how changed. I alone at the head of another party of children and grandchildren at another picnic on the cliff at Trimingham, the place I had not been to since I was there with my dearest husband. Everything made it most interesting to me, now surrounded by life and prosperity, rather than sharing it. A lovely sight it was to-day above the bright blue sea, Edward and Fowell with their guns, dogs, and keepers; Catherine, Sarah, Chenda, the boy's tutor, and six children all congregating for a

* Upon West African Slave Trade, by Charles Buxton.

luncheon under a sheltered edge. Thee, dearest Eliza, can fancy it, and how much I have to be thankful for.

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, Feb. 19, 1852.

To Mrs. C. Buxton.—"My dearest Emily,—Charles need not wish for a walk amongst the snowdrops or over the lighthouse hills to-day. Here we have particularly dull weather, snow falling into mud, hiding or spoiling the troops of snowdrops that would raise their neat heads, and dashing the crocuses to the ground; but though this is the discomfort without, we have within a most comfortable, warm, cheerful house, and attendants delighted to have us home; so I think, dearest children, you may feel thankful for us.

"That this is not a day of solemnity and most tender thoughts and some bitterness, I cannot say, but I have had a time of much sweetness in my own room, and with a delightful knowledge and feeling that death does not dissolve our ties, but in one way almost strengthens and perfects. Such intense love and oneness of spirit is mercifully left to us with those that are gone, that it seems to surpass the fellowship which we are permitted to taste while our communion is under the veil of the flesh. It is most delightful to know the lasting nature of love. I really seem to know it to be unchanging; with my long experience I can turn to the dear ones of years and years gone by with an affection and delight I feel for you, my precious children. This is very pleasant, and gives us a glimpse into the power of everlasting love in which we trust we shall for ever dwell. But are we not enjoying it now? Are we not His beloved ones? The question arises, Do we love Him with all our heart and soul and strength, and though through the frailty of our nature we do, indeed, know that we do not, yet are we most heartily anxious so to love Him, and do we earnestly and constantly and perseveringly seek for that spirit which can alone give this love with every good and perfect gift? How short the time may be for seeking after God, for working out our salvation, I deeply feel at sixty-eight. We are called to examine ourselves to know what the Lord hath done for our souls, and what He will do for those who desire heavenly graces from Him. * * * I should like to hear Charles lecture on emigration. It gratifies me to find he is up in time to work before breakfast. I am thoroughly an approver of early rising for the strong and vigorous, but not for those who are needing rest. As to —— I hope Charles will thoroughly return good for evil. Nothing can be less our path of duty or wisdom to act

towards others as they do to us, and not as we would they should do to us. Throughout life, in little and in great transactions, our Lord's standard we shall be sure to find a safe and happy one, far, far more so than that which our naughty natures would set up.

"Your most truly faithfully affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton.

"How you will agree with me and enforce this advice and truth when your boys begin to dispute!"

Again this year was Dowager Lady Buxton brought into anxiety and sorrow under the failing health of her eldest daughter, Priscilla Johnston. In the spring Priscilla visited her brothers, Fowell at Leytonstone, and Edward at 10, Upper Grosvenor Street, after which she returned to her home at Halesworth, where she died June 18.

Leytonstone, May 24, 1852.

To Lady Parry.—"My beloved Catherine,—I must add to Effie's note. We have been passing through deep waters. It has been truly affecting bringing this most beloved one about from house to house; yet there is such a feeling of satisfaction in being led and allowed to do what has been satisfying to herself and all of us. Truly in the midst of bitter grief and trial the Lord is mindful of us, and mixes the cup hour by hour with little sweets to help us to receive it well. I have found Him Who is our refuge, a present one, and have been strengthened to bear, and have been comforted. Afflicted and sorrowful I am, truly my heart deeply touched, yet we go on outwardly with calmness and some cheerfulness; she is a lovely example of grace bringing forth fruit to the praise and glory of God. What could exceed the interest of being with all my children here yesterday? We passed a delightful hour assembled together; Effie and Sarah Maria with us. We read the first Epistle of Peter, and afterwards had a prayer from Andrew, and a few words added by me, the head, the solitary head. It was truly an elevating rich season of religious communion, all hearts so drawn out. How I did rejoice to have Charles and Emily partaking. To-day the brothers and sisters have been sitting with her in turn; much cheerful talk, Edward's

address, Catherine's baby, and one Psalm to renew our strength. I feel the darkness thickens, though I am not entirely discouraged. I rather fear the journey home."

Halesworth, June 7.

H. B. writes:—It has been decidedly a very low state. ("The day goeth away, for the shadows of evening are stretched out.") We are indeed sitting in low places in much suffering, but I think through mercy she has been much comforted in spirit, and has been particularly peaceful. The blessed Lord has been near to her, and reconciling her to the dispensation, and even filling her with desires to depart, and to be with Christ, and to enjoy His holy presence. The point of conflict is separation from the beloved ones on earth, but through mercy, this anguish is much lessened. She says, "The tie is sometimes broken, but it is so apt to unite again."

June 17th.—It has been a day of deep walks in the valley. The energy of her mind displayed itself in speaking most seriously and earnestly to many, especially to Andrew, Effie, and Sarah Maria, and to some of the servants.

About seven o'clock that evening, hearing that Mr. R. Hankinson was in the next room, she said, "Now then, let him administer the Sacrament to me and to my elder children. My desire is to unite with them in it, not exclusively, but with all the beloved ones now around me." Mr. Johnston thought it well for the attendants to leave the room, which she hearing, said, "Oh no; I wish for every one of the servants to join with us in it." Accordingly

they all came in, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Goldsmith (the nurses), &c. &c. She went through the whole wonderfully, frequently repeating "Amen." It was a heavenly service; it seemed almost a foretaste of what she was about fully to enjoy. We were so thankful for it; we all needed such food to carry us through.

Mrs. Cunningham writes:—What a scene was that which opened upon the morning of the 18th June, 1852! Being exceedingly sunk the preceding evening, Priscilla was more or less watched all night by Mr. Johnston and Chenda (her dear sister and most devoted nurse), and about one o'clock my dear sister (Dowager Lady Buxton) herself joined them. Her lovely afflicted child Effie placed herself at her mother's head, and supported it as far as she was able, Andrew, Edward, and Buxton sat at her feet. She was very restless, and with all Effie's endeavours could find no rest for her head, the dear afflicted husband and mother sitting close by. Between four and five the sun burst out suddenly, lighting up the lovely garden spread out before them. "O, look at the beautiful sun!" "Yes, my love," replied her husband, "and the Sun of Righteousness will soon arise in glory before you."

As her sainted, sorrowful mother sate by her side and saw sweet looks of peace overspreading her countenance, she said to her, "My darling, an abundant entrance is ministered unto you into the everlasting kingdom." Though death overshadowed her, she took it up, repeating it with emphasis, "Yes, an abundant entrance," and in a minute more, "Yes, I know it, an ABUNDANT entrance." The cough had ceased, and the whole state was one of peaceful quiet-

ness. The great oppression became relieved, and at last her dear head sank down with ease upon the pillow on one side, her hair, so lovely, falling over her face, and she was gone!—not one hard breath or effort. It was a lovely sight. Marvellous exchange, from the bed of languishing and suffering to the glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.

December 23, 1852.

To Mrs. Joseph John Gurney in America.—* * * "The busy retired life has suited me, and I am not so down in spirits, inexpressibly as I miss and long for my dearest child, who has been such a sharer with me in everything all my life since she grew up, and has so tenderly mourned with me her most beloved father. What a union of soul and heart was theirs! Charming to know it now perfected in heaven!

"I trust I may be comforted about our dear sister Richenda, though I cannot cast off a serious care about her. She is very busy drawing, and being taught by Mr. W. a new style in charcoal.

"Our public concerns are in sad turmoil, and we are afraid lest while we quarrel at home, the French may come and seize us! May such calamities be averted! Happy for America to be so far from the French."

CHAPTER VIII.

1853—1862.

January 20, 1853.

To Mrs. Samuel Gurney.—"My dearest sister,—I do think much of thee in thy frail condition. It is humbling to be brought low in body and mind, and we have to experience this humiliation as we get down into old age. The outward tabernacle will give way, and we are to receive it as the appointed portion, in meekness of spirit: flesh and heart may fail, but God is the strength of our life and our portion for ever, through the redeeming love of Christ.

"But may thy precious life and powers be long preserved, my dearest sister. I am glad to have dear Fowell and Rachel your companions during Sarah's absence. Their company has been especially pleasant to me of late, always I may say, but I think increasingly, since one precious child more has been taken, the few remaining seem dearer and more valuable than ever, and the lively sympathy of darling Rachel in my sorrows and cares has been most sweet and dear to me. I wish she could now see Louisa, dancing so very prettily and in such good time to Miss Glover's playing."

Northrepps, Good Friday, March 25, 1853.

To Effie Johnston.—"My most dear child,—How I do love you for your own and your mother's sake, and feel a strong bond between us, and this solemn day I like to write to you—our blessed Lord's suffering for us and our beloved ones, the redeemed, clothed with the garments of salvation, and for ever in His kingdom, does draw out our hearts in deepest thankfulness and love to Him for what He did for us, and for them, and for all who are dear to us. How I desire that we may all be partakers of Christ—of every benefit obtained for us by His most precious blood. May we all receive His holy quickening Spirit into our hearts, be brought under His dominion, and show forth His praise in our lives, and finally be gathered to dwell together in the heavenly inheritance! I do feel much about each of my beloved ones, my children and my grandchildren. I have been low about Uncle and Aunt Cunningham. An enemy is with them in the

shape of disease; this I cannot doubt, though its power may be stayed. I much feel for them, though they are enjoying themselves here. I cannot remember our last Good Friday. I long to live over that time again. I do love the remembrance of every hour with her, but it fades from my poor memory. We cannot keep hold of the past; we must give it up, and be willing to lose it, and to press onward! Now for church, my love. Uncle preaches at our dear, sweet Overstrand.

"Ever yours,
"H. Buxton."

April 5, 1853.—I wish I could record the rich privilege I have had with my only and most dear sister Richenda and her dearest husband. I thought her better than when I was with her last, but there was the cough, and a disagreeable one; and dearest Francis, too, was really poorly, so that they were a weight on my heart; but she seemed uniformly calm, trustful, and fearless as to their needs being supplied.

Her comfort in music was truly a blessing. If restless, nothing was like going to the pianoforte, and if the maids came in to sing she was sure to be relieved. It was a most soothing resource, and her drawing a delightful object also.

We read together our sister Fry's life. This was highly interesting to both of us, and very charming were these hours spent in close sympathy and love towards those gone and one another. When she was tired of drawing, and we of reading, all her things were put away with spirit, and she turned to the piano.

In the evening we read a book with Francis; she worked while we read. The maids came in, and they sang a variety of pretty things together, she taking some part herself. When they went to

supper, we read the Bible together. At first we read Zechariah, then the sermons in the Acts, which so delightfully dwell on the resurrection of Christ. How delightful was her lively spiritual mind upon it. She always is athirst for God, and delighting in His Word. How does she live in the Spirit, and with the Spirit enters into every blessed truth of the Gospel.

On Good Friday (March 25) it was cold, rough weather, but she was set on going to Overstrand Church with us. Francis was to preach. It was a memorable occasion, of great and touching interest. The suffering and death of our Lord was vividly with us, softening and enlarging our hearts, I believe, in love and gratitude. Francis took the text—"He was oppressed and He was afflicted." He had not been in the church since the day of our darling Priscilla's funeral—this, and the speaking monument close to him, and the subject of the day, all touched him closely, and his sermon was deeply interesting—the whole congregation was moved by it. We had solemnly to feel it, I especially my own losses, and now the exceeding frailty of these beloved ones, also of my beloved Cottage sister. Truly weighed down was I under the trial of the flesh, so that we had a taste of sorrow for this world; but what a glorious hope was, in inexpressible mercy given us through Christ, Who gave Himself for us, enduring the cross, the suffering, and is for ever at the right hand of God. We stopped at the Cottage after it, the first time my sister had entered it on this visit to us. How different from all former visits, when she was sure to run down the first morning before breakfast to catch a look at it.

On Sunday (March 28), being the sacrament, she wished to attend at Overstrand. This church and resting-place is tenderly felt about, and especially for the last, my inexpressibly valuable Priscilla, who was as her own to her. She was drawn to the spot, and loved to take the sacrament there. I rather shrunk from being brought into such contact with my beloved ones gone, in connection with those spared whom I held by such an uncertain tenure; but a more satisfying service it would be difficult to have. Poor Sir Francis Palgrave was there also, in the pew with Anna. We three —Chenda, sister Chenda, and myself in the gallery during the regular service. We then moved down to them. Truly it was a solemn time, we all so brought down as to this world, but so full of the hope of the everlasting kingdom, rising into it, in following our risen Lord and His gathered ones; our own now with Him in glory; His resurrection under the peculiar circumstances of connection with the dead in Him; and our own short and uncertain continuance here, was a subject of deepest interest to us, begotten by it to the lively hope, assured by it of our resurrection, and of the fulfilment of every promise. We had to give thanks to the risen Saviour, to rejoice in hope of the glory of God set before us in Him, the eternal life of soul and body, the perfect union with those so tenderly loved, whether in heaven or earth through this ascended Lord, the blessed eternity to be passed together with the One God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

In the summer she travelled in Switzerland with Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, her sister's health still continuing delicate.

June 25, 1853.—My brother and sister Cunningham, Chenda, and myself left 10, Upper Grosvenor Street for Boulogne. The object of this journey was to benefit my sister, who had long had a cough. We felt it a journey of duty, therefore the effort was made easy, for we looked for the desired blessing from whence alone it could be attained, and felt a peaceful confidence in the care that would, we trusted, be extended over us. We had a most disagreeable voyage; it was extremely rough, the cabin filled with ladies. My sister was an example. She could not, on coming down get across the cabin, so sat down on a dressing-box by the door. She sat and sung in a low voice very sweetly, especially "When the stormy winds do blow." It was striking to me to see her and hear her. It was so like herself, singing with melody in her heart under all the storms and crosses of life, so eminently made to sing from simple and constant faith and love.

Sunday, June 26.—My brother preached in the morning from "Many are called, but few are chosen." How do I desire we may all be of that number. Our dinner at the table d'hôte was rendered interesting by meeting Captain Speke, the African traveller. I talked much with him. Francis brought him afterwards to our room, so we had much of his company, and liked it exceedingly. The day has been interspersed with various readings and much remembrance of all dear ones, especially Andrew with his six precious children together.

June 28.—Paris was full of attraction. We drove pleasantly about this beautiful entertaining place, and paid Madame de Stael

an agreeable visit. I am surprised at myself at the amusement I feel at the novelties. After dinner we drove to the flower market, and then walked in the entertaining Tuileries. Most heavenly evening, the fine western sky above the trees and through the avenues; the foreground enlivened by crowds of gay lively people and chairs innumerable, and flowers, which formed a beautiful whole.

Dijon, June 30.—Chenda and I walked to see the roses on the Post-house. They were of exquisite beauty, red and white on the same twig, every rose of entire beauty and completeness, small yet round and finished to perfection, the clusters hanging together in full elegance, relieved by the choicest bright green leaves, quite a sight. We went about the curious old place for an hour; the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, in the museum, and in the old palace of the Dukes and of Mary of Burgundy were wonderful in workmanship and interest. We started in our nice carriage, and much enjoyed our journey to Dole. We came to a fine pass on the Jura, the rushing stream between such rocks! and then reaching the fir forests, with the mountains extending far and wide, noble rocks crowning the highest parts of these mountain ranges, the woods descending into the plain and becoming broken with the green pastures. Alas! the rain too often with us. I was so sorry that our dearest sister could not rough it and walk as Chenda and I did. The cross is laid upon her, and she looked delicate, but in real enjoyment of the noble and new scenery. We dined very pleasantly at St. Laurent; a nice fire was acceptable. They brought us such a nice dinner. The place was clean, and the people

delightfully kind and generous, giving us freely of their cakes and raisins. Then we had a long descent, a most beautiful drive over the swelling green knolls of the mountains.

After this she writes:—"I was pleased with this character of Richenda from Miss Clowes; it is so correct." "I hope London will suit the Cunninghams; but any place seems to her a garden; no spot is to her barren; there is no wilderness in her life; her mind's eye sees flowers everywhere."

Northrepps, September 14, 1853.

To her granddaughter E. Johnston.—"My dearest Effie,—I wish you could see Uncle Charles now, dragging the charming Bertram about the drawing-room in our little basket cart, the sweet child holding out his hand to us each as he passes to shake hands, with such a laughing face. We have had a good many visitors—yesterday a party of fourteen, and a valuable reading and prayer before we dispersed. I felt this a comfort after the tendency to superficial intercourse, under the awful accounts of the cholera, and some scarcity, and perhaps war!

"Did you hear of Uncle Fowell's and Aunt Rachel's fearful runaway last Saturday? They were going down the hill to the Cottage, the horse went too fast; in checking him the reins broke, and away they went and dashed against the post, and they were both thrown out. Most fearful it was, but the Lord was their defence, and they were not seriously hurt, though uncle is still unable to ride or walk, and is plaistered up.

"Aunt Forster is at the Cottage, and as there is to be a large riding party to-day (I suppose nearly twenty), and she seemed pleased at the idea of seeing them set off, I mean to take her down to Cliff House to see them. I enjoy your quiet settlement to work, my darling child. Blessings be with you.

"Your very affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, October 7, 1853.

To the same, before the opening of the Memorial Schools at Halesworth, in memory of Priscilla Johnston.—"My darling Effie,—I have been writing to papa

my ideas for his luncheon. How much I could wish that you might have been at Halesworth. It is such an occasion of lively interest—so gratifying, and yet so affecting. I do deeply feel the love from which this memorial springs; it is love of no common degree, and arises from the high estimation of your most dear mother's distribution of her gifts—not of her gifts only, but for the share given to others from the fulness of her love and kindness. Certainly she was a rare person, and we shall never again see such a pair as she and her father formed—for strong intellect, cultivation, with unbounded generosity, tender sympathy and consideration for others, and this all sanctified by faith and love to Christ and His people. They were, as the tablet says, 'of kindred spirits,' and are ever one in Him they loved and served. I do not go to Halesworth, but Uncle and Aunt Buxton, Uncle Fowell and Aunt Rachel will go, and Uncle and Aunt Cunningham will be there also. It is excessively affecting to me to contemplate the whole thing, I confess. Oh, the loss she has been to that place! I think Aunt Chenda has written to you of her visit to Halesworth. She returns to-night by coach. Good-bye, my dearest child. How often I think of you!

"Your most affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

February 23, 1854.

To the same.—"My most tenderly beloved Effie,—I do feel that we are sharing this great pain and sorrow of your dearest father's illness. I am truly anxious, yet trust that the mercy of the Lord will deliver and heal, and that His infinite wisdom will not see meet to afflict us inexpressibly. I shall go to-day as far as Norwich, and then endeavour to hear, and do what is best; and may the Lord be my strength, and guide, and companion. Have you heard that dear Uncle Forster is dead in America? In the midst of his noble career of service he was seized with illness in an out-of-the-way place, and died on January 27. It is a severe blow, and we cannot estimate the sorrow—such numbers loved and valued him, and such a multitude he served on earth! Glorious to him the everlasting rest into which he has entered, the rich recompense of the reward through grace and mercy given to the devoted follower of the Lord. Well, my love, may we be given to rejoice in keeping your dearest father for service here below. Oh, that the Lord may be pleased to answer our prayers for His sparing mercy!

"Your most tenderly sympathizing grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

Richenda Buxton's description of Northrepps :—

July 10, 1855.—Returned home; found the place in great beauty. The flowers in rich abundance, and happily the season is so late this year that we have missed but few. The honeysuckle on the wall is still in flower, and the white Banksia rose on the gable. The annuals are overflowing their beds, and the brilliant sight of the estcholzia Clarkia, scarlet geranium, poppies, lychnis, &c., was splendid in the bright sunshine. The scarlet lory flew down to his stand opposite the drawing-room window the moment we arrived. The other parrots and cockatoos seem all in great glee. The pair of cockatoos are sitting on their two eggs in the box against the chimney. Whenever the hen bird leaves her nest her mate takes her place. The little cockatoo was delighted to follow us about the garden.

July 12.—Beautiful weather. Our hay is going on, so we sent for the school children to play in it, and an express to Cromer for plenty of strawberries and milk for their supper. This was spread on the lawn, and as usual quickly attracted the parrots. Both Amazons and both lorys were in the acacia, two cockatoos on the grass stealing bread and butter from the children, many others talking and screaming around.

July 28.—The parrots and cockatoos have made such a wonderful noise these damp mornings, partly excited perhaps by the voices of the children. It was pretty to see the little girls reading their story on the terrace, the two tamer cockatoos pecking among their feet. When we were afterwards at dinner, little Kitty sud-

denly remarked, "The cocky is here!" and there it was under the table. The bed of damask roses is very beautiful now; the tribe of little children coming up the path among them was very pretty this morning.

July 30.—I sat some time under the chestnut-tree much amused by watching five cockatoos, who were full of gambols in the beech-tree; apparently the beech-nuts must be ripening by the attraction they seemed to have.

The lory is getting very tame. I coaxed him up on my finger by the offer of hempseed, but he bit my hand so hard to test its firmness that I was obliged to shake him off. The children were all in the wood to-day, when Francie ran towards us with great eagerness to see "such a sight." It was the most exquisite little nest, on the ground among the rough grass and the primrose leaves, under the trees. It was full of little nearly fledged brownish speckled birds, who escaped on being disturbed. The nest was of moss, lined with hair.

The large party of children are now at tea on the lawn, and the parrots are collecting on the trees around. (Catherine now calls to me from the lawn that two robins are seen hopping about in great trouble—no doubt the owners of the nest. I hope they will find their young ones again.)

The three Amazons have come down to share the children's meal; one is now sitting on the back of the green seat being fed by the little girls.

July 31.—Two new parrots have been added to our flock to-day

—a green Australian paraquet from Colne House on a temporary visit, and a female Amazon parrot, which was Aunt Forster's. After we had made friends, I put both out of doors in their cages, where they were presently found by their respective friends, the former by the lory, with whom there is evidently some bond of conversation, and the latter by the Liverpool Amazon. The two Amazons conversed in great excitement for some time; the lory also watched the paraquet with much interest. At last I allowed the paraquet to come out and join the other parrots on the trees, which he did with great satisfaction.

August 3.—I saw a pretty sight this morning. The little girls crowded round the cistern of water while Francie was eagerly pumping, and a cockatoo sitting on the edge of the tub drinking of the stream of water.

Lowestoft, August 2.

To Mrs. John Patteson.—"My dearest Elizabeth,—I have paid a most precious visit to my tenderly beloved brother and sister. We are bound together in the unity of the spirit, and we humbly trust are heirs together of the heavenly inheritance, and though we must be parted here, we look to dwelling together in the presence of God and the Lamb, and with our own beloved ones, through a glorious eternity, because Christ hath loved us, and given Himself for us.

"H. Buxton."

Mrs. Cunningham died August 15, 1855.

She writes to Sir Edward and Lady Buxton at Nice, who were there with her brother Samuel Gurney for their health:—

Northrepps, December 1, 1855.

"My precious children,—The letters to-day I feel closely, that my most beloved brother should not gain more from change of climate. We are not left

without great mercies. It is so very great a one that you are all together and in the right place. I have been comforted in reading the sermon of Edward Hoare. The part on union with Christ has been really helpful. Let us have this; seek after it, keep close to Him, look continually to Him, and expect the light to shine upon us. What a blessing it is to have my dearest brother kept in quietness of spirit and in holy resignation to the Divine will concerning him. My most tender love to him and dearest Sarah.

"Farewell, my most beloved Catherine.

"Your most affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, January 21, 1856.

To the same.—"My most dear children,—I am filled with gratitude for this my most dear brother, that he has from the beginning been chosen of God, called of Him, and kept by Him through the changes and chances of life, faith given him, and grace to fulfil the will of his Master. Then the marvellous temporal blessings used and held to the glory of God; and now His peace, the harbour in which he has found refuge spiritually and outwardly."

Dowager Lady Buxton's youngest child Richenda was married to Captain Hamond, February 6, 1856. Soon afterwards Dowager Lady Buxton joined her son and daughter and her brother Samuel, now in his last illness, at Nice. He died on the return journey at Paris, June 6.

Hannah Buxton writes to her niece, Sarah Gurney, who had accompanied her father:—

"Aix, June 8.

"My most beloved Sarah,—Truly my heart has been with you, especially thee, my beloved niece. We must not fear for one another. "I am with you;" —Christ Himself says these blessed words; and may we see Him with the eye of faith, and feel the consolation that is in Him. How do I turn to the days passed with my tenderly beloved brother. His words and looks are continually before me, and I am thankful to have been with him, and to feel the influence of the Grace that kept him in such hearty resignation to the Divine will and dependence

for *all* good things on Christ. He certainly had *none* on anything else, and truly renounced self. I have thought much of Uncle Dan and dearest Uncle Cunningham.

"Your ever most loving,

"H. B."

Lyons, June 11, 1856.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Well, my dearest Dan, you and I are left. It is marvellous in our eyes, to have this most invaluable brother so soon taken from us. I feel his age—not seventy—a great exercise of submission, and how unlooked for that his healthy, happy life should terminate before mine! It is a wonderful sorrow and pain, and most particularly affecting to have had that suffering journey and not to have reached home. Oh, for faith to receive all and every part from God. We must put on 'the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation,' assured with deepest gratitude of his salvation through the Saviour's love and merits and death for him. We are sure that each one of our brothers and sisters have already entered in through the right way into the glorious inheritance, and how many more we have fondly loved! We have been for days abiding in suspense, not knowing the fact, and then only by telegraph, till we arrived here last night, having been hindered by the sorrowful floods."

Forest Edge, September 2, 1856.

To Catherine Buxton.—"It was particularly touching to me to be wandering about this place, the sun shining, the green paddock, the animals, the children, the parents. What it was to have you and yours and your most beloved father here. How he did enjoy being here with you. Those Sunday afternoon rambles were so vividly brought to my mind, and his dear figure leaning on Edward coming across the forest from church."

October, 1857.

To D. Gurney.—"My dearest brother,—Your reminiscences of our three most dear departed ones have been deeply interesting to me this morning. They are each excellent, and a faithful picture and valuable memorial. How well you knew and read those you lived with, and how fairly you estimated them; but you certainly have had very peculiar people to describe. It is remarkable what real superiority we have been accustomed to in talent, religion, or charm. To look back on our family, left as we were, who would have anticipated such success in life?—so much given, so much done, so much enjoyed, and such blessed termi-

nations; all—not our own family, but our dearest partners' too—serving God here, dying in the Lord, and for ever together with Him in glory and joy unspeakable. Truly we have to return thanks to Him Who has kept us in life, and has in great loving mercy brought us into the fold of Christ, so that we who remain may trust that He will never fail us here, and will receive us also into His heavenly kingdom to be reunited with those gone before.

"I hope you have enjoyed your children. I have been more able to enjoy mine than I expected, considering the sorrowful desolation of Northrepps Cottage,* but present pleasures occupy and divert me. We are rather overburdened by their number, and were I shut in alone quietly with my children I should highly value it; but this cannot be, and our large circle has its real privileges. The intensely affecting accounts from India have been and are a sorrowful trial to everybody."

In 1855 her son, Sir Edward North Buxton, fell into delicate health, and spent the two following winters at Nice with his family. In the general election of 1857 he was elected, though abroad, as member for East Norfolk. In May, 1858, he was taken ill with an attack of bronchitis at Colne House, and died on the 11th of June. He suffered very little of the trial of illness, and till the last two days, when he suddenly sunk, no immediate alarm was felt. He enjoyed the opening summer with his younger children, his five elder sons being away at college and school. He was ready for the changes and chances of this mortal life, having his heart fixed trusting in the Lord. His lovely Christian character revealed itself under all circumstances, and his cheerful acquiescence made his illness a time of peaceful calm, and when sudden decline of power came over him there was no alarm; he was found hidden in Christ, and to all around him, there was evidence that an abundant entrance was ministered to him.

* Anna Gurney died June, 1857.

Four days later, June 15, his sister, Richenda Hamond, died at Northrepps Hall, leaving one little boy, Charles. She had been failing in health for some time, but no immediate anxiety was felt about her till a few days before the end.

Their mother writes to Catherine Buxton on the day of her son Edward's death :—

"My most tenderly beloved child,—I feel deeply the awful storm over us. It is that to me, with the true peace that also prevails. I am agitated in mind and heart, and do not get at the calm I need. Chenda is very low, and could not bear to part with me unless I could give myself up to thee, which I cannot do to-day.

"Most tenderly, thy sorrowing Mother."

June 12.

"'Have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble,' are the words that I give to my darling child, this sorrowful day. Our precious Chenda is so very low this morning; I do feel inexpressibly pained and anxious for her, and am in deep sorrow over thy beloved, and thee, and all. 'Bow down thine ear to me.' Psalm xxxi. 2. It is a mercy to have the Word of God to turn to. I was intensely afflicted in the night, but was so helped by 'present with the Lord,' so perfectly invaluable in our distress is the consolation 'he is with the Lord.' I cannot possibly leave my sick one to be with my sorrowing child now. The Lord bless and comfort thee and thine.

"Most tenderly,

"H. B."

June 13, 1858.

"My most precious child,—I must write a line. I cannot come now. I am yet in the conflict of the flesh, and have to taste of it day by day. I am as a wonder unto myself. It ought, we may say, to unnerve me altogether, and I wonder that it does not; but the extra writing I think produces calmness, and I am sure grace is also granted. I feel the Lord is mercifully keeping me and my darling, as he did darling Edward in the time of need. I did 'partake of Christ together' with him. It is a wonderful and extraordinary trial I have to bear, but

the way is made to endure. May He deal with us as with sons—as a pitying Father. How do I think of my darling Edward this day week in our drive. Most precious to me to turn to his dear company, which I loved so well, and I could inexpressibly mourn as not having had more of it; and yet when I look at my poor suffering one here, so dependent on me, what can I say? The trial has been severe, and is, and we must bear it. I feel this morning stranded in a barren place, and yet am kept, I believe. Sad, sad to see our lovely Chenda in all the sorrow of deep illness, under excessive sensitiveness."

Again she writes to her after the death of Richenda:—

June 16.

"My most darling child,—Is it not wonderful that at such a time I can let the day pass and not come to thee, and be in each hour and its concerns with thee? It is a most strange dispensation of fiery trial beyond what I can comprehend. I am afflicted; His arrows stick fast in me, but He still mixes the bitter cup, and gives grace to help, and ought not our hearts to be filled with gratitude to Him Who gave Himself for them, and has come to receive them to Himself? Where He is they are now.

"Oh, let us be glad for them, and comfort one another in this—that they are delivered from the bondage of corruption, and of sin and suffering, and are in joy and felicity. Oh, how I ask to see into the glory. I do feel the release from the burden of the flesh—she in peace instead of sorrowful conflict; yet we mourn more than I can say. For my darling Edward we cannot feel the same relief, though a few hours were appointed in which he had to be obedient unto death. Now for ourselves. Let us endure and suffer patiently, and fulfil the will of God. May He in mercy give us grace to live to Him—to live in Christ, that we may die in Him, and be with them, and together with the Lord. I am tired, and leave thee, craving the Comforter for thee, and blessings to thee and thine, now and for evermore.

"Thy tenderly afflicted Mother."

June 14, 1858.

From Miss C. Glover to Mrs. T. F. Buxton.—"Dear Mrs. Buxton,—Charles had already announced the sad intelligence. Poor Lady Buxton! I go back with her to 1820, when dear Chenda was a little infant almost forgotten during the overwhelming desolation of one fatal month. Then I pass on to brighter days, when she

was the sparkling ornament of Cromer Hall, so joyous, with her pretty curling light brown locks and laughing eyes; and Edward so lovely, so elegant, so refined a boy, the delight of his mother; Harry such an animated, talented, promising child. But many (even then) the clouds: delicacy of health in Priscilla, and a sensitiveness that marred the happiness of childhood—a sad counterpoise to the extraordinary talent with which she was gifted, and which made her the pride of her father. Then came a new little family of which Chenda might be considered the eldest, and Fowell and Charles, and a renewal of nursery pleasures. But oh, what a sad blight when Harry was stricken and taken! Yet the afflicted mother in the midst of her grief could return thanks in behalf of her saint-like boy! But I do think Sir Edward never recovered the loss of his companion brother.

"Your generation cannot trace the long course of discipline with which Lady Buxton has been exercised; but she has almost 'passed through the waves of this troublesome world.' The desired haven is already in sight! How I shall think of you to-morrow."

The following are extracts from Mrs. Head's * journal:—

Colne House, June 21st.

How marvellous and unexpected has been our history the last fortnight! Edward and Chenda both reposing at Overstrand, or may we not rather say, their warfare accomplished, they are for ever with the Lord. On Wednesday, June 10th, after visiting a little in Hudson Town, Stratford, we were met on our return by a telegraphic summons to Cromer, Edward being worse. We had been relieved about him, but were getting more anxious about Chenda. Gilham met us at the door on our arrival at Colne House, a little before eight a.m., June 11, with the news that all was over. It was a shock indeed. Dr. Pagenstecker came to us, then Fowell, then we went to see him. About eight I went to Aunt Buxton; she

* Sarah Gurney married Mr. Head a month previously.

was in the deepest distress at the thought of having to go back to Chenda with the news. That first day was overwhelming, the gathering of the dear boys, and all so full of sorrow; still there was the sweet sense of his blessedness, and wonderfully has that, and faith in Him Who has ordered all and can strengthen for all, been realized, so that a most marked calm and peace has prevailed over this mourning house. After the first storm, our anxiety was again roused for dearest Chenda. On Sunday I had gone up to Northrepps for the sake of being in the house a few hours. On Tuesday, the 15th, ten a.m., she died. I cannot say the loss to me of such a friend, ever ready to give sympathy and heart, and with such uncommon mental gifts. Then there is Edward's loss, great indeed to me. Next to my own father, I have for years been accustomed to lean on him, and there was a purity and perfectness in him not to be seen elsewhere.

The double funeral was inexpressibly touching, "their" train from Northrepps, coming down the lane to fall in with "ours." Then the two coffins abreast, each followed by its own chief mourners round the church and the ruins, all forming one large circle round the two graves. There was a wonderful calm and serenity whilst Herbert Jones read the service, and Uncle Cunningham gave an address. Before we left Colne House, our gathering round the coffin in the library was most remarkable. Catherine and her eleven children, J. Patteson, Gurney Hoare, brothers and sisters all in perfect simplicity talking of Edward and the glorious company above. I was almost daily with dear Aunt Buxton; her clinging to

Baerstrand Church from the
Cottage Woods. C.E.B.

me was most touching, as to a daughter almost. Surely I may act as a daughter to her as long as I am spared.

The following are extracts from letters of sympathy describing Sir Edward's character and influence :—

June 18.

From the Baroness de Bunsen to Charles Buxton.—"Death could not easier have found two souls riper for heaven than those you are this day (I believe) conducting to their graves. None more truly and simply convinced of the love of God in Christ Jesus, more freely given up to deeds of obedience to His laws, and to this among them—'Love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

From Mrs. MacInnes to H. Buxton.—"We remember with such interest our sojourn near you last year, your kindness, and the privilege of knowing more of those who are gone home. Dear Sir Edward! my husband had such an admiration and love for him, his pure mind, his lovely Christian character, his great humility. He mourns for him publicly and privately. Such an one can ill be spared; but how truly the memory of the just is blessed, and what an honour to have been the mother of such children."

From Sir Culling Eardley to Catherine Buxton.—"I did truly love and honour your dear husband, and the loss is almost as great to the Church of God as to his own immediate family. He was always ready for his Master's service. I never applied to him in vain, not only for money, but (what was more difficult to a busy man) for time and co-operation. He was so truly unselfish."

Extracts from the "Record:"—

"The death of Sir Edward Buxton will be mourned as a public calamity. There have been many more active members of Parliament, many who have more prominently filled the public eye, but we believe it would be difficult to name one who united so much calm and practical wisdom with such great perseverance and noiseless energy, whose life was more unspotted from the world,

whose aims were more pure, and who more steadily desired to be found always living and acting for the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-men. The combined energy and calm sagacity of his yet retiring character were remarkable, and although death came somewhat suddenly, no one who knew his life and manner of conversation could doubt that it found him planted on the Rock of Ages.

"His visit to Piedmont will be long remembered, and more particularly on account of the healing and beneficent influence which he exercised in calming down that unseemly strife which had divided the Italian from the Vaudois Evangelists. In this good work he persevered, and he deemed it so important that the true character of the Italians should be clearly known, that he took a journey from Cromer last September purposely to state his views to the Conference assembled at Berlin."

Earlham Road, 5th day.

From Mrs. J. J. Gurney to H. Buxton.—"My precious sister,—I have been afraid of troubling thee with my notes, yet I have hardly known how to refrain from writing, my heart is so full towards thee, and I do so earnestly desire that in the solemn day which is about to dawn upon thee, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep thy heart and mind through Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, the preciousness of the assurance that this once crucified, but now risen and glorified Saviour hath abolished the whole law of death, and brought life and immortality to light, through the Gospel. How wonderful is the prophetic language, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave.' 'Oh, death, I will be thy plagues.' 'Oh, grave, I will be thy destruction.' 'And now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.' 'Therefore,' saith the Apostle, 'we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, and then shall we be

"'For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis Immortality.'

"Surely, my most dear and stricken sister, there is unspeakable consolation in this glorious doctrine. Does it not rob death of its sting?—the grave of its victory? 'They are not lost, they are only gone before,' and in a very, very little season, if we hold fast our confidence firm unto the end (through the immediate and pardoning mercy of our God and Saviour), we shall all re-assemble round the throne, for ever to unite in singing the new song of 'Worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lamb.' But ah, my precious sister, while I thus strive to cheer thee with the consolations of the Gospel, under a deep and almost awful sense of your bereavement, my heart truly aches for thee, and for our darling Catherine, and for you all. May He, Who alone can fathom the depth of the wound which His own hand has made, in the abounding riches of His love and mercy, pour in the healing balm. In nearest love and truest sympathy, I am,

"Thy sincerely attached sister,

"E. P. Gurney."

August 28, 1858.

To Mrs. Head.—"My dearest Sarah,—What a day of interest! parting with dearest Aunt Eliza, and then your real settlement in your new home. I wonder what time you will convey her into the ship. There we leave her, and committing her to Him who rules the winds and waves, we trust she will be brought to the desired haven. It has been so acceptable to me to hear from thee, my dearest Sarah, and my heart fills with the affecting interests of Annesley. What wonderful and most sorrowful strokes have changed the homes of our beloved ones. I do suffer under the acute sense of the trials to myself and others. Your company must have been most acceptable to Philip, but for thee, dearest Sarah, how melancholy to be in that place and see her home and possessions without her. However, you will be repaid the great kindness to him in the satisfaction of having been, and gratified him for dearest Chenda's sake. I think the loss of Edward presses most upon me now. I so excessively miss him in common life—more now than dearest Chenda, when things are going on in routine; yet I am almost in despair at her want. The school is a sorrow to me. To-day Mrs. Platten

came up, and we were so low and feeble in power together. It is so affecting. One of her girls has been ill for months, and I did not know it; it was so wrong not to tell me, and I have been quite grieved and repentant. O the mercy of the precious blood of Christ to make atonement. How do I feel the shelter and consolation of this."

To Daniel Gurney.—"My dearest brother,—I am glad you stir me up to write; our time together in this world is too short to omit our occasional greeting of love and true interest. I do feel the solemnity of my age and circumstances. Last night I lay awake counting up the deaths touching me, since 1845. The number was quite overcoming. In deaths oft, I may say, my husband, three children, nine brothers and sisters, Anna Backhouse, Anna Gurney, and others near me in one way, though not to be compared with these. I had need be comforted with the heavenly hope for them and for myself, and to be stirred up to lay firm hold on Christ, that I may be kept through faith in Him under the infirmities of age unto eternal life."

Northrepps, December 28, 1858.

To Charles Buxton.—"My very dear Charles,—Very delightful indeed has been your letter, and I am excessively glad and gratified, though excessively affected, by the naming of the darling baby exactly as I like best. To have her Chenda is most acceptable to me. * * * It will add to the value of the precious child to me, as it does to those children who bear any endeared names. This child is especially valuable under the deep sense of her loss, and what this year has been to us all—the sorrowful dispensations, though brightened with the hope, yes assurance of eternal life to them! I have been comforted to-day and last night by the prayer in Col. i. and that expression, 'the inheritance of the saints in light,' what it conveys to us for them and hope for ourselves. The year has been one of exceeding pain and sorrow, but no doubt great and manifold mercies have been ours; grace for our great needs and fulness of temporal blessings to so many of our own.

"It is most pleasant to turn to the blessing you have been made. Catherine was saying that Edward always attributed the change of treatment of the rebels in India to be laid to your speech, and how important your influence on the Squadron. I turned with pain this morning to the miserable slaves now in the holds of the ships. What an awful sight could we see them! May you ever be

found faithful to their cause, and so you will be I doubt not. I enjoy, too, your work for the West Indies. * * * I shall be glad when we have entered a new year. I so mind winding up the old one, and feel solemnly the new one. May sparing mercy be with you all! * * * Good bye, my very dear Charles and Emily.

"Your heartily loving mother,

"H. Buxton."

Holton Hall, Feb. 26, 1859.

Letter to a grandson.—"I feel my position, left alone, or nearly so, of all my own companions in age, and the review it leads me to take of life is yet more so. How does it make me desire for the young—my grandchildren entering life—that they may not be as 'fools,' but as 'wise,' redeeming the time while they have it, and powers to use it. I have of late particularly dwelt on 'good works' since reading 'Titus' with you, and have clearly seen how good works are wise works. For every 'good work' there is a recompense, the reward laid up, promised, however trifling the deed: a cup of cold water given, any cross taken up, any self-denial, any sacrifice. Nothing is forgotten of God or unregarded. A book of remembrance is kept for every word spoken for God, and in the kindness, mercy, and love of God He has promised a reward in the kingdom of His glory. So that good works are the 'treasure' we are exhorted by Christ to lay up in heaven, and I do intensely long that all mine, with life before them, may see and feel the force of this grand truth. Now this grand truth does not touch a yet grander, that no works can take us to heaven. When we have done all, we are unprofitable servants; all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and but for the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, none can be saved. By His spirit He must give life now in the soul, that spring of life which is in us, life eternal."

June 24, 1859.

Hannah Buxton to Mrs. J. J. Gurney.—"My dearest sister,— * * * We were a favoured party, Catherine and eight children here, Fowell's John Henry being one, dear Captain Hamond and my own lovely Charles, and Andrew with Isabel. * * * The darling children very full of play and happiness, cheering, and an object. I have felt the great happiness of the children such a manifestation of the love and tender mercy of God. I went early this morning to the boys, hearing as I approached loud talking and laughing, and found Beppo, the Nice

dog, in bed with them. I then turned to the nursery, where were the four youngest girls, and was greeted in the dark room with peals of laughing. My darling Charles's merriment is also charming to me. He is such a very fine child, much taller than children a year older; we never see any equal to him. I fancy he must be like what his grandfather was as a child; he certainly is remarkable for power and beauty, I think, and I keep him in excellent subjection."

October 26, 1859.

To a grandson entering business.—"Though I had no communication with you upon the change in your present circumstances, which now is the one before you, I have felt and thought much about you, and I must send a few lines. I feel for you in it; you are to enter the business of life; you lay aside one of ease and pleasure; you now will have daily duties to be done, not considering the question of liking or disliking. Duties let them be felt. They are those into which you have been led by the hand of God, and my earnest desire is that you enter upon the new course as that appointed by your Master in heaven for you. Look to Him, as the eye of a temporal servant does to his lord, and serve Him in that state and employment unto which He calls you, as His will, His work for you, and in all remember His presence: pray for His help, His wisdom, His blessing. Enter into the business to do it well, with your whole heart—'I will, with my might.' Take your grandfather's motto and example, and follow his steps. I will be diligent, punctual, persevering, attentive: I WILL write well, spell well, express myself well. I will cheer and comfort my mother. Nothing shall interfere with these objects, and surely then great and manifest will be the blessing on your own soul; thus to do all, as God's will concerning you, 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' How great the good to your character! how great the usefulness to which you would be called! how important a position might you fill! what a blessing you might prove to your family and the world. May you prosper, spiritually and temporally, and lay up much treasure in heaven, by serving God in the temporal work He appoints you. Nothing done for Him is forgotten by Him, but through the merit and love of Christ receives the abundant recompense of reward! Bring Christ into this new course, and will He not be near to help, bless, and guide you?

"Your very loving grandmother,

"H. BUXTON."

Memoranda.—We had a fine lesson yesterday of the uncertainty of life in such an escape from accident. Catherine came up for us, and persuaded me to drive in her open carriage—Elizabeth Patteson, little Caroline, Henry Edmund with us inside, and Francis on the box. As we went through the avenue lane towards Cromer the powerful horse began to kick, and got his leg over the pole, and with it there he galloped off and for some way, when he extricated himself, kicking the other horse; therefore both, equally frightened, dashed on furiously, Buscall using every effort in his power to check them, trusting that as we came to the gate, a very strong one, they would stop. But no, instead of that they both gave a tremendous leap and leaped over it, the carriage crushing the gate to shivers, but getting safely through. You may suppose what we felt, and the extreme fear of rushing to the next gate and down the hill. In great mercy it was put into Buscall's mind to turn into the ploughed part of the field through which we were passing, and up the ascent, which baffled them, and they stopped, and we were safe. We did thank God for our marvellous preservation. It was terrible danger we were in. Had we not gone clean through the gate, what would have become of us? We sat very quietly, and were not terrified, as the case called for. Francis on the box, and we inside, were all kept in stillness.

Northrepps, September 26, 1860.

To E. MacInnes.—"We are still in a good current of engagements—the arrangements more troublesome to me than the company. There is cricket and riding going on daily nearly, and pleasuring is the order of the day. I drive with Aunt Buxton and see the children on the shore. I doubt if ever I set foot

on it again. The groups are lovely. I cannot bear sending darling Charles away, he is so extremely enjoying himself. Eleanor and he are charming for suitability, in such high power for play and merriment."

October 1.

To the same.—"To see and hear the six in merry play is enlivening to life certainly. It is a comfort that I can bear the tumult of grandchildren. I had six in my room for an hour, I think (some at least as long), before breakfast. I go into the nurseries at seven, and Emily is then ready to come. I began with Charlie by myself first before seven, and then they troop in as they are dressed for play and coffee! I shall welcome yours with peculiar love! We have eight new parrots. Two were let out this morning, an amusement to our assembled group before breakfast. We were on the Lighthouse Hills yesterday, I in the carriage, many walking; but the wind was most boisterous, and I was much overdone, but brightened up again with fifteen to dinner! May we meet for good! and may a blessing be with you and with us, and my sweet Charles. I feel excessively parting from him!"

November 15, 1860.

To E. MacInnes.— * * * "I quite long to have your baby with me. This baby (Barclay F. Buxton) is quite a favourite, he is so prettily lively, and I make him laugh so loud, that he is really pleasant to me. He makes me wish very much to have yours, and make her laugh. Barclay for the first time has been putting up his arms to reach what I held out to him as he lay upon the sofa. Janet, too, is one of my amusements. She is lovely with her rosy cheeks, deep blue eyes, and golden hair. I may remain at home at present, and shall ask Miss Wilkinson to come to me, and far prefer being independent. I really wish uncle and aunt would not stay for my sake, but I think they will, through next week. It is most kind of them, and of course it will be a comfort to be together. I am at my usual seat, and the garden still looks very pleasant in the sunshine now come over it. The remnants of the parrots, and some added, are in a large cage in the hall, rather troublesome with their noise, especially at reading in the morning."

Hotel, Lowestoft, Nov. 27, 1860.

To Mrs. Charles Buxton.—"My dearest Emily,—Your letter finds me at the hotel at Lowestoft, not where I would be, but where I am.

"My heart is full of the craving desire, that I, my few remaining children, my many grandchildren, may all be His, live to Him, for Him and with Him, in this world and then for ever.

"You must bear with me for writing my mind. When you come to seventy-seven, and know what inexpressible wisdom it is to choose and follow God, and what folly to live for the world, will you not then say as I do? I do excessively feel and dwell upon the subject of laying up treasure in heaven. No little or great thing done or borne in faith, in love, in obedience, in dependence, in communion, prayer, and thanksgiving in the heart, can be lost. I have said to the servants, how many things they may do for me I never know of, but for God not the slightest thing done referring to God, is unknown to Him, or is forgotten by Him. To those who receive Christ Jesus, their sins are not remembered, blotted out of His book; but how do we find throughout Scripture that every good word and work, because we believe and love, is accepted with Him. To make this use of the time given is my most earnest exhortation to all! I look back and I look on, and look at you each with the most lively interest. * * * Good-bye, my most beloved children.

"Your ever affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton."

February 23, 1861.

To Ellen Buxton.—"My dearest Ellen,—Your letter is really charming, such a picture of you all that it cheers me, trusting you are preserved from further anxiety, and the beloved flock below are mercifully prospering. Sweet Emily being better and able to amuse herself is such an immense comfort, but we miss that precious darling boy,* with his sweet face and dark eyes, a lovely little playfellow for her he was, and a treat for you all. Janet must be quite a help in supplying you all with a delightful object, and the lively baby too. I like much to hear of Louisa teaching the boys to draw. What does John Henry do in the evening, and Geoffrey? I hope my slippers will be ready when I come. What work have you and Louisa been doing? I expect to see some very nice work accomplished. Priscilla is working a beautiful frock for little Grace.

"What a successful chicken merchant John Henry is! I suppose mamma

* Leonard Fowell Buxton died of scarlet fever February 3, 1861.

buys his eggs and chickens. I fear the sitting hen will give up her business: it is too cold to sit upon eggs.

"Your cat is the greatest favourite with Sarah Maria and the girls. They are never happy without her, but I cannot say I admire such love, and such a fuss about a cat. However, I use it when I lie down after luncheon to warm my hands, and I must say she is most comfortable to me. I will not allow her to go up to bed with the girls, or to sleep with them, but I find her in bed with Sarah Maria in the morning.

"What a comfort to know that not a hair of our heads perish without our Father. Is not this the blessed truth that reconciles us to losing darling Leo? It is the Lord. We are dumb with silence because Thou didst it, but it is not only this which does comfort you all. The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, but the Lord has loved him. Christ died for him, and has received him into His heavenly kingdom, redeemed from natural corruption and restored to the glorious image of his Saviour, to be like Him, for he sees Him as He is. What consolation there is for us in these glorious hopes. You must each live in the faith and fear and love of Christ, that you all may please Him while you are here, and when you are called away may see Him face to face, and find your darling brother ready to receive you. With very dear love to each child,

"Your most loving grandmamma,

"H. Buxton."

March 25, 1861.

To Mrs. Frances Cresswell, after the death of her husband.—"My dearest Rachel,—How I can fancy your deep sorrow and exhaustion of spirit. Truly cast down yet not destroyed, sustained amidst the waves and billows by the grace and strength of our Lord Jesus. We do need this power in us to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man to endure the loss, the sorrow, the change. But your sorrow is mixed with true thankfulness and relief for him that the warfare is accomplished, and he admitted into the presence, and sharing the glory of God his Saviour. Great peace will be given when you turn to him, at rest, delivered from the burdened tabernacle, partaking in the glorious liberty of the children of God."

To the same, shortly after.—"How acceptable is a true pause in life after such an over-turning event, casting you down low, inwardly and outwardly; changing the whole face of things in this world, but illuminating heavenly things

and the eternal inheritance with fresh glory, and filling your heart with thankfulness and joy in the midst of your sorrow and loss."

Northrepps, June 21, 1861.

To Catherine Buxton.—"My dearest child,—I could desire some rest might be given thee from great weights. I seem to have a picture of it this morning in the tranquillity of this dear home—the garden very gay before me, and things in nice order, but far from the usual lovely green, the house almost stripped of its creepers, not in the front, but round by both gardens, and the parrot hedge cut away, leaving the wall bare; but I decided in my own mind to come home satisfied with the things given me, and to feel the love of Christ over me, whether the cross is laid more or less in little or great things. In mercy I am favoured with great blessings.

"I have thought wistfully of the cheer it would have been to have thy sweet ones ornamenting the house and gardens."

Northrepps, June 25, 1861.

To Catherine Buxton.—On her son Gurney's engagement to Louisa Caroline Hoare.—"Well! my darling child, 'may God be praised' has been the word in my heart and mouth, that another son is to possess a child of God. I do feel this an unspeakable blessing, not to dearest Gurney only, but for thee, my love, and for each of the precious brothers and sisters. This is the point that presses upon me, calling forth hearty thanksgiving; and then added to this greatest of favours the natural gifts and remarkable attendant advantages. How has thee been, my dearest Catherine, under it? What a very, very bright prospect opens for Gurney, and through him to thee, of real comfort and rest for this beloved child, as well as personal and family gain! Charming it is to have two sons going to be married, and yet how deeply we feel thee has to rejoice and receive her alone. Farewell, my beloved child.

"Thy most entirely loving and sympathizing mother,

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, October 15, 1861.

To Catherine Buxton.—"I have had it so very much on my heart that we do not give enough as a family. It is a subject greatly on my mind, and makes me often very low, to have such a talent committed, lest it should not be used as it

should be, for Him, Who has given it us to trade with. It is a true anxiety to me. It is fearful to have large sums unused when there is such a cry for help, from the suffering, the sinful, and the ignorant. I feel this is a solemn responsibility, and I do most earnestly desire that my sons and grandsons may be led to know that they are but stewards of their Lord and Master, and become afraid to accumulate beyond a reasonable and sufficient future for each child. It is very odd with this strong sense of the obligation, the duty, the wisdom of giving, yet I do not like to give to many applications, and hesitate what to give. All this I say to-day from reading a letter upon the demand, the request for schools in the East by the poor people themselves, and finding the Turkish Mission cannot grant their request, and even must give up some schools. The same earnest request from the settlers in Canada, and yet more than all the piteous demands for admittance to the refuges in London, and with many vacancies, obliged to be refused because the funds are not sufficient. The persecuted Christians in Spain, whose sufferings are grievous, and who may receive alleviations, have affected me, and other objects also. I write now to thee, my love, to tell me about the Turkish Mission, and who is the manager. I have not kept a paper I had about it. Ought I not to send more money? I long for others to feel these things as well as myself, and it would truly cheer me if I saw a very liberal feeling, a true sympathy with suffering and need, which would lead to a great generosity and benevolence. I see there is much of generosity to their own objects, but I long for a far more enlarged boundary, and a far more abounding liberality. I have talked to my children upon the subject, and intend to do so with my grandsons in time. They will never err, or can err in giving. It is fruit that will abound to their own account, though there may be now and then objects not deserving; but it is extremely fearful to keep what we ought to give, to lay up largely when there are such cries to be saved, taught, fed, and clothed. This is the point. I wrote this some days ago, but would not send it while Uncle Cunningham was with thee, because he would have said why did I not give more! I am surprised at my own reluctance. How curious is the wish of having, what we do not want."

Northrepps Hall, November 15, 1861.

To Mrs. J. J. Gurney.—"My dearest sister,—We cannot bear to read of your sorrowful war and the melancholy defeats and mistakes made by the Federals. We begin to fear that the slavery question, and hope of some good to those poor creatures, is to be trampled under foot. It is grievous work, and England is

beginning fearfully to suffer from the obstruction to commerce. I suppose you are in a peaceable district, and may you be preserved from the calamity and dangers of the conflict! I know thee will now like a little history of myself and various interests. I am this day left without either child or grandchild, having been full of them in succession since the latter part of July, to my great comfort. Fowell and Rachel's large party of eighteen are now cleared off, and my married grandchildren—Andrew and Charlotte Johnston, and their little girl, Beatrice, with the bride and bridegroom, Gurney and Louisa—all went off together this morning. The last week or two I have had much interest in their company, and have been exceedingly pleased with her as a wife. She is a young person, likely to promote good and happiness in her husband, and those about her. They reach their privileged home, Upton Lane, now called The Cedars, to-night, a most interesting crisis for them and dearest Catherine. I feel tenderly for her in the deep interests of her children in meeting them alone. May she be upheld under everything by the strengthening arm of the Lord! It is a very great blessing for her to have one son so remarkably favoured in his marriage, and I believe with the serious intention that he and his house will serve the Lord. Sir Fowell remains as the companion of his mother. I am impatient for his marriage, and how I do ask that God may give him a true child of Christ. We must wait and hope and trust. * * * I forgot to mention my precious darling Charles, who is happily provided with father, mother, brother, and even sister. I thank my Heavenly Father for the compensation made him.* Dearest Charles and Emily were nine weeks with me, and are now in their pleasant home. So mercies, 'countless as the sands,' may I not say, are granted; and now for grace to be freely given to work mightily in myself and all mine. I often ask, 'may all mine be thine.' Farewell, beloved sister.

"Thy most affectionate sister,

"H. Buxton."

To Samuel Gurney and Louisa Caroline Buxton, on their settling at West Ham.—"* * * Your first post will bring this. Everything will be the first, and therefore exciting; and how pleasant to begin a life so full of promise of all

* In his father's marriage to Louisa Gurney Hoare.

that is most happy, looking beyond this world to that which is to come. May you and yours run the race set before you, ever looking unto Jesus.

"Your very affectionate and pleased grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

Holton Hall, December 17th, 1861.

To Eliza Gurney.—"My beloved sister,—I am glad thee intends to have a little retreat by the seaside. I hope we English may never come to drive thee away, my love. How I hate the war and dread our getting involved! What folly on the part of America to quarrel with us. Alas! we are so sorry, and do lament the bad spirit of pride and love of war. Peace is so heartily desired in this country. Well, dear, the war will never separate us in heart—united in the Lord, as we trust, through His blessed Spirit in us! May it be so for ever! I do so feel my great age. When flesh and heart fail, may the Lord be the strength of our life and our portion for ever. How intensely painful the death of the dear, valuable Prince Consort! What a terrible fall from the height of prosperity to awful desolation! I cannot conceive a greater change for the Queen. He, her only equal, and companion, and fellow-helper in her wonderful concerns, family and national! The loss of his prudent, moderate, wise counsels —the loss of the loving, devoted husband and father! What was centred in him!—and now the strong one cut down, and she left, it seems to me, without one even to share or advise! Oh, that she may find a strong arm on which to lean, wisdom from above to guide her, the love of Christ to comfort her. We have been taken quite by surprise, and believe the Queen also; no notice of his illness reached me till Thursday, and the Queen herself seems to have been grievously unaware of his danger.

"Now I must turn to a pleasanter picture—the little circle here. Effie bright and well, and her little Grace very charming, fat, rosy, and healthy, fine dark eyes, and rather golden hair—a great treasure and delight. I enjoy my two great-granddaughters.

"Farewell, my beloved sister.

"Thy very tenderly affectionate sister,

"H. Buxton."

In the spring of 1862 she had a serious attack of illness at Colne

House, while on a visit there. On being left by Lady Buxton, who went to London on her son Sir Fowell Buxton's engagement to the Lady Victoria Noel, she writes :—

Colne House, April 2, 1862.

"'And fix on Thee the steady eye,
And on Thy outstretched arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.'

"These lines rather comforted me for thee, my beloved child, in the hurry of thy departure, and the sense that, though I was left to quiet and in a sweet resting-place, thee were called to give heart and head, mind and time, and all thy powers to the delightful and almost overwhelming interests and concerns of dearest Fowell. It makes me almost fear for thee, my love; but with the Lord at hand, and thy Keeper and Helper made unto thee thy never failing refuge, we may trust that thee will bear the weight of intense interests and true joy in Fowell's engagement. How glad I am to have thee given to him, and with what love I follow thee and him, I need not say, and dearest Charles and Emily sharing as they do in everything. I feel humbled, and ashamed, and sorry to have been the means of keeping and taking thee away from Fowell. However, we have passed a precious time together in the unity of the Spirit, which has brought its great comfort and help to me.

"The darlings have all been here—Francis with his eggs and the green chair, drawing and cutting, and now Bridgy comes and sweeps them all off to go out, and I shall dine, and perhaps sleep and read. I am so glad thee went off, my darling child—the way was most clear for it, and I am so nicely to-day, and am more than satisfied, thankful that thee were able to leave me comfortably. Pray take care of the cold, and if possible of thyself.

"Thy most affectionate mother,
"H. Buxton."

Colne House, Cromer, April 10, 1862.

To Mrs. J. J. Gurney, in America.—"I have been so many weeks separated from thee as to writing, my beloved Eliza. It is now about two months since I had a sudden and frightening attack in my chest, at Northrepps, which I recovered from in degree, and came with Catherine to Colne House, where seven weeks since I was as suddenly seized with fever, which quickly brought me into

real and severe illness, and very near did I feel to what in favour and greatest mercy I thought would be a blessed termination to my long course here. Truly the Saviour was all-sufficient for me, and in Him I was in peace and hope, and graciously spared fear, but was rather longing to depart to be with Him and share the heavenly inheritance with my own most beloved ones! But after some days I became better, and though I have had much illness and some conflicts in the flesh and spirit since, yet it has been the will of Him Whose I am to bring me up again from the brink of the grave, to be, not well again, yet to return to life, to be employed, and be probably well enough to return to my post at home next week.

"I ought to turn to the cheerful side; and if thee could see Catherine with her five little girls in red cloaks, with four white rabbits, and Francis, now quite a tall boy, on the lawn before me, thee would say, 'What pleasures yet remain!'"

CHAPTER IX.

1863—1872.

LAST YEARS.

PRESENT circumstances, January 1, 1863.—Dearest Catherine at Ham House with Louis, Francis, and five girls. Henry travelling. Fowell and Rachel with nine at Forest Edge. Charles and Emily with six at Fox Warren. Hamonds at Ashurst with Charles and two more. Sir Fowell and Lady Victoria living at Warlies. Gurney and Louisa with Mabel at Upton Lane. Edward and Emily and twins at Knighton, Woodford. Miles and Effie with Grace at the Scaur, Carlisle. Andrew and Charlotte staying at Malvern. Now to begin 1863.

I am thankful to have been spared. May it be for Thy glory, my blessed Lord. Nor did I ask it, but Thou didst will it. Spare my own beloved ones! My cup is still full.

I am very comfortable at home. My brother Cunningham most welcome. My three beloved girls,* S. Maria, Priscilla, Isabel, with me as their home. John Henry with Mr. Fitch is our frequent companion. Lord bless us in body and soul.

Saturday, April 25.—To Trimingham. Primroses and birds' nests. Thankful for the pleasures given.

* Her son-in-law, Andrew Johnston, died at Sydenham, August 24, 1862, and his three unmarried daughters went to reside with their grandmother.

Saturday, May 2.—Fine drive in Cromer Hall woods. A conflict to me, but relieved in heart and helped by grace.

West Ham, Friday, May 15.—The charming party of Catherine and her sisters—six Christian, favoured women.

Sunday, May 24.—To valuable church. Evening—I drove with Louisa. Little Charles a dear object.

Warlies, June 22nd.

"My most beloved Cath,—I write a line to say our Sunday was quite delightful; privileged church and dear school; such a nice congregation, and so tenderly associated with my most beloved Edward. I feel him so much in everything, and what the grandfather and the father have done to build up an inheritance for dear Fowell. It is most striking to me to view Providence working through them for him to reap the fruits so largely bestowed. I am more and more charmed with the place. It really seems to me one of the most delightful and complete I have ever seen—complete it will be, I mean. We had such a successful day, so full of good, I trust, and pleasure. Henry a pleasant addition, though I had little of his company, and it was the point in which I failed. It answered thoroughly well our being here with Uncle Cunningham. He and I went to church in a fly, the others in the pony-chair and walking part of the way with us; the drive and country so pleasant, and the church in itself excessively interesting, and the capital congregation, and lively service, and good ministry quite cheering. In the afternoon we all went to the dear schoolroom.* The scene strikingly pretty as well as interesting. Thee really ought to spend Sunday here before thee goes out. Pray do give thyself the real happiness of it. Much walking about, visiting the stables, long rests and talks. Fowell and I an hour or more together, and a little time with Victoria, and reading filled the time till eight o'clock meal, after which we all read missionary papers till prayers, and then hymn singing till a quarter to ten. Uncle C—— then had to sit up and write to Anna Hinderer, and seemed well this morning when he went off, after a valuable reading and prayer. I have been looking at the plans of the new house, and shall walk about with Fowell, and we drive in the afternoon.

* Built by Sir Edward N. Buxton, and used for an afternoon service.

"Good-bye, my most dear child, and I am thankful for thee as well as for thy children, and that I have been permitted to see and feel their prosperity.

"Thy ever affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton.

"Dearest Sarah unites with me in my view and feeling about Warlies, church and everything."

She writes in reference to Mr. Cunningham's illness:—

He is full of love, and sends the tenderest messages, and in answer to my hope that he is enjoying Christ—"Oh, yes, that I am. Nothing can be more happy, more delightful. I have been in heaven—up, up, up!" and he lifted up his hand. "I can't tell you how happy I feel—so easy." There is no cloud over his spirit. "I am very happy. There is no doubt Jesus loves me and I love Jesus." He says it is delightful to die. "I wonder I am not in heaven. I want to be in heaven." Mr. Snell writes, "You will hear of the glory that surrounded the saint of the Lord, constantly raising his arms in gratitude and praise to Him Who had led him all his journey through—extending his arms and embracing many that were near him. The love of God was shed abroad in his heart, and everyone partook of his sanctified affections."

August.

To Daniel Gurney, after F. Cunningham's death.—"It is curious that things pressing upon me seem to give me power, and I think this has been the effect of the death of dearest Francis. I have been to Earlham to see Mr. Ripley and Laura, and hear all I can about him, which has been exceedingly interesting, of course, and made one most thankful he has not been permitted to suffer, as he almost must have done had he been spared longer. As it was, he was continually saying 'how pleasant it was, it could not be dying,' and raising his hands,

thanking the Lord for His kindness, for His love and favours, and saying how he loved Him and trusted Him. A most blessed end."

September 15, 1863, her 80th birthday.

To Rev. F. Fitch.—"To have arrived at such an age is weighty, but I am thankful that I have been preserved to reach it, feeling still wanted in the world, and being favoured with remaining power to enjoy the great mercies and privileges by which I am surrounded. My grandchildren being dependent upon me make me thankful for life, while I am not a burden upon them."

June 18, 1864, Northrepps.

To a Grandson.—"My dear John Henry,— * * * Since luncheon I have been in the car and my friends walking. We have sent off Barebones (a parrot); he became intolerable in peeling off the geraniums and coming into the drawing-room. Our old lame parrot is sitting on three eggs!—never to produce young ones, I believe; but she is very happy in the hope, and the two who fathered the young one last year are again sitting."

September 15.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Beloved Brother,—I must send you a line on my birthday—eighty-one. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me since I was born at Bramerton, 1783! What a course have I run, and what blessings have I enjoyed, and yet how severe my trials and innumerable my losses! To-day I go to a picnic with children, but far more grandchildren; with these I am encompassed, but do not mind the numbers for myself; I rather feel the immense work for the servants, often more than sixty to feed in the day. I like having Daniel Wilson as a minister, and entirely desire good may attend our meeting together. He is doing something in the village, which is a satisfaction to me. Pleasures seem to be allowed and given.

"Your very affectionate sister of eighty-one,

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, Jan. 14, 1865.

To Catherine Buxton.—"My dearest Child,—I did not know it was thy birthday. I remember the day, and being sent for from Brick Lane. How I should have felt it had I known that for nearly thirty years thee would have been my own child—loving, faithful, helpful, one with my then pretty child Edward.

"It is wonderful what blessings are laid up in store for us undeserving people! May they be for thee, my most beloved child, and all and each of thine and all mine, and for myself while I remain here; and the abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom be most mercifully ministered for thee, and for me, and all our dear ones, though Him Who has loved us and given Himself for us.

"Most truly loving,

"H. Buxton."

May 1, 1865.

To Sir T. Fowell Buxton.—"Dearest Fowell,—I really think I cannot refuse the honour and the very small measure of responsibility which would fall on me as godmother to my great grandson. Such good company as Lord Roden as great-grandfather, and Lord Gainsborough the grandfather, seems very inviting to me to join with them. We are of little future need to him, and may unite in the prayer that he may indeed be baptized into Christ, to be His for ever."

A week later:—

"Dearest Victoria,—I want to know how you are after our very interesting and charming gathering and service.* It was highly gratifying to me. I did so enjoy the possession of that darling child, and giving him to the Lord to be His, with the prayer that He would keep him safe, defend him from the power of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and preserve him and make him His servant and soldier, to be glorified by Him in life, and then to be received up into glory, through Him Who died and lives for him. I trust the grace of God may ever be with him as he advances, to know Jesus and to love Him. What a gift he is for you both! Yet you must hold him as the Lord's, not your own. Will you tell Lady Gainsborough, with my especial love, how much I valued sharing in her great interest, and felt her kindness in coming to sit by me, and also that she gave me the pleasure of meeting your father again, and seeing him and my great-grandson together.

"Your most affectionate Grandmother."

June 29, 1865, Northrepps Hall.

To E. Gurney.—"Dearest Sister,— * * * Have you read William Forster's life? I think it will very much interest thee; there is much that I value

* Thomas Fowell Victor Buxton was baptized May, 1865.

in it. Peter Bedford's life is rather amusing. * * * I long for the prosperity of your land. I have deeply felt emancipation being given, and most earnestly pray that the Lord may influence the freed negroes to accept and use freedom aright and for their own good. It is wonderful to me to see from an American paper 'Universal Peace' in the world announced, nothing but superficial differences remaining in the world, and then to hear 'Slavery is dead' written on a hearse in the Charlestown procession in honour of the freedom given by God! What wonderful mercies! Pray tell me anything you can of the work of God in America. Painful indeed that Lincoln* was removed. May Johnson be led to do wisely and mercifully!

"Farewell, my very dear sister.

"Thy most affectionate sister,

"H. Buxton."

Dec. 20.

To Sir T. Fowell Buxton.—"Dearest Fowell,—I enclose a delightful extract from your grandfather's papers. I met with it the other evening, and copied it for you and others near to me who are engaged in the blessed work of relieving the oppressed, and seeking that justice should be done to all. His spirit of faith, dependence, and prayer may well be brought before you. It is a helpful example. How I do rejoice, dearest Fowell, to have you called to work for God, that He has put it into your heart."

The following is the extract enclosed:—

"Give me, oh Lord God, Thy Holy Spirit, Thy help, Thy present and all-sufficient help, in pleading the cause of the slave. Let the light of Thy countenance shine upon me. Give me wisdom to select the proper course, and courage to pursue it, and ability to perform my part; and turn the hearts of the powerful so that they may be prone to feel for and prompt to help those whose bodies and souls are in slavery. 'If ye ask anything in My name,' said our Saviour, 'I will do it.' In His prevailing name, and for His merits, do this, oh Lord God."—(January, 1831.)

* A letter to President Lincoln from Mrs. J. J. Gurney was found in his pocket, with her photograph, after his death.

"It has pleased God to place in my hands some duties with regard to the poor slaves, and these duties I must not abandon. Oppression, and cruelty, and persecution, and, what is worse, absence of religion, must not continue to grind and debase that unfortunate race through any neglect of mine. Grant, oh Lord Jesus, that I may be enabled by Thy Holy Spirit to discharge my solemn duties to them. Thou hast promised Thy Spirit, Thy aid, and Thy wisdom to those who ask it, and under a sense of my utter incompetence to do anything of my own strength, I humbly crave and entreat Thy guiding wisdom, and that power and strength which cometh from Thee. Make me an instrument in Thy hands for the relief of the needy, for the elevation of that people. Oh, for the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy! Now, arise, oh Lord, and grant me the privilege of labouring and combating on their behalf. Oh, for Christ's sake hear this prayer!"—(December, 1831.)

To the same.—"I have often to my sons and grandsons given the word of exhortation upon giving. I want you each to feel, what you have is graciously given to you, and that to the Lord you will liberally return it. Let the spirit of your heart be—What can I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?—what is His will in each case—and to exercise much kindness in the distribution of money, not always weighing the necessity—to those who *have* it is often so extremely acceptable to receive a little. In short, I would have you each the cheerful and bountiful giver of God's gifts to you. Be most generous, mixed with judgment and mercy."

In the spring of 1867 Hannah Buxton again had a severe illness. She was taken ill at Northrepps, but was removed when she became better to Colne House, where she had another attack.

Lady Buxton writes:—

February 1.—I and my five girls were at Northrepps with my dearest mother. She was very unwell with cough and fever. It was a precious service to attend on her; her heart was so clearly on God—hidden in Christ, the subject always uppermost. Such

ready response to every verse given her, catching at the words to dwell on them. One day the words were, "that Christ may be magnified in me." How earnestly did she desire this! "How can it be?" "By praising Him." Yes, always. Such mercies are given, such peace, perfect peace. But it must also be by conduct, meekness, gentleness. "I am so sorry I was vexed about the tea. I want Christ to be magnified by my life in little things—I in Him and He in me." We read the 1 Thessalonians together. Delightful was her lively mind and expression upon it, dwelling on chap. iii. 5, "Stand fast in the Lord." She said, "'Tis ours." Then we knelt down, and she turned it into most earnest prayer for herself, for me, for our most beloved ones, that all might be "in the Lord." She spoke of the comfort darling Anna had been to her. I don't know anyone I like so much to read with; her knowledge of the Bible is delightful.

February 14.

To a Grandson.—"Dearest John Henry,—I think you must be very clever with your scholars, and I doubt not you teach yourself as well as them, and that the duty brings its own reward, in the satisfaction that is given in working for God, being a co-worker with Him. I often am struck with the immediate recompense of reward given to service in its effect upon the heart and spirits. I am convinced practical service in any form adds decidedly to the happiness of life. * * * * I am still not very well, and have not been into the garden for two months, I think, but I have had a very comfortable time; and been so nicely provided for by companions, and the quiet I have had in my own room has been a great gain to me in preparation for the Master's call, unveiling to me the riches which are in Christ and mine in Him, as I with inexpressible thankfulness do trust and believe."

Miss Clowes writes:—

Colne House, May, 1867.

Mr. and Mrs. Fowell Buxton with two daughters and a son had arrived on Saturday evening, and in the evening of Sunday Dowager Lady Buxton had been as usual brought down in her chair into the drawing-room. Words fail to give the picture when the party assembled to say verses and hymns. Only those who know the beautiful room, the fine conservatory, the view from the windows of the declining sun throwing the shadows across the bright green lawn, can the least fancy the scene, nor can I adequately describe the individuals composing the groups at the bow window. On the ottoman seat, the Dowager, so diminished in size, delicate, refined, in a rich black silk dress, with a shawl of a thin material bordered with white, very feeble, but animated, summoning all to come close by her, her hand clasped in that of her dearly beloved son Fowell, he so gentle, loving, and cordial with her. Then on chairs and stools of various heights, the grandchildren grouped round her, and beginning at the youngest, each in turn repeated a portion of Scripture or a hymn. Such a sweet party of young life! The four younger daughters of Catherine Lady Buxton dressed in pretty white frocks and blue sashes; first Rachel, eleven years old, with long flowing golden hair; Eva, bright in look and voice; Laura, so gentle and sweet, and Catherine, reserved, shy, and retiring. Then there were the cousins—Alfred, a schoolboy, and Louisa and Ellen, both so amiable and pleasing, a step in advance, in age and dress, of the other girls.

June.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Your few lines to-day have quite touched me—that you should remember me so often in love. It is most valuable to me. I believe we are knit together in love—members of His body Who is our blessed Head, and heirs together of the glorious inheritance purchased and prepared for us through the infinite love and all-sufficiency of the name of Christ. I am become deaf, so that I am deprived of the pleasure of hearing my grandchildren, though I like a cheerful-looking party about me. This I have now at Colne House. Our hay has been soaked in a fine rain—most acceptable to the country. How often I feel this prayer—Preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth! May we both be kept in peace, receiving Christ into our hearts, or rather, let us hide ourselves in Him.

December.

To Daniel Gurney.—"What weather we have had! Sorrowful wrecks; one under the lighthouse. The miserable men had taken to their boat, and were all four washed up near together and buried in one grave. Miss Wilkinson saw a wreck on Monday, and the lifeboat turn from it while six men were on board, and then saw them fall into the sea and be tossed about for a time before they were drowned, all but one. Two more wrecks since; one went down, the other on to the shore, but the men saved. In one was a woman who had been lashed to the mast! What suffering must they all have undergone! We feel for these as near us. But how fearful the many besides, and the cyclone in the West Indies."

To Effie MacInnes.—"Darling Effie,—Your loving note was very acceptable. You would be surprised to see how comfortable we are. Three young ladies just come in to stay, if I like, which I at once refuse! It is so very agreeable to me to be left alone. I could often wish to have more time over past things. Priscilla and I agreed yesterday that we must not dine till a quarter-past seven. I get too little time going up at six, but do not incline to shorten the reading hours. I do not often go out, and we are not at all dull. I enjoy this warm drawing-room, and am really low sometimes in my great comforts, when I know the sorrowful need of others who do not lie down as I do at night with every possible indulgence; and peace in Christ graciously added to all!

* * * "What a decided course was your grandfather's. I have been reading

some of his early life to-day—how few like it now! In looking to the blessed inheritance I visit him in his portion, through the love of God his only Saviour. I do pant after more of the like devotion to the holy cause."

Woodford, Feb. 10, 1868.

To Ellen Buxton, before her marriage with Robert Barclay.—"Darling Ellen,—One word at least before you take the leap. This you do in great safety, under the strong arm of the Good Shepherd, and by the side of another of His flock, so you may be of good courage and of lively hope that you are not called only to the marriage below, but to be one at the marriage feast of the Lamb, when you will be clothed with heavenly garments! May all at your feast be in wonderful mercy brought to be partakers of that banquet prepared for all who receive and follow Him here. Good-bye, darling Ellen Buxton, for ever.

"Your most affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

March 4.

To Charles Buxton.—"Dearest Charles,—I know you will like a present from me of a useable Bible for your sitting-room. My object in sending it is that you may daily, or at least habitually, read a small portion; and not read it only, but study it, meditate upon it, and pray for the Holy Spirit to enlighten you and teach you to apply it to yourself, and to feed upon it in your heart, and so to possess yourself of it, as easily to recur to it in the course of the day, in short intervals, as before luncheon, or dressing, or occasional pauses, and if awake in the night, and that in this use of the word of God it may lead you often to draw near to Jesus in love for what He has done, is doing, and will do for you, and to look to Him for grace and power to fulfil His will and do His work. I send a text-book, too, which is to live at hand, where you are very busy, and I am sure you will value them, and the love that gives them to an inexpressibly dear child from an old, but I hope faithful, and certainly loving mother.

"H. Buxton."

Friday, January 1, 1869.—I at home; Andrew and Charlotte, Priscilla and Isabel, Arthur and Geoffrey left for a day or two. Catherine and her five at Colne House; Edward, and Gurney

and Louisa, and children visiting her. Fowell, Rachel, and Louisa, J. Henry, Alfred, Emily, Janet, Barclay, Effie, Ethel at Ham House. Charles and Emily and their six at Fox Warren. Hamonds at Ashurst with Charles and their six. Sir Fowell and Victoria in Brook Street with their two. Emily at Knighton with her four. Henry in Hanover Terrace with Rosalind and baby. Robert and Ellen at Oak Hall. Miles and Effie, West Heath, with children in measles; mother and sister with them. Daniel and S. Maria visiting at Knighton, with elder children. Edward with Mrs. Mortimer, three little ones at home; all prospered. Louis and Francis in America. Mercies countless as the sands. Christ loves us, and our Father, in Him.

February 6.

To Lady Buxton.—"Most beloved Catherine,—We have had a very prosperous and very pleasant journey. The weather so delicious, and your five and Priscilla as if the cork was just out of the effervescent bottle, all so exuberant in life and talk and play, with apples, oranges, and a luncheon devoured with great spirit. Anna MacInnes with us till Cambridge. We began with a valuable chapter and laid a foundation for what was comfortable, and after that all broke forth into perfect ease and chatter and amusement. I thought you would have enjoyed it, and Anna MacInnes really did. I had my own book and independence, and at Broxbourne, Fowell, Janet, and Barclay joined us, to our real pleasure. Sam will tell you of it. I am glad you will find shelter with kind and dear Ellen; my warm love to her. I was glad they were leaving Ham House, or I might have reproached myself for leaving them; yet I believe I was led to the best arrangement in coming here first to see the Barclays, my chief object. Fowell heard in the train that Edward had a narrow escape to-day, both he and his horse falling over a gate. In great mercy he seems to have escaped without a hurt. I feel very much your account of dearest Victoria, and all the children being such a care. The visit to Catton was sweet, Gurney and Louisa, Gurney especially so

tender and attentive. He would have a wooden washing-stand moved into the room—who need have told him I had not a taste for marble ones?—and bringing me in grapes himself, and many little things in him were most dear to me. They, indeed, charming, and the children also. He brought Anna MacInnes to the train, and a fine assembly there was to see us off. We had a beautiful drive on Friday."

February 24.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Dearest Brother,—Your enclosed of the certificate of my birth has been very amusing to me, as it shows I have never known my true birthday, but have always thought it was September 15 and not October 15; no doubt on our dear mother's death, no one knew accurately, and September 15 was adopted, so that I am a month younger than I thought. All were born in Magdalen St. Court but myself, who was born at Bramerton, before you three brothers at Earlham; Sam. in October, 1786, the year we went to Earlham. I may truly apply Psalm 71 to myself just now. The prayers for old age are delightful. 'Why am I kept so long?' is a solemn question. May it be for the good of some, and to the glory of God, through His great love and mercy in Christ Jesus. It is often cheering to me that He takes pleasure in His people, it is for His own honour and glory we are saved, and may we thus live for Him and die for Him.

"I left Ham House probably for ever on Monday. It is a sorrowful wind-up there, and yet there is nothing forced in it. The separation from it and the family is like ripe fruit falling. I look back to the time when Sam, quite a young man, was in love with Elizabeth Shepherd; and long before and ever since it has been inhabited by faithful servants of Christ, who have been blessed in it themselves and been made a fountain of blessings to others. We may say with great thankfulness that a stream of good, in example, experience, gifts, and hospitality, has ever flowed in and from that place. Fowell's new house is ready. It is a beautiful house. I wish to see Charles' house once more (Fox Warren), which is really uncommon for charm."

March 31.

To Robert Barclay.—"Dearest Robert,—Most heartily do I welcome my new great-grandson, and congratulate our sweet, precious Ellen, and you, and

fathers, and mothers, and uncles, and aunts on the honours of their new relationship in receiving this most acceptable child. I did include myself, but to me it is certainly no new honour, only a fresh one. It is of and from the Lord through Christ Jesus that this vast blessing and comfort comes. I have enjoyed to look at the spirit of his father and mother in receiving the child, knowing that they accept him as a gift, or loan rather, and that it will be in their hearts to fit him for the Lender. Good-bye, dearest grandson.

"Your very affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

To Daniel Gurney.—"Dearest Brother,—Laura has told me of the pleasure of your visit to Earlham, and that you had enjoyed seeing the dear old home again. I am very glad you accomplished seeing Mr. Kett. I was thinking of him and Mrs. Thompson on my birthday of twenty, when a large party of Hoares, Barclays, Ketts, and Buxtons and Gurneys had a picnic in Sheringham woods. Only we three now remain; you were not with us. How generations pass away! May all have been gathered into the blessed kingdom of God the Father, through the work of God our Saviour. Our present party is as large or larger. No Kett, no Gurney, but John Henry Gurney, Hoares, Barclays, and Buxtons in many; and also visitors who visit me in the afternoon, and a few to dinner most days. I have only Charles and Emily and their four girls and Kitty from Colne House as my inmates. Fowell is in his own house at Cromer. I like the life, and I believe it suits me, but yet I would have some quiet to myself if I could. It is a real comfort to me that scarcely a morning passes without Charles and me reading a little in the Bible together."

May 8.

To John Henry Buxton, on the family removing to Easeneye.—"Dearest John Henry,—I opened my Testament on a text with your initials written at the side, and this induced me to tell you myself how much I have desired a simple dedication service on the entrance into the new abode. I feel here is a residence given by God, and I would trace His hand in the important transaction in your lives. This may be a residence of Buxtons for how long, for how short a time also; but we look on to generations to come, and you may suppose what are my desires and hopes concerning it—that it may ever be inhabited by faithful servants of God in and through Christ Jesus, and that it may ever be a habitation

of God in the hearts of the inhabitants by the Holy Spirit, and Christ be honoured, and confessed, and served, and this place be a fountain of blessings to the Church and the world. 'Consider what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things.'

"Your most affectionate grandmother,
"H. Buxton."

July 24.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Dearest Brother,—I am most vexed I did not write to you when I first heard that John Henry Backhouse* was so very ill, or since I heard of his death on Thursday. His aunt (Mrs. Barclay) had most delightful communication with him. He began himself pouring forth praise and prayer full of Christ, his Light, his Life, his Salvation—a wonderful triumph over death through Him, and readiness to depart and be with Him. Yet he was in possession of all the world could give—position, fortune, promise of exceeding usefulness, with intellectual attainments and natural power; a worthy successor of his grandfather." * * *

The following description of Edith and Noel Buxton was written to their parents on their return from Switzerland, when the children met them from Cromer:—

August 7.

"Dear Victoria,—How delighted you will be with your baby. I must tell you how excessively I like him. He is so manly already, with such perfect good-nature—not merry, but uniformly cheerful, with strong sense in his expression; his fine dark wavy hair, his large black eyes and beautiful long dark eye-lashes, and his brown clear complexion, make him lovely. His whole person is noble. Fowell and you will thank God for such a gift, and your pretty little ladylike girl is another. Victor is a real favourite of mine also, and they are three, not a little precious, great-grandchildren. But this baby is uncommon in effect; he has been a real pleasure and amusement to me, and to see the grandmother with him and her delight in him, is charming."

* Son of Anna, daughter of J. J. Gurney.

October 15.

To E. M. I.— * * * "I have had a beautiful greeting from the eight grand-daughters here. Janet with a very lively face wished me well on coming down. No one else remembered it, or myself at the time, and while we were at breakfast the eight contrived a throne on the sofa. All came bowing before me with good wishes; excessively pretty and charming to me. They kept us out of the drawing-room till all was ready, and then led me to the seat on the further sofa. They had their half-holiday, of course. They are now gone to gather flowers, I suppose for garlands."

Easneye, February 16, 1870.

To H. E. Buxton.—"Dearest Henry,—I send you £20 for your emigration fund. Had I not such very great demands upon me I would give more. Surely Government ought to pay a part of the expense. It is too large a sum to raise, I fear, by contributions.

"I must say how very much I liked being with you and dear Rosalind, and greatly appreciated your true love and great endeavours to suit my needs, dearest grandchildren, and please my taste. I was really glad to meet her father, and felt instructed by his simple remarks on the portions he read morning and evening. I much enjoyed your two darling children, Redmund and Winifred.

"I have greatly valued and enjoyed the charming party here of ten grand-daughters and one grandson, with the beloved parents, your most precious mother and uncle and aunt.

"Good-bye, dearest Henry.

"Your very affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

May 11.

To Charles Buxton.—"Dearest Charles,—I must send a line of true love to say I feel such a blessed tie with you since our meeting together in the Lord, to share in one common act of obedience to His will, and to seek for the blessing of receiving (not the outward sign, though appointed by Himself, but) the spiritual food of the Bread of Life freely offered us by our living Head.

"I had rather clear views this morning how we are to feed on this Bread of Life, by seeking His Spirit as the gift of the Father and the Son to reign in us. For this we must have earnest prayer and close application of the truth in the Scripture to ourselves; and the fruit in the life, that the name of our Lord Jesus

Christ may be glorified in us and we in Him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ. II. Thess. i. 12.

"With most true and everlasting love,

"Your heartily affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, May 20.

To Fowell Buxton.—"We have been sitting these last two days under the chestnut tree, a delicious covering over our heads with the full broad leaves, the blossoms falling upon us; one little bird sitting on the swinging bough, and birds in and out of the old acacia tree after a nest or young; reading the tales in the newspaper of Abyssinia and the 'Prince.' Surely God did mercifully spare in both cases."

June.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Dearest brother,—I must tell you that I leave London on Tuesday (17th) to go to Earlham for one night, and then home. Priscilla and Isabel my companions. I shall find Catherine at Colne House, and the Hamonds at Cliff House, so shall not be much alone. I have greatly valued to-day a second visit from dear Dr. Lushington. He is eighty-eight, and not so infirm as I am. He is delightful still, and I was so pleased at his response when I spoke about the heavenly inheritance and the blessed hope of meeting again. He asked if I had read a book that he had read—'The Blessed Dead.' Have you heard of the death of dear Anna Hinderer? * It is a great loss, but for herself surely 'to die is gain,' and she is for ever with the Lord. I have had all the Johnstons together, the five sisters and Andrew; Buxton only away in South America."

After visiting the graves at Overstrand, she writes:—

"How I love them, and those others within the ruins. How have I felt the body to be the Lord's, though not redeemed here from its suffering and death, yet preserved in Him, to be restored and made like Him, and be found with Him, perfected and united, soul and body!

* An old friend, for some years missionary at Abeokuta.

"Why not rejoice more, and enjoy more the blessed, glorious hope that we have in Christ Jesus?

"We have not capacity for the full comprehension of it, and are altogether cramped by the tabernacle in which we now groan."

July 1.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Dearest brother,—The death of dear Fritz de Bunsen is a real sorrow, and especially on account of Mr. Head and Sarah, to whom he was most important; he was as a child to them. He was so devoted to them, and they so very fond of him. Sarah was telling me of his love when I saw her at Easneye—that he was more like a daughter even, than a son to Mr. Head. I saw him in London, and he told me his determination was when he had finished his college course, to make Mr. Head take a journey with him. Poor fellow, the journey was to attend his dying scenes and death. Happily, they went first to Cambridge, and on to London, and were with him when he died. Effie had often been with him at Rickerby, and knew his religious mind, and that his life was in Christ, and his work for Him."

Northrepps.

To Miss Glover.—"My dear friend,—We are all well. Priscilla with me. May we each enjoy more and more the manifestation of Christ to our inward life. I want to be in Him for life, and in death and through eternity. I think I never saw and knew as I do now, that He is the one Mediator, and it is only through Him the Father is rich in mercy and love to us, and pours out his benefits upon us. The 1st Ephesians shows in measure the extent of these most blessed favours through Christ to us. I know you taste the good things graciously given to those who will accept them."

September.

To E. MacInnes.—"* * * We were led before our chapter to read the most interesting articles in the 'Times.' How wonderful the judgments of God on the Emperor and France; on him for his selfishness and folly it is most striking. When the war first began, I did so feel what a confirmation of faith it would be, did the Lord without delay show His holy displeasure at such sin. Manifestly the folly and sin have most grievous results, beyond what can be conceived, in suffering and sorrow and loss of property. Sad, sad to look at the

innocent involved with the guilty! We have a newspaper come in the evening. It is a misfortune for me to hear such tales! yet I cannot help it! I must tell you, dearest Priscilla, of our Sunday. We went eight in the carriage, and were rewarded by such a delightful sermon; and I could hear without my trumpet with true edification, and the whole service with ease and pleasure! Mr. Brown, curate of Mr. Chalmers, was our most acceptable minister. He would be a treasure here, but ought to have a good living in a large town. We all came home quite stirred up. It was all Aunt Buxton's kindness that led me there in the morning, and hers also in getting Mr. Trotter here in the evening. She sent him and his sister up at seven. This time we had only a very few, comfortably in the drawing-room, of our neighbours. Mr. Trotter spoke upon 3rd of II. Cor.: 'Moses' face shone' from communion—but it was too short, and Sarah Maria had the cleverness suddenly to manage the plan of reading the newspaper account of the visit to the hospitals. Nothing could answer better, and our evening was exceedingly successful and profitable, I hope."

December.

To Daniel Gurney.—"I have been visiting you in mind for the close of 1870 and commencement of 1871, in the desire and confidence for us both at our age, to be in Christ, covered by His whole work for us, set forth in the eleventh and twelfth clauses of the Litany, after the six previous clauses, teaching what He delivers from. The Litany does not go on to set forth the blessed condition into which His work brings us, but some of His 'unsearchable riches' are delightfully opened in Eph. i. I find continual help in going over these passages and dwelling on the various gifts of God our Father. That verse in Isaiah—'Unto us a child is born,' does wonderfully connect God in man, and for this reason I always value the Athanasian Creed, though some words in it I disapprove; but it teaches the mystery of the Trinity. I find it best to dwell upon what is made clear. I can remember so little, but 'I know whom I have believed,' and that He is able and will keep me soul and body to eternal life; and I love to remember the many of our own that have entered, all by the One Door, into the glorious kingdom, and we, too, will follow by the same blessed way, and all ours. I want all to be Christ's, and as Christ is God's, so may all be His, and behold and share in the glory of God and of the Lamb for evermore.

"I am well, and have had a merry Christmas with Priscilla, my only own one, and the Bosworths. We may thank God for our peace, and warmth, and food, and clothing. Dreadful what others suffer."

Northrepps, January 20, 1871.

She writes to a friend.—"We had a very pleasant visit lately from my statesman nephew, William Edward Forster, and his wife and adopted daughters. He is most capital in his work and power. What an unspeakable blessing it was to the country that he firmly adopted Bible instruction in his most important bill for improved education. His rise to his high position has been very interesting to watch, not of man, but due under the blessing of God to the high principle and sound judgment he has manifested. I think he heard he was chosen Cabinet Minister the same day that he heard of his Uncle Josiah Forster's death."

Northrepps, February 2.

To Rosalind Buxton.—"My darling granddaughter,—I continually turn to you and your dearest Henry with close and loving interest. I do not know how many letters I have written in mind to you the last few months. Your establishment at Yarmouth has been particularly interesting to me, and some of your notes have truly cheered me, and made me really thankful. I have continually had the words in my mouth for dearest Henry, that wherever he is, and in whatever occupation, he may be a preacher of righteousness, and by his life do this, if not called to preach according to our meaning. But may he confess Christ not in life only, but in word. I feel that there is a very great want of this in many that love the Lord Jesus. One thing I regret, that more life and confession of Christ is not thrown into family prayer. It is an opportunity of speaking of Him, and of His whole work for us and in us, that might be used, and as it seems to me ought to be for good; and how many a time may He be honoured with a word also by prayer in His name from the heart. Why should we not be more at liberty in this respect, and pray without a form, or, at least, thoroughly intermix our own particular needs into the form, which I have found in my weakness the best way? I know nothing of your individual family worship, but it is a subject I feel about, never having accomplished what I wished in my own house since your dearest grandfather's valuable ministry; but I do believe a determination to make it profitable and personal would be attended with success. Preparation for it is necessary, and a readiness to impress passages clearly by a few remarks and some instruction on difficult ones would be most useful; and then to carry on the same in the prayer, very often to pray for what we have been reading of, so as to make it really a means of receiving the good. Let family worship touch the hearts, that all may leave it with a word from God in their minds, and

a sense of Him, the ruler and preserver of each in Christ. To have Him acknowledged and confessed in passing communications with those we may meet. I feel this is what is called for. Every effort to lead to or teach others of the Saviour will assuredly be blessed to their own souls, and so I have a little opened what I mean by being a preacher of righteousness, yet how many ways in which it is done, remains. However, I cannot write more, and am your most affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

February 21.

ToDaniel Gurney.—"I am, I think, better and brighter for our very agreeable visit at the Pattesons from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, and our easy pleasant journey and happy arrival at Easneye. I did feel thankful to arrive and find all well, and boys prospering at school. Little Ethel quite recovered her serious illness; the place looking more open and cheerful, and as I trust, the blessing of God in this family. My faithful Priscilla left me at Broxbourne, to go to her sister's and be introduced to her new niece. Catherine and girls came with me. We all went to Thorpe, and took the family carriage; without this I do not think I could undertake a journey. A nice luncheon put on a table like a parlour. Fowell met us at Broxbourne. To-day I am sitting in my warm sunny study, my private sitting-room down stairs. Shall we have the joy of peace given? We do ask for it, and peace in France. Most happily, they do not seem to wish to kill one another as in the 1792 revolution. Do you intend to come to London and see me here? Pray do, it would be such a treat to see you."

Her brother paid her a visit at Easneye, after which she wrote to him:—

Easneye, March 29.

"I am thankful we have been together, beloved brother. I called on a very nice old Quaker pair yesterday. She spoke to me of ever blessing and praising the Lord for His mercies to us, so abundant in Christ Jesus, temporal as well as spiritual and eternal, and that we ought to be rejoicing in Him. I felt some self-reproach for the want of this. I think the care over others, the number I have to feel about, rather keeps me from it. We have had a succession of visitors after you went away. Robert Moffat, fifty-four years a missionary in South Africa,

and his daughters came; exceedingly interesting to me was his company. He had once been over to England when we knew him, so I was very much pleased to see him again."

Mitcham, April 27.

To Grace MacInnes.—"Dearest great-grandchild,—I send you 10*s.* for yourself, and 5*s.* to Harry and Neil, and 2*s.* 6*d.* to the other two, and 1*s.* to the fat baby! a little over to spend as you like, so it will be a £1 10*s.* cheque—quite a difficult sum for me to calculate. I have quite enjoyed to see such a happy party of children with bright smiling faces, and the law of kindness in their lips. You can tell if there is such a text. I must say my grandchildren and you great-grandchildren all repeat texts to me at once on being asked. I delight to find how you know the Word of God, and I trust have the love of Jesus in your hearts.

"Your very affectionate great-grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

May, Northrepps.

To D. Gurney.—"Here I am once more, really very well for me, and thankful for the mercies which have followed me and brought me safe back to my satisfying home. Priscilla and I stopped to spend Sunday at Earlham, and came home this morning. I am nicely, but I had a long and uncomfortable fear of a very bad choke yesterday, and I feel I may be liable to it. My help is to look to Jesus, Whose I am through the love and mercy of the Father, and earnestly desire and ask He may be in me, in the infirmities of the flesh, and that in passing through the valley of the shadow of death I may fear no evil, because Christ is in me by His Spirit, and over me, and I am in Him to life eternal.

"We drove from Earlham before luncheon. I had my own carriage with post-horses from Aylsham. Eva and Rachel met me at home, and Catherine and the others dine with me. I have handsome new carpets in my drawing-room and dining-room! How unreasonable in my eighty-eighth year."

Northrepps, May 22.

To the same.—"Dearest Brother,— * * * Most intensely shocking is the civil war in Paris! Happily it does not extend beyond it and the neighbourhood. What a curious state it is, for one place to rebel against the country. The newspapers are quite disagreeable.

"I suppose you are well supplied with books. In our little way it is not easy to be suited; one or two on the present state of Spain have interested me; light

appears to be breaking upon this terrible darkness. How should we rejoice to have the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shine everywhere!

"I was at church yesterday, and valued Mr. Jolly's ministry much. I am better than when I first came home, and enjoy these beautiful sunny days, though the wind is cold. I walk a little often in the garden, but very different are my walks to yours. I am thankful your powers are so preserved, dearest brother. Let us see to give thanks to Him, Whose never-failing providence ordereth all things in heaven and earth, through the blessed mediator Christ Jesus, in whom all the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen to the glory of God.

"How exceedingly acceptable was your visit to me. I felt the love and faithfulness to me so very much, and so dear to me to receive and feel such a link of natural affection between us. I know we can only meet here below by your exertions, dearest brother, and that you liked the visit to Cromer is a real pleasure to me."

Northrepps, June 24.

To Ellen Barclay.—"Dearest Ellen,— * * * I must write a gratified line to you, dear. I enjoyed your letter so very much. * * * A visit from you with the children would have been most pleasant. I expect to find your baby just what I like—a bright, good, and pretty little thing. * * * I like much to hear of your approval of High Leigh. May you be greatly blessed and made a great blessing in that charming home appointed for you by Him Who deals bountifully with us as a family. The fear is, that the abundance of this world's gifts should so satisfy our hearts, that we do not hunger and thirst after heavenly things, which are to be received through Christ Jesus by all who are seeking them with their whole heart, instead of resting in what He gives for this life. * * *

"Your most affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

August 4.

To Daniel Gurney.—"I will send off a few lines to you. I hope we may meet before very long. After the next week or two I believe we are perfectly ready to receive you, and I should like you to come while the De Bunsens are at Colne House. They arrived on Wednesday, and we met for an hour or two very pleasantly on the heath by the Beacon. You would be delighted with the rich beauty of this country just now. We sat amongst the heath; such a lovely after-

noon. * * * My individual care is my dearest Charles, who is not the better for Scotland, I believe, yet not worse for it, and enjoys it, Emily tells me. I feel a good deal being much more deaf, but the help is I am not my own, but purchased by Him Who gave Himself a ransom for me; and shall He not do what He will, and order what He sees meet for me?—and will He not bring me to His heavenly kingdom with God the Father of all, through infinite love, mercy, and merits?"

Her youngest son, Charles, had been in failing health all this summer; he had gone to Scotland for change, but gradually sunk and died at Lochearnhead, August 10.

August, 1871.

To Daniel Gurney.—"I know that you loved and estimated my exceedingly loved Charles, and can estimate my exceeding sorrow that it has been the holy will of our loving Father to take him away before me; but I know that He Who spared not His own Son that he and I and ours might be saved, has done all for my child, that is according to His own rich mercy, and great love, and entire wisdom. In my weakness of mind and body, I have been strengthened by His Spirit to receive His will. It has been and is a wonderful overthrow! Such an extraordinary loss to me, and what to his own! My days are few, and why do I not at once rejoice? I shall meet him, with all my very own. The promise is sure. We have Christ, and all is fulfilled through Him. I knew he was, and is for ever, beloved of the Lord through sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth as it is in Jesus, to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. What a view has been given me, of the love of the Father in the gift unspeakable of His Son, and of the love and work of the Son, and the gift of the Holy Spirit, so that at times I have been truly comforted."

Colne House, August, 1871.

From Lady Buxton to Anna and Catherine Buxton.—"My darling Anna and Catherine,—I am thinking of all in turn, and wanting to sit and dwell on the case, and then shall go to dear Northrepps later.

"The precious grandmother looks so small and white, but so lovely in her calm acquiescence. This event seems to draw all together. Oh, how the past is before me."

To Lady Buxton and Mrs. Charles Buxton, who were together at Fox Warren. —"Dearest Catherine and Emily,—How wonderful to me to view you together, without your most tenderly beloved ones, my most precious sons, both gathered to be together with my own companion into the blessed inheritance, by one way. It comes before me so strikingly in turning to your meeting at Fox Warren to-day.

"The love and purpose of our Father. I cannot say what I feel about it—upon the salvation given. I sit and do not know what to write, yet long to acknowledge what I have received already, and shall receive. It is past words, the love and favour of God in Christ. We have been comforted here by some chapters in Isaiah. Rachel Cresswell and I, and the granddaughters together. It has been very acceptable, indeed, to have Rachel here for these days, and will make the coming weeks decidedly easier to me. I must not go on, my pen and all is against me.

"Your most loving and sympathizing mother,

"H. Buxton."

September.

To D. Gurney.—"I am somewhat up again after the sorrowful levelling of one of my darling props in life, perhaps by it brought closer into fellowship with the Father through the beloved Son, and with one another in them by the Spirit in our hearts (John xvii., 20). I may have said this before. There has been such rich help in it to me about my dearest Charles. Many, indeed, are the words sent us of him, and what he was to many. I can only respond, "Not by works of righteousness we have done, but according to His mercy He saves us." By no other name or power can we be forgiven or made meet or be redeemed, but only through the whole work of Christ for us; and what ought I to render unto the Lord for the redemption of another child."

September.

To E. MacInnes.— * * * "Uncle Fowell is my counsellor and helper in everything. What do I receive from him of service? Darling Uncle Charles, too, was a possession indeed, to give up again to his Master! I have, they say, been nicely. I think I have been very weak and infirm, and am. I exceedingly like to hear of the service,* and anything that shows he was loved and estimated."

* Funeral service at Spitalfields attended by the Volunteers, of which Charles Buxton was colonel.

Northrepps, September.

To Mrs. J. J. Gurney.—"Beloved sister,—I am, indeed, pleased, very, very pleased to have thy note in thy own handwriting. I knew I had thy heart touched for me, dearest sister. It is a most sorrowful surprise and fall from what seemed most secure almost of any possession, yet of late, fears have indescribably crept in. The sight of him in the early spring frightened me. I had heard of no delicacy. There was something so peculiar in it, though well and going on as usual. We were, however, kept from acknowledging fear, or, perhaps, living in it, by the doctors he consulted, so they went on much as usual, though he confessed he was weak, and no doubt real illness came upon him, yet he did not believe he was in danger for a minute, so suddenly was he taken away. I cannot say how heartily I have felt the loving-kindness of our God in thus sparing him, for though no doubt ill, he enjoyed himself—the country, the inn where they were, and his charming party—yet I thought how infinitely higher our gratitude for his redemption in Christ Jesus. Herein is manifested the love of God! What can we render unto Him, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, for our salvation, for my darling's salvation, for the whole work of Christ? I go over in mind all His course of love, "from what He brought us, into what He brought us by His blessed life, death, burial, resurrection, ascension; what He has done, is doing, and will do for us," as Cotton Mather says—and I know a fellowship with my precious child in Christ. Our habitual communication and reading the Bible together, when we had opportunity, is now such an extreme satisfaction to me. The love of Christ was not a hidden subject, and Charles was one of very simple faith. His public life was given to useful and benevolent objects, and he was very highly esteemed and exceedingly loved amongst men. I am well, but exceedingly infirm. My dear Priscilla, my one fixed inmate, watches closely over me; and Catherine here, with kind and constant love and service. Beloved sister, my love is with thee, thy tenderly affectionate sister. What a hope we have of being together in the kingdom of God and His Christ.

"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, October 5, 1871.

* * * "There is a real clearing off of the family. I must soon turn to my texts, and most capital they are for the ministers who are selfish over their work, and would hinder others rather than that God should be glorified! Happily we do not fasten upon any one administration, but feel fellowship with all who confess

and preach the Lord Jesus. The morning is beautiful, and our garden is still very bright and tempting, but I am little inclined for the exertion of walking in it. Aunt Rachel and I drive out now, and call at Colne House, &c. I rarely get out of the carriage."

October 8.

To Catherine Buxton.—A note sent down one Sunday when all her children and grandchildren were with her.—"Most beloved child,—Though alone to receive your remarkable family assemblage, I do so thankfully look at you as the head, so very mercifully blessed and favoured with so large a number of children, in one bond of love in the Father through the Son, and by the Spirit. I have such a delightful text brought before me this afternoon I must send it to you. 'God hath said I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my children; and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' And what is to follow to them all is in the next chapter. Having these promises, dearly beloved, cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God! With exceeding love, and one with you and yours and many,

"Your most affectionate mother,

"H. Buxton."

December 22.

To Daniel Gurney.—"What excitement you must all have been in during the Prince's extreme danger, hearing, I suppose, continual reports and stories. We were living in the interest also, as was, I suppose, the whole nation. We greatly liked the Archbishop's prayer for him, and how it led every one to feel, that there was no other name under heaven given for him in whom and through whom he could receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! How do I desire that he and his and all concerned, closely or more distantly, may be brought to the full feeling on this most sacred truth, so that dependence upon Christ for real and sound restoration may be given. His favour, the essential need of it, for the salvation of every individual, whether Prince or groom. What immense relief has the time brought to the country, as well as to the Royal Family."

Northrepps, December 29.

To Lady Buxton.—"Dearest Catherine,—I hope Francis is better. If to

try foreign climate is wise, do not make too much of the trial, though I see it would in every way be no light one to you. May God Himself, our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ direct all our ways and bless us in them, whatever He appoints us. What patience we all ought to have in the ailments of the body, we are prone to rebel in feeling. I am, at least. In these and in all the dispensations appointed, we should say, let Him do what He will with us. We do give ourselves to be His, we receive Him as our Holy Head, to minister to us, to make us such as He would have us to be. I am writing for my own instruction, feeling how I need it. I have taken a hopeful view of the children, as well as of those of understanding. Christmas Day was a lively scene of giving presents, games, and snap-dragons. Good-bye, my dearest one.

"Most lovingly,
"H. Buxton."

January 1, 1872.

To the same, on her youngest son Francis' engagement to Mary Lawrence.—"I must send one more line, most beloved child, of such very, very great pleasure for you in this engagement. Francis has been a care, as well as he always is, a most important comfort and blessing. I have of late been dwelling on the ascended Lord Jesus as the Head of His Church, the giver to His members here on earth that which He knows in wisdom and love is best for them. How delightful to feel that He, the great Head of each, has by His grace been preparing them for one another, and brings them together to serve Him unitedly, and to bless them each in this world, and to be heirs together of the grace of life. Sweet Eva is essential to us, quite necessary to Priscilla and me.

"Your affectionate mother,
"H. Buxton."

January 11.

To Daniel Gurney.—"My very dear brother,—I am greatly interested by your letter, and really grateful for it. I fear writing has become a difficulty to you. I have felt about your weak hand; I am so sorry. It is a much greater inconvenience than my infirmities, but I know that the God of patience gives this to you, dearest brother. Our bodies are not our own, but Christ Jesus gave Himself a ransom for us, soul and body, and the latter He pleases shall suffer and die; but by His own death, burial, and resurrection He has secured their final rising again, to be like Himself in His own glorified body, and to be reunited to

their redeemed spirits in the blessed inheritance prepared for His own members in His glorious ascension. This view I dwell upon, to reconcile the trials permitted to our bodies, they form the great exercise of our faith and patience. Truly pleased I was by your words. I enjoy your prosperity, and it is so I see with me, and yet I have but one child left to partake of it. When I look at him in his large, fine house, but very delicate, and dearest Charles's home without its builder, what a balance is there given to me!"

Northrepps, Sunday morning, January 14.

To Thomas Fowell Buxton.—"An exact picture to-day, is what I described yesterday. This room positively delightful, the full, warm, enlightening sunshine pouring in. I go to the study; it is not cold, for there is a fire; but so dull and dark, so untempting to stay in. I have been led, happily, so far to-day, rather weighted for my beloved ones—and wanting to have the boys (Arthur and Alfred) for a few words in private, but did not see when. However, Priscilla advised our chapter as usual, all together.

"This charming morning I could not keep Arthur or any one at home, and I watched all going off to church; John Henry Gurney here early enough to walk with them. A party of thirteen trooped off in companies. I quite enjoyed it, and believe some knowledge of Jesus is in each heart. How I ask that the Spirit of the Lord, by whom, through our Lord and Mediator, we have access unto our Father, may be most graciously and liberally given to you, most beloved child, above all, but to each of mine, of whatever age and circumstances, that every one may be the Lord's, and be finally gathered together, with those gone before, into the kingdom!

"You know I am interested in an old writer, Ambrose, on 'Looking unto Jesus.' My book is extracts from his writings. I have found such real help from some passages. I decide to send you a copy, as I have two, but I do not need both, and have much wished to have you partake of some ideas on the work of Christ I have enjoyed lately, on the ascension and intercession of Christ Jesus. I read but little at a time, perhaps not more than half a page or a page; but I feed upon it and dwell upon it by myself. I take a short time for this before we settle to our afternoon reading in my study, and I send the book to you. I had left this to Catherine, but she can have the other when I need it no more."

Northrepps, January 17.

Miss Clowes to Effie MacInnes.—"My dearest Effie,—I know you will care for

any word from here. Yesterday afternoon I was trusted with the precious grandmother, and we read together and enjoyed an old book she much likes—some extracts from the works of Ambrose. A copy of this she has just sent to Uncle Fowell. It meets her sweet, deeply spiritual mind; and it is, indeed, delightful to me to gather up all I can of the valuable words which fall from her lips. I came on Friday by the coach: several here to dinner. It is often affecting to notice her weakness—feebleness I mean. Truly the grasshopper is a burden, and yet with her what a light will be extinguished, which now seems shining more and more clearly as she draws near to the perfect day. With all this bodily discomfort and languor there is a wonderful vitality of mind—the power of attention to reading and quickness of appreciation, startling our inattention with remarks during the reading aloud. Now I must go down, and I daresay we shall read the newspaper, the 'Life of Sir H. Holland,' and 'Memoir of a Beloved Mother' (Duchess of Beaufort). Variety, as you know, is necessary."

Northrepps, February 1.

To Daniel Gurney.—"Dearest brother,—I am glad that Gurney and Caroline Hoare are going to see you. They are most pleasant visitors, and I have had my love to them (and those belonging to them, long gone to the inheritance in Christ) strongly renewed. I have much felt lately the power of love and its enduring nature. In examining my own heart I feel that the same love I now have to those I do love, exists equally towards those I have loved, however long it is since I parted with them; and it makes me better understand the last verse of 1 Cor. xiii. on charity. I have had for some days a much more important visitor in dearest Emily and two of her girls, and her eldest son. This brings me into much feeling that is very acceptable to me. She is greatly strengthened under the mighty change and sorrow, to endure the affliction and to fulfil the duties and varied concerns of the solitary position in life into which she is brought. We have had much communication over the Bible on those things which are eternal, to our mutual comfort, I believe. This morning we read the 1st of Colossians. I intended after it to tell you, dearest Dan, of one or two verses, but they seem gone from me except one—'Christ in us the hope of glory.' May we each know Him to be ours and we His, and that He is our hope of glory. I have felt exceedingly feeble, and can do very little. I have not ventured into the garden for some time. I drive out nearly every day, and like it. Catherine has returned home, which is very acceptable to me. She will go again to Francis' wedding

the end of the month. I do not think I am up to going to Easneye, though I should exceedingly have valued a visit to Fowell. He and Rachel are coming on Saturday for a few days. With very, very lasting love, your most affectionate sister."

February 17.

To the same.—"This delightful morning is most pleasant, and I have been quite basking in the sunshine. You are out, and able to walk and enjoy it. I really hardly can walk, and it is some weeks since I have been in the garden, but I drive out in the close carriage, and find it a great refreshment, even when the weather is dull; it is better than being within all day. I call at Colne House door, and on a few old lady residents in Cromer, who come into the carriage to speak to me. Catherine often joins me in the drive, or comes up with the girls to dinner; and at home I am quite rich just now with Effie and Sarah Maria, besides my constant companion Priscilla; so, though without much excitement, we have pleasant little variations, and most truly I desire to give thanks for the great mercies I enjoy—such merciful indulgences, and I know you feel the same for yourself, dearest brother, but I fear your weak hand is a great cross and inconvenience to you. I have rather troublesome infirmities. I excessively wish to receive this discipline in dependence upon Jesus, the gracious Head of each one, Who ministers to the needs, spiritual and temporal, of all who accept Him as the only way to and giver of every good gift. I dwell much upon His work for us, and want it in myself and every one dear to me. Another twig is added to our family tree, in Catherine Lubbock having another son! What a fruitful one it is; but how much younger is your branch than ours, Betsy's, mine, Louisa's, Sam's.

"Good-bye, most dear brother.

"Your loving sister,
"H. Buxton."

Northrepps, February 24.

To Lady Buxton, on Francis Buxton's wedding, on February 27.—"Most beloved child,—What an event is this in your life! Francis was a very tenderly beloved last boy baby, and precious to you, and much of a care to you and Bridgeman, but never naughty or troublesome—always good, and sweet, and attractive. Yet how glad you are to give him to a wife! I rejoice in the very easy, happy transfer, from your care to Mary's, and you will still have the loving,

dutiful, helpful son if you need him, dearest Catherine. I am quite pleased that Francis has remembered Charles Hamond, and that he is to go to the wedding.

"With very, very great interest and love,

"I am, your mother,

"H. Buxton."

March 8.

"Dearest Brother,—I am pleased to be able to write a note this morning. Your photograph called for my thoughts of you rather early in the morning, for it is opposite my bed, and I loved you, dearest brother, and being comforted myself in the Lord Jesus, I did desire you might be also. He is the appointed shelter for us. In Him, and covered by all His work for us, we have, by one Spirit, access unto the Father. Here is the place of safety. Let us put on the whole Christ. I am not in one of my strong states, and yesterday was poorly, but my infirmities are less to-day. What delicious weather!

"Your most affectionate Sister."

Northrepps, March 11.

To a Grandson travelling in India.—"My very dear John Henry,—I have been not a little gratified to hear that you have remembered my taste for shawls, and have sent me a beautiful Indian one. I do receive it—or shall when it comes—with true love, and pleasure, and value, from its being your love that sent it, as well as for its own worth, for I know what treasures Indian shawls are. I hope I may be permitted to show off in it to you; I shall, we know, if it is best for me. I certainly am, to my feelings, walking the border-land, while you, dearest grandson, are enjoying the strength of your youth and its pleasures in mercy given; yet we are led by the same King and Head, and provided with His own daily bread, and are for ever receiving the love and mercies of our Father, through His own Son and our glorious Saviour and Holy Spirit.

"We all enjoy your capital letters; and with exceeding love and interest, and prayers and thanksgiving,

"I am, your most affectionate grandmother,

"H. Buxton."

March 12.

To Mrs. Fowell Buxton.—"My most grand and valuable shawl arrived to-

day, and is a sight in the house! I do admire the beautiful work, and the beautiful love and cleverness also in the gift. It will be a treasure for generations, and must be the ornament of his own children. I am delighted to have it start with me from dearest John Henry in its journey through life. My text for it is that, beginning with myself, every future wearer may have the love of God the Father and the Son shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given to us.

"Your most loving mother,
"H. Buxton."

Some of these last letters show that she herself was feeling she might be nearing the border-land, and as the spring advanced it became more and more, the unspoken anxiety of those about her. Ever since the death of her son Charles, she had been more feeble and infirm, and though mind and spirit were vigorous as ever, it was plain that the flesh was failing. Surely her soul lived in strength; notwithstanding the decay of the body, her lovely mind lost none of its brightness in those sweet, calm, remaining days. On Saturday, March 16, her son Fowell, the only survivor of her eleven children, came to her with his wife, and she enjoyed their company exceedingly. There was little change in the day's routine, but we wondered at the power for each effort, so exquisitely frail was her general appearance. She drove to Colne House on Tuesday, March 19, but did not leave the carriage; and on returning home enjoyed the group of granddaughters in the bow window of her drawing-room, with their primroses and violets. Wednesday opened with further weakness, the spirit shining clear as ever. When Lady Buxton went in, she acknowledged to feeling very weak, adding, "He is able to save." In the afternoon she enjoyed her

usual books, and then asked for some verses, as was her daily custom. Lady Buxton read the passage, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," &c. All was peace and cheerfulness around her. Preparing for dinner was undertaken as usual, with the well-known exactness. It was then the summons came. She said to Rachel, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

She lay on the bed, the exhaustion increasing, till nearly nine o'clock, when her spirit fled to the Saviour whom she loved so well. Very gently did the Angel of Death lay his hand upon her, shielding her, as we believe, from all trial of the flesh. A few days later her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, with many others, were gathered together to attend her funeral, when she was laid in the vault, in the ruins of Overstrand Church, beside her husband and others of her dear ones who had gone before.

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS
THROUGH HIM THAT HATH LOVED US."

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